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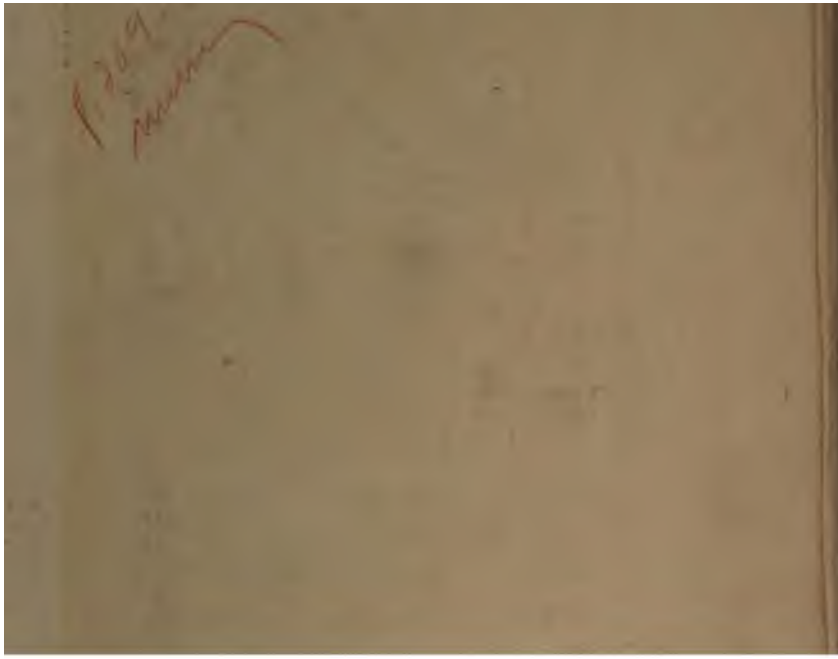
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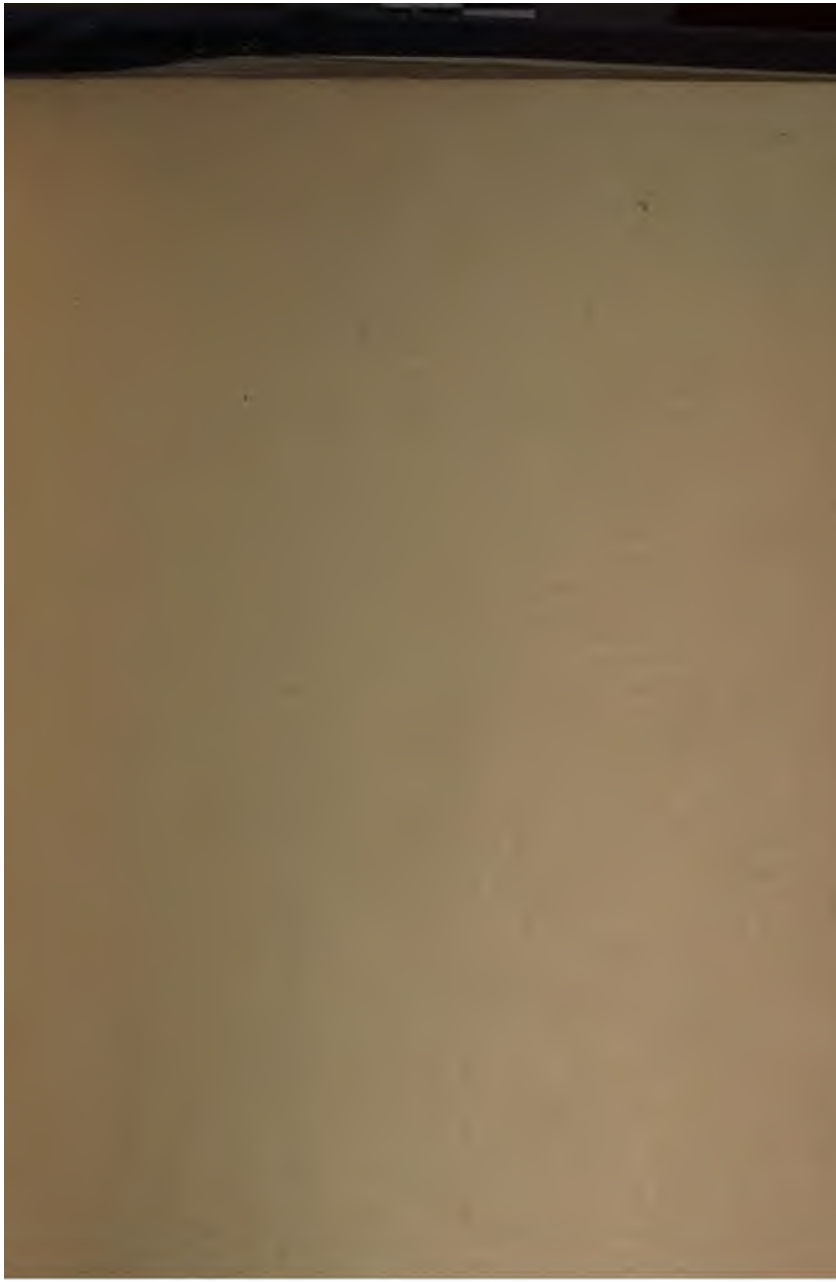
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THE BEST
COLLEGE SHORT STORIES

THE BEST
COLLEGE SHORT STORIES

The Best College Short Stories

1917-18

Edited by

Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D.

Introduction by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



1919

The Stratford Company, *Publishers*

Boston, Massachusetts

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Foreword

OUR thanks are due to the editors of the college magazines, and of the professional magazines of this country, to the college professors and students, and to the American authors who have so kindly cooperated with us in the preparation of the collection of "THE BEST COLLEGE SHORT STORIES."

33345

Sire de Malétroit's Door," is a successful imaginative reconstruction of old Paris, but it is also something more. I find in it admirable romantic characterization and an effective sense of situation. Mr. Schneider's "The Dead City" has passion to shape it, and a fine symbolism to color it. But to my mind the most successful story in the book is Miss Abrahamson's "The Tomte Gubbe." In this story Miss Abrahamson has added a new legend to American letters, and incidentally produced one of the best short stories of the year.

In my annual yearbook of the American short story it has been my custom to indicate the distinctive stories in American periodicals by prefixing to the titles one, two or three asterisks, to indicate an ascending series of literary values. I have found it interesting to apply these tests to the stories in the present collection, and when the fact is taken into consideration that no professional writers are included in the volume, I feel that the results are an interesting proof of the imaginative awakening among our American college undergraduates. I should list each of the three stories I have already mentioned with three asterisks, five other stories with two asterisks, and four others with one asterisk. In other words, of the twenty-two stories in this volume, selected by Mr. Schnittkind as a fair cross section of undergraduate writing, I should have regarded twelve as worthy of distinctive mention judged by the standards applicable to the best professional work.

I hope that this series may be continued as a

permanent record for a long term of years, and it will be interesting and, I think, significant to study the later professional development of the short story writers who have found their first encouragement in the kindly pages of these volumes.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

Bass River, Mass.,
October 16, 1918.

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Part I

The Best College Short Stories

The Tomte Gubbe

By Alma P. Abrahamson
University of Minnesota

THE TOMTE GUBBE lives in that part of Minnesota which is called Ottertail County by the geographies and Little Sweden by the country folk. The geographies tell us that it is cluttered with small lakes caused by the great glacial movement of North America. The country folk whisper that these moody waters were dropped by some careless god into the lap of the forest. They are of different design, some patterned after stars, some roundly shaped, some oval, some crooked like the letter S, and some almost triangular. Each has its own peculiar color. On a day when the sun shines innocently over the rest of the world it plays spook with the lakes of this region. Some of them are of a blueness so pure that they sparkle like sapphires. Some are daintily tinted and sprinkled over with sunlight. Some frown brownly, and some are greener than the sea. Yes, some of the lakes are black, darkened by blacker shadows. Not one of them has a shore, but lies there, unapproachable, the tall trees crowding up to the water's edge. The country folk have learned the wisdom of respecting these magic pools, for over them the Tomte has cast his spell, as over all things else in the settlement.

That he is not a creature of fancy but of certain reality, any Swedish person well versed in the history of his country will tell you. In the first place he has been seen. My grandfather has seen him. Others from the old country have seen him. And they will see him again at an hour after midnight, when the orange August moon hangs low in the star-pricked heavens. When the birch trees gleam whitely in the amber light and stretch long arms across the moon-path on the water, they will see him. Just when the owls begin to screech, and the wolves howl and wail in the black woods, then they will see him, as they have seen him before, a red dressed, squatty figure, trundling in and out among the trees, and bearing a bulky sack of grain on his shoulders. And seeing him and his burden, they will say as they have always said, "The sacks are larger than usual. The old lady's attic will bulge with the abundance of grain that he brings her." They will speculate as to where he gets the grain, and, as before they will finally shake their heads and call it an ungodly business. For such is the Tomte Gubbe's mission, to carry sacks of grain from some harvest field to the granary of his benefactress.

The benefactress in this instance was a lone maiden woman.

She was a kindly old soul, and when she left Munkhyttan, that estate in the lake region of old Sweden, the only Tomte Gubbe in those parts followed her to America, where he lived in her home unseen. He brought her prosperity, but only the

harvest hands shared it with her. She paid them well, yet even they feared to eat at her table and carried their dinners with them. The pastor refused to receive her offering, calling it unholy money that could not be accepted by the kingdom of God. All the country folk said that she was unchristian, and shunned her as though she had a plague, heaping upon her the most cruel torture that they knew, that of church exile.

Utterly alone, she sought to hide her loneliness in the loneliness of the great outdoors. She had no fear of the forests, but went to them in her dejection. To her they were no spectres murmuring weird incantations. With them she had something in common,—the Tomte. The white barked trunks of the birches to her were not rigid ghosts. In the tall wild vines, which the country folk said were bewitched because a gray owl swung in their highest loop, she found almost cheerful companions. Sometimes she threw herself down on the earth, and cried out to God to cradle her soon under its warm covering. She was a hungry soul, longing for human affection, but she knew that it never could be hers, because of the taint that superstition had cast upon her. This superstition meant more than a hearsay to her. It meant reality. She had heard that the Tomte associated only with persons of sin. What her sin was she could not understand. But she believed, with the country folk, that she was somehow guilty of a wrong for which she could not be pardoned. The Tomte was sent out by the evil one to

take care of his own, and the Tomte's spell was upon her.

Yet this knowledge did not kill her longing for human companions. She wanted to talk to people without feeling that they cringed from her. She yearned to take little children in her arms and croon over them soft lullabies. She was eager to go to church, and to worship the God the pastor talked of. When the evenings came and the work was done, she wished that she might have a share in the Christian society that twilight brings to nearly all.

This longing was again upon her, when, on an August evening, there sounded a rap on her door. The old woman sat forward and peered wonderingly at the place from where the knock sounded. She raised the window and looked out. A little girl was vainly stretching for the latchstring.

"My little one, what do you want?" She was not accustomed to speak with children and she governed her sudden gladness with caution.

"To come in, day will soon be gone, and I am lost and afraid."

"What is your name?"

"Olga—Olga Pearson."

"Pearson?" The old woman had heard of no such people. But that was not strange, she lived very much to herself and knew but a few families—the pastor, who tried to be kind to her and taught her that it was her duty to live removed from people in order that her spell might not come upon them,

and her neighbors, who grunted and were gone as soon as they saw her. She knew no others.

"Only be so good as to let me come in. I have heard of the wicked woman that lives hereabouts, and I fear she will get me."

"And little one, what will she do?"

" 'Tis an ugly spell she will cast upon me if she touches me and I will also be a witch and must live alone like an eremit.* Take me in, I'm afraid!" And the little girl fell to crying.

The Tomte brought the old woman big harvests. He gave her prosperity when the others had none. It was always with misery that she acknowledged these things, yet she was helpless to alter them. She knew that fate had bewitched her.

"Go your way, little one, go your way, I cannot take you in." Fiercely she drew down the window, and put her hands to her ears that she might not hear the child's crying.

After a silence she listened at the door. There was no sound. She went to the window. The child was gone. Now she pitied herself more than ever before in her life. The little girl had been so sweet, and had not feared her. The child need never have known. For one delightful night the woman could have kept her. For one night? perhaps forever. For who was there that would take her after the spell had been cast? She had always thought that she could love children. She would have a child companion.

* Eremit: Swedish word for hermit or exile.

The knock sounded again. She rushed to the door and felt one wild moment of possession.

Nervously fumbling at the latch, the child's cry came to her, "—and I too will be an eremit, oh, let me come in! Let me come in!"

Just that was enough.

Thrusting her head out of the window, she rasped, "Go your way. I will have nothing to do with you. Do not fear the old woman. She is not so wicked and lives by herself. Hurry down the road a mile, and you will find neighbors. 'Tis time you were off, for the wolves will soon be howling."

Again the window came down. She sat on the edge of her bed, swaying her body to and fro, and muttering the words of the Lord's Prayer in swift succession. She did not understand that she was seeking strength of purpose from God. Only vaguely she felt that this was somewhat Christianlike.

A longer period of time elapsed than before, when again the knock struck. This time it was a frantic beating. The child was crying hysterically.

"Let me come in, let me come in! I have prayed to Jesus that you will take me in. How can you leave me out here alone? Day is going. I heard a wolf howl. The old woman's Tomte will soon be about. My father will pay you well if you only take me in."

"Hush, little one, still your crying. It is I who will go with you to the neighbors. You could stay with me, but we have sickness here in the house.

And list, do not put your hand upon me, for the malady is catching at touch."

The woman's shoulders were bent with age; the child's drooped from weariness. The presence of the older person gave the little girl a feeling of security. For a time they walked quickly and in silence. Then the shadows grew deeper. The child fell to whimpering.

"Carry me for a while. I am tired."

"I've said that I durst not touch you. Only be good. 'Tis not far."

"I'm hungry and I want to go home."

"The neighbors will take you to your home. Come, come, we must step a bit faster. It grows dark."

There was another silence. The girl trudged before. The woman trundled after. The last sunset red was fading from the sky.

"I'm afraid. Do you think that the old woman will get us?"

"Ack, little girl, have I not said she will not touch you? Think but of the fine supper the good neighbors will set out for you. There will be porridge and—"

"But tonight all the signs are out. I heard an old gentleman tell my father so—an orange colored moon—a wolf howl—and the lakes will look more strange than ever. Do we go by the lake?"

"Only for a short distance. It lies at the bend of the road."

"She haunts water. The lakes are always queer,

father says. It is the witch's spell over them. Father has seen her talking to them, and the old gentleman has said that the Tomte can hide in them without getting wet. Did you know that? Do you dare to walk by them? Aren't you afraid of her too?"

"I have no fear. She is a gentle old soul and means harm to none."

"Then you know her?"

"I know that she keeps to herself."

"Ja, father says that she is an eremit, and only goes out in the night. Take me to my father. He thinks I'm lost."

"Hush, child."

"Where is my father? Oh, I am lost!"

"List, little one, do not fret. The people that we go to are kind. We will soon be there."

"When?"

"It is not long; but yet a little distance."

"A long time ago you said that, and still we are walking."

A quarter of an hour later the two approached the neighbor's yard. All was quiet. The woman left the little girl outside the gate. She wanted these people to feel sure that the child had not been too near to her. Alone she walked up to the house. The gate closed behind her with a creak and a click. A dog from within the house was aroused. He barked fiercely. An old farmer, shoes off, shirt bagging, appeared on the door-step. He set his heavy jaw hard when he recognized the woman.

"You—you—" he began, but the woman would not wait to hear him speak.

"That child, that little one, she is lost, I have brought her to you. You are a—"

"Not mine, we have no children. Be off."

The dog continued his barking from within. The old man turned his back as if to go into the house. His wife opened the door narrowly and thrust her head outside.

"Emil, who is it, Emil?" There was a whining and high-pitched quality to her voice.

"Be quiet with you. It is the wicked one. Stay where you are. I will send her off."

"The signs, Emil, the signs! Tonight I told you of the signs, and you scoffed me. Come in, let us bar the door!"

As though it were habitual with the farmer to do contrary to his wife's wishes, he turned his attention a little longer to the old woman.

She was pleading.

"I am come for the sake of the child. She is lost and afraid. She cries that she is hungry. All the way she has walked. I have not touched her. Before God I swear that not so much as my garment has touched her. Take her in. Her parents will soon come for her. Even now they must be seeking their little one."

"I know nothing of that. Get you hence!"

"But even as you are a Christian take in the little one. I have prayed that I may not harm her. I have asked your God to deliver her from the evils of my

spell. I am ungodly but you are a Christian. Surely you will take her in."

The farmer shuffled into the house. The high pitched whining of his wife was stilled. The dog ceased to growl.

The woman returned to the child on the road. The gate creaked and clicked behind her. She was thinking that it would have been better to have sent the child to the door alone.

"You said they were kind, and would take me to my father. Why didn't they take me in?"

"Ack, it was a foolish old man that I talked to. He fears you have caught the sickness at our house."

"Then you did not say that I have not touched you? Wait, I will run back and tell him so."

"Nej, I have told him. He is unreasonable. He knows nothing. Only hush, we must be off."

"Where are we going?"

"We are going—on—"

"It is so far. I am afraid. All the time I am afraid."

"Sweet little one, I will be good to you. Only do not fear. All things of the night know me. The night is kind. Only the day is cruel. Sit for a while and rest."

"But the night has the signs of the witch. The old gentleman talked to father of the moon's evil eye. Is it not so? Has not the moon an evil eye?"

"I do not understand. I can never understand. Pray, little one, and then we must hurry on."

"Ja, ja, I will pray the Lord Jesus to keep the witch from harming us. Let us both kneel."

The old woman bent her knees slowly. The child knelt as though she were accustomed to bow in prayer. When they were done, she smiled a childish and brave smile.

"If we have faith, our prayer will come true. The good pastor teaches us that in our lessons."

"Ja so? Then the pastor knows you? Now I know what I shall do. I shall take you to his house. It is a long way, but shall you not be glad to go there?"

With light hearts, with hope-filled souls, the two walked happily in the golden night. The child hummed bright phrases from a Sunday-school hymn. An ecstasy surged over the woman such as she had never felt before. Now and again when the little girl sang the words, "halleluiah! halleluiah!" the woman joined in with a happy croaking mutter. The way was long. They had been very tired. Now they moved readily, uplifted by the presence of the Spirit of God. The child was sweetly obeying the highest good that she knew. The old woman was sharing the companionship of a Christian. She felt consciously that she was coming very near to being a Christian.

Weird shadows crossed their path. Strange sounds startled the night echoes. A wolf wailed. A bush rustled. The old woman crooned happily. The child sang more loudly.

If they hypnotized themselves with religious fervor, they did not realize it. The hour that had just

passed had been one of terror for the child. There had been but one way in which she could find help. With simple, trusting faith, she asked that help of God. With happy, confident assurance, she believed that that help would come. The old woman's happiness was one of another sort. She was playing the part of a Christian. She had almost despaired of finding shelter for the child. Many times she had been tempted to take the little girl home and keep her. Only the child's frequent outbursts of fear of exile kept her from enfolding the little tired body in her arms. To take the child to the pastor's home was a kind of soul-victory for the old woman. She knew it to be impossible for her ever to become a Christian, but she felt, somehow, with a vague sort of gladness, that she was cheating superstition of some of its curse. She would always remain ungodly, the Tomte had it so, but she was protecting one of God's own from becoming as marked with evil as herself.

In the doorway of a snug log-cabin huddling on the hillside, the white-haired pastor, round of build, looked comfortably into the night. The low swung moon told him that there would be no rain. He looked at it long. A wolf howled in the distance. He heard a strange night-cry from a tall and gleaming birch.

"Kan hända—kan hända, it may be—" he muttered and turned with more alacrity than was his wont into the cabin. He did not blow out his candle. He would be glad when it was day.

A gentle knocking startled him, and with his reluctance at answering, it grew more insistent.

"Nej fie!" he scolded himself. "Is it that I am afraid? Some neighbor needs me. Sickness, no doubt." He raised the window and looked out.

"Thou art late?" he called in greeting.

"I beg shelter," was the reply.

"It may be thou art a stranger?" he questioned politely. Hearing no answer he said, "I cannot see. Wilt thou be so good as to step up to the light?"

The woman hesitated to be seen by the pastor. If the child went to him alone he would be sure to take her in. But there was something the woman wanted of him. She did not know how to define it, but she wanted to make the pastor understand that she had done something tonight that was near to good. She desired this so strongly that she risked his turning them both out into the night. She drew near, so that he could see her face.

"Justelunda!" He controlled his surprise as best he could. "Justelunda!" he expostulated again when he noticed that a little child was with her.

The child beamed trustingly upon him. She did not wait for the old woman to speak, but ran eagerly toward the window. The pastor drew back as though he feared that the child might touch him.

"Father Kjellgren!" she cried, "Father Kjellgren, look, I am little Olga Pearson."

"Ack, min lilla Olga," he spoke sadly and slowly. Then a harshness wedged into his voice.

"Woman, what hast thou to do with her?"

ou are a pastor, you will believe me. I have
ght her here all the way, and I have not touched
She came to me. She was lost. You know her.
her to her home."
hild, hast that vile woman touched thee?"
e woman tottered at the words. The pastor
ht that she was going to fall. The child looked
the one to the other in bewilderment. She
k against the cabin wall, and then burst into
g.
want to go home. Where is my father? Only
good as to take me to my house. I am tired
ungry."
weet little Olga, thou hast been with too much
dliness. What is there that can now purge thy
" The pastor spoke as if to himself, but the
ad heard him, and answered with eagerness.
ej, father, what is it that you talk about? The

dost acknowledge thy guilt? Thou confessest to the evil spell?"

"Yet I swear that no harm has come to her. Listen to the little one. She is thanking the Lord that He has led her to your house. You cannot distrust such perfect faith?"

"Thou, woman, go hence, and with my blessing. Thou'rt no Christian, but who knows but that thou might'st have been one had not the Tomte—. Come in, Olga, while I make ready to take you to your father."

The woman trundled dutifully back into the night. An owl hooted. A wolf cried long and plaintively. The bushes rustled in a friendly manner as she trudged by them. She was eager to reach the little round lake at the bend of the road. She thought that she would confide to it that she had received the good pastor's blessing. It was a very beautiful night.

P'r'aps

By Charles Bayly, Jr.
Princeton University

ABOVE the dim incessant purr of the machines on the floor above, rose the sharper clack of the typewriters and the steady tap of the adding machines. The foreman, standing behind me, was talking in an even monotone to one of the clerks, but the noise was so regular and blending that it seemed like the drowsy hum of bees over a clover field. The hot afternoon sun was streaming in the windows and seemed to mock the silent fans above us. I was checking up the day's orders and had been so long undisturbed that my task had grown perfectly mechanical. My subconscious mind directed my pencil but I was really asleep; my mind was vacant. Suddenly into this dead emptiness, life sprang. The sharp jangle of the telephone bell brought back all our wandering wits. Guiltily, as if caught in some misdeed, I pushed in the plug and answered.

"Hello."

"Hello, is Harry Meyers there?"

"Just a minute—I'll see." My fingers sought the index at the side of my desk, "Hello. Yes, he works here. If you'll give me your message, I'll send it up to him. We aren't allowed to call—"

"Tell him to come to St. Luke's Hospital at once."

"Nothing else?"

But the voice at the other end of the wire made no reply. The connection had been broken. I wrote the message down and rang hastily for a boy. Two days before, I had sent a message up to one of the women that her son had been injured in an automobile accident and her face as she came through the office was still in my mind. I turned to Mr. Swanson, the foreman, and asked him if he didn't think I should take the man to the hospital in my father's machine, which was waiting outside.

"No," he said. "Harry has a wheel and it is only a few blocks. He will get there just as quick."

An accident or hint of trouble spreads quickly in any gathering. As I gave the message to the boy to take upstairs, the men at their desks followed him with their eyes as he passed through the swinging door. But one by one they brought their minds back to their tasks and they, as I, forgot Harry Meyers and settled down into routine of the late afternoon.

That night at dinner, I suddenly remembered the incident and asked my father about it.

"Dad," I said. "Who is Harry Meyers?"

"I never heard of him," he answered.

"He works at the factory."

"Oh," he exclaimed, enlightened. "He's one of the two men there who run sewing machines. And he beats any two girls in the place. Why?"

"I just wondered," I replied. "He was called to St. Luke's this afternoon."

"Is that so? That's too bad. I think his wife's

been sick for a long time. He's had a lot of trouble. They didn't say anything about her, did they?"

"No, they just said for him to come at once."

Then Mother broke in and asked if many men applied for work sewing and so the conversation drifted into other channels.

The next day was Saturday and, in the rush to get my work cleared up before noon, I forgot to inquire about Harry Meyers. He was only one among many, but for some reason he kept coming back into my mind and I thought of him as I was driving home that afternoon and determined to ask about him on Monday. Then, my chance did not come until noon. I had finished taking in the cash at the cafeteria and had got a tray for myself and come over near the windows to eat my lunch. Mr. Swanson brought his tray over and sat down beside me. I was looking down the long men's table and his glance followed mine.

"Which is Harry Meyers?" I asked.

"Harry doesn't eat here," he answered. "He always brings his own lunch and prefers to eat alone upstairs."

"You mean he doesn't even leave his machine at lunch hour?" I asked.

"No," Mr. Swanson replied. "He eats up there. He thinks he saves time. I think that if he didn't realize that without food he couldn't work at all, he wouldn't even stop for lunch. You know, he works on piece work and earns more money than any of the girls, but he is always after more."

"Well," I said, flippantly, "he certainly is ambitious."

Mr. Swanson turned around quickly.

"Oh, it isn't that. He's got to have the money. He's supporting a wife and mother. His wife's been sick for a long time and all the money he'd saved is gone. I lent him a little, not much—about fifty dollars. It's all I could afford. You know, I often do that for the people here in the factory. But now, I'm afraid he's up against it. He's been trying to get help from the Associated Jewish Charities. They keep putting him off."

"What about his wife?" I asked.

"Well, she was at the hospital for about two weeks. Friday, they decided to take her home, so they sent for him."

"Oh, that's good," I said. "What was the matter with her?"

"She was going to have a baby. They got a poor doctor and the child was still-born and she's never been well since. That's the trouble. People like that have to economize—and you see the result."

"Well, they took her home from the hospital. Is she going to get well?"

Mr. Swanson raised his hands. "I don't know," he said.

I asked him where they lived. I thought I might induce Mother to go to see her. Later, I decided not to mention the subject. The bell rang just then and we pushed our trays over the counter and went down to the office. That afternoon, a man came in with

some things for the Labor Day parade. Mr. Swanson gave them to me to take upstairs.

"If you want to see Harry Meyers," he said, "Take these up to Margaret Jarman. He has the machine just across the aisle from her."

I knew Margaret. She served soup next to the cashier's window in the cafeteria and, as I knew that she had charge of the girls in the parade, I used to talk to her about it in moments when there would be a break in the line. So I took the bundles up to her and got a look at Harry Meyers. I had never seen him before, though I had been working in the factory all summer and I knew that he had worked there ever since I, as a youngster, had played hide-and-go-seek among the great dark piles of denim in the basement. He was working now as if his life depended upon it. His face was bent close over the machine, a thin, dark, Russian-Jewish face, lined with care and worry. He was younger than I had supposed—not more than twenty-six, I think—and his bright eyes and clean-cut Semitic face must have been very attractive before the trouble came. I went over to him.

"You're Harry Meyers, aren't you?" I shouted over the whir and roar of the machines.

He looked up quickly. There was no expression whatever in his eyes and his face had that curious dead color that black hair and eyes seem to impart to a pale skin.

"Why?" he asked.

"I wanted to inquire about your wife," I answered, rather puzzled by this blankness.

"Who sent you? What do you want?" The questions came with startling clearness, even though I could see no movement of the lips.

"Why," I answered, vaguely embarrassed, "I just wanted to inquire. Nobody sent me. I was in the office Friday when they sent for you and I'm glad Mrs. Meyers is better."

"Who do you come from? What about my wife?"

"You don't understand. No one sent me." Suddenly there flashed over me the idea of what he feared. He thought that some word had come from his wife and that I was trying to break the news to him by degrees.

"I'm sorry if I startled you. I'm Samuel Morton. Mr. Morton is my father. I just wanted to ask you—"

"The boss your fadder? I think you come —from her." He, too, was obviously relieved. "You see, they bring her Friday from the hospital."

"Yes, I know. I'm glad she's better."

"She was bettair. Last night she get worse—I send to the doctor. He say when I pay bill he come. I telephone again—I beg—I say Netta get worse—she die if he not come. He say he very busy. He come if he get time. When I go to work, he not yet there. When you come, I think—"

"I see," I replied. "And I'm sorry." The fire that had come into his eyes for a second had died

down and he looked nervously at his machine. I took the hint.

"I'm sure it will be all right," I said. "Don't worry. She will be better when you go back."

His long hands, blue-stained with much handling of the cloth, had already taken up a piece of denim from the stack at his side. His feet were on the pedal, his face down to the machine, but I heard his answer and saw the weary shrug of his shoulders—

"P'r'aps."

Harry Meyers' wife died that night. The next day and the next his machine was vacant. On the third day, he was there again. There was no change, the nervous hands flew from one pile of goods to the machine and from there to the other pile; his face was the same ashen color, his eyes as expressionless. I put my hand on his arm. He looked up at me gravely.

"Of course," I said, "I can't even try to console you, but I wanted to tell you that I was sorry, we are all awfully sorry—I wish there were something—something we could do—or that there was something we could have done. But there wasn't really anything. We would have done anything we could. You realize that, don't you?"

My voice trailed off into silence before the look in his eyes. The lips moved—the word struggled out—his eyes sank to the machine—

"P'r'aps."

A Butterfly in the Fog

By Latrobe Carroll
Harvard University

I

PHEBE was slight, and so blonde that cream and gold seemed the chief ingredients of her. She had alert, very sparkling blue eyes, and she laughed with the effortlessness of a brook tinkling over rocks.

Graham Stanford saw her first in Murren. She was spending the summer there with her mother, as she had spent numerous summers in Bar Harbor and Brighton and Dieppe. He had gone to the Bernese Oberland to climb, and stayed on because of Phebe. They would pass each other in the village street, and he would think her delicately attractive, and she would admire his air of distinction and a certain sureness in the way he held himself. At last, after a tentative acquaintanceship of glances which said: "I should like to know you," they succeeded in being introduced.

The highly charged days preceding the war brought them down to Interlaken. Graham spent most of his time in the streets, where there were the latest bulletins and people conversing with the *bonne camaraderie* of those shipwrecked on a desert island. When he wasn't in the streets he was with Phebe. Her mother gave no trouble; she was a semi-

invalid who allowed her daughter to have her own way because, when she didn't, Phebe wept. So, by a tacit compact, the mother paid all bills and asked no questions; in return, Phebe saw that her mother's eggs were cooked to the proper gradation between soft and hard.

Graham had interested Phebe at first because she liked Englishmen, and he seemed a very nice one. Together they had taken drives in Phebe's roadster, made long tramps, and stood on mountain tops, isolated in surrounding immensity. A certain massiveness about him gave her a feeling of security. By degrees his personality wove itself into the texture of her nature: became a strand that could not easily be wrenched away.

After a month of good times together came the war. It permeated the Oberland like an invisible, blighting exhalation. The holiday mood vanished. No one spoke of scenery now. No one spoke of Switzerland. Most of the tourists scattered to remote lands; few were left in the mournful sunshine and unheeded magnificence of the Alps. Through this new gloom Phebe flitted, puzzled, unhappy and a little chilled. She was nineteen and unable to comprehend her environment of depression. Worst of all Graham grew serious. She could have borne anything but this.

II

On the day that England declared war Phebe and Graham walked up the path that leads to the top of

the Harder. He climbed with restless strides and she kept up with him, panting a little. Now and again he thrust his walking stick fiercely into the pine needles on the path. At length, he brought it down upon a rock with such force that it split.

"Oh, what a pity, Graham," she said. "You've broken your nicest cane."

"It was a nice cane," he said, absently. "Filthy mess. That's what it's going to be. A filthy mess. And that England should be drawn into it. . . ."

"It all seems nonsense to me, somehow," said Phebe.

Viciously he cut at the branches overhead with his stick.

"Don't do that, Graham," she remonstrated. "Look, you just snipped off those pretty little baby leaves."

"Oh, damn the leaves!"

She said nothing. Two facile tears sparkled in her eyes.

They stepped into a little clearing and the Jungfrau appeared, amazingly. Its whiteness was as fresh as the bloom of a flower.

"Funny old fat, cottony Jungfrau," said Graham. "I shall hate to leave it. I can't have a crack at climbing it after all." He spoke of his departure as though she had foreseen it.

The color ebbed from her face. "Graham, you're not going?"

"Of course. They'll need me. You see, I've had

training with the volunteers. I couldn't stay messing about in Switzerland."

She flushed vividly. "Graham, you're not! It's such nonsense—its going to be over so soon—"

"It may last," he said. "It might last—even a year. In a war like this—"

"Please don't talk about the war," she interrupted. "Let's"—she smiled—"let's talk about our climb tomorrow. I do hope it's a day like this."

"Oh, I haven't told you," he said. I'm going back to England tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" She turned the word into a little cry. A listener would have imagined he had struck her.

He nodded. "My train leaves at five in the afternoon."

"Oh," she said faintly.

"Come on, let's tramp," he cried, bounding up.

Never had they walked as on that day. They walked desperately, unheedingly, stumbling over roots, hardly noticing which paths they chose. They didn't speak at all. An old woman, burdened with twigs, gazed after them in amazement. Why was this fragile girl, out of breath, almost running up the mountain beside the tall grim man with a split cane?

They were a little surprised, at last, to find themselves again in the hotel. Phebe was white. Stones had gashed the delicate leather of her shoes.

"Are you feeling better?" she asked sympathetically.

He started as her words pierced his abstraction.

"Yes," he said. "But you poor girl! I was mad to set that pace."

"My blouse is wringing, and I'm almost dead."

There in the hallway, before the elevator, they faced each other silently.

"I'm an idiot," he accused himself.

"No, you're not; but can you come with me for a last drive tomorrow?"

Then an absurd thing happened. It must have been the tired droop of her head, or the word "last," or perhaps it was the way she spoke; but tears rose to his eyes. It was most embarrassing, he reflected, to be snivelling in a hotel hallway.

He achieved a smile.

"Good. We'll have that last drive."

Then the elevator lifted her from his view.

III

Phebe slept little that night. She thought constantly of Graham and the five o'clock train to Geneva. By early morning she had decided that there was no necessity for his going, and that it would be better for him if he stayed on for a few days with her. She would try and persuade him. But if he persisted—how could she keep him?

She tossed until the bedclothes rolled themselves into a ball and she got up to unwind them. As she was tucking the corner of a sheet under the mattress she had an inspiration which made her feel a little

as though she were dropping in an express elevator. Graham must miss his train. She opened her Baedeker and spent a long time adding up distances on the road from Interlaken to Brienz and dividing these by the number of miles the roadster would travel on one gallon of gasoline. It worried her terribly; she had never been good at arithmetic.

IV

In spite of her sleepless night Phebe was in a gay mood the next day. They took the road toward Brienz that skirts the lake, with its overtopping rim of mountains. It was one of those days of unappreciated sunshine which passed in cloudless succession during that tragic August. Phebe drove superbly. On her head she wore a limp vermilion cap which enveloped her hair like a nonchalant flame. With cushioned speed the car drove through the rich meadow air and again plunged into cool forests.

"Isn't it a glorious day!" Phebe said. "And there'll be lots more like it, and you're not really going away this afternoon, are you, Graham?"

He smiled. "I'm afraid I am," he said. "But I've today with you and—Jove, I've never seen the sky so blue!"

"I wish I had a dress just that color," she laughed. "Don't you think it would be becoming?"

But he was reviving old memories. "When you were a child," he said reminiscently, "did you ever think that the most delicious life one could possibly

lead would be to live on one of those big, rumpled clouds? Your feet would sink into it a little like walking on feather pillows and every once in a while you'ld come to a torn place where the blue shines through. And those would be lakes, and you'ld fish."

Phebe had been listening intently, her face alight.

"How funny," she said. "Because I used to think exactly that thing. And you'ld bask all day on its back, wouldn't you, in a sort of sweet dozy dream."

"And you'ld never see the black under side when it rains," said Graham.

A bird, flying low, passed over their heads and darted along the road in front of the car.

"Oh, look!" Phebe shouted. "Let's race it!"

Magnificently the roadster gathered speed under her hand. A blast of wind ruffled Graham's hair and tugged at her vermilion cap.

"Almost up with him," Graham shouted. "Just a bit faster!"

But the bird swerved off the road into the forest. They laughed as their eyes met.

"The beggar didn't play fair!" cried Graham. "I say, you can drive!"

"Can't I, though?"

Neither spoke for a time. Then he gave a little groan.

"What is it?" Phebe asked, startled.

"Something amazing happened then," he said. "I'd forgotten—I'd forgotten about the war."

"Oh, *that!*" said Phebe. "When we were having such a good time, why bring in the war?" She paused,

with pouting lips. "Everybody's been horrid for the last few days," she continued. "Everybody except mother, and she never knows what's going on. We sit in the dining-room of the hotel and in that big room hardly anyone says a word. And when I laugh it sounds like a cannon and everybody turns around and stares at me. I never saw anything so gloomy in my whole life. And now *you* begin again." She sounded the horn in a series of discontented little bursts.

"I can't help it," he answered. "I try to, but I can't. Why, do you know, today I've only had one moment when I wasn't feeling as if I—" Instead of ending the sentence he sighed. "It was when we raced the bird, and I forgot."

Phebe turned to him. "Just don't worry about it," she advised. "I haven't worried a bit. Except about your going. And do you know what I think about that?"

"What?"

"I think you'd be a perfect goose to go."

He smiled. "Then what on earth am I to do?"

"Wait."

"But don't you see—all my friends will be in it. I'd be thought an absolute rotter if I didn't go."

"But you don't have to fight," she asserted.

"Oh, don't I though, just."

"But why—why not come to America?"

"Oh, don't talk rot," he said.

She tilted her chin defiantly. "I'm not talking rot," she protested, "and I never talk rot, and I

don't think you should use that word about me anyway."

"I'm sorry," he said with a smile. There was a silence tempered by the humming of the wind.

Through a gap in the trees a steamer, far out on the lake, came into view. In its wake hung a low, level stratum of soiled air. High above it towered the broken ranges that cluster round the Faulhorn. A glade opened before them, rich in ferns and bespattered with sunshine. Then the trees closed in again. The landscape had done its best to pour itself into their thoughts, but neither of them had given it a moment's attention.

"Graham!" said Phebe.

"Yes?"

"Won't you stay!"

"See here, Phebe," he answered impatiently, "I can't stay. The thing's impossible. There are certain things, you know, that one can't do."

Viciously the car leaped forward. Trees and pastures swept by them in a rush of greenery.

"See here," Graham shouted above the wind, "if you aren't careful we'll hit something, you know."

The roadster slackened its pace. Phebe turned blazing eyes on him. "I wish we *would*," she said vehemently. "I'd just like to hit something!"

He smiled. "It wouldn't be a bad death," he said. "There are worse ways," he added in a voice touched with grimness.

"Listen," she said decisively, "if you talk about the war again I'll put on full speed and this car

can go eighty miles an hour and we'll probably kill a child."

He laughed. "To save a child," he said, "I won't."

But he broke his promise at once.

"Do you know," he remarked, "it's odd, but all this gives me a queer sort of intoxicated sensation. I've been feeling a bit drunk all day."

"Drunk on war?" she smiled. "Why, what a funny idea!"

"Yes, isn't it?" he asked. You never heard of it affecting anyone like that, did you?"

"No."

"Hm," he commented. "I must be a rum sort of chap."

"Rum is good," she remarked.

He stared.

"I said rum was good. Silly, it's only a joke."

"Oh," he replied vaguely, and lapsed into silence.

"What are you thinking about?" she demanded, after a time.

"Thinking? Oh, I'm—one might say—re-adjusting myself."

"Please don't re-adjust yourself with me. You're awfully dull when you do it."

"Yes, I dare say I am," he admitted frankly.

"You've been dull all day."

"You see, I haven't much tried to be interesting."

"Most of the time", she said as their glances brushed for an instant, "you are without trying!"

He laughed and put his arm about her.

"You are an amusing girl," he said.

For some time she had been hoping he would do just this. She leaned back against his arm with a smile. She appeared to have been constructed for such situations: every particle of her was delicately responsive to moments like this.

"Now you're being interesting for the first time today," she said.

They slipped on through the thick radiance of the summer afternoon. A moth, oddly striped, settled on her arm and clung there as the wind lifted its wings.

"What kind of a queer insect is that?" she asked.

"The worst thing about this war — " he began.

"O, *heav*—ens," she burst out, "if you only knew how I hate to hear you talk about the war. It's too senseless to last—I've heard people in the hotel say it will be over in a month. You'd be too silly to leave, Graham. So, why go to England and arrive, and find it all over?"

"You don't realize," he said, "what England has to face."

"Oh, stop talking about it," she begged. "There wouldn't be any war if people hadn't talked and talked and brought it on."

She reflected, stroking the curve of her chin with a pliant forefinger.

"Oh, Graham," she said, at length. "I brought you out to ask you something, and I intended to say it later, but I might as well say it now. You know what it is. I want you to stay on — for *me*. I'll

take you on the longest rides and we'll make all the stunning climbs we planned — "

He interrupted her. "I can't," he said simply.

She was silent. Then:

"What will I do when you're gone?" she asked. "I might as well die — there won't be anything else to do."

He drew a deep, painful breath and let it escape in a sigh.

"Oh, Phebe," he said, "it's hard enough for you, but it's not so very hard because you can go back to America and leave it all. But the thing I've been thinking is — I have two younger brothers who will have to go. And there's an end to all the dreams I've had for those youngsters. So you see—." His voice thickened and died.

"Oh, please don't take it so seriously," she said. "Nothing would hurt if you didn't take anything seriously."

He startled her by laughing. "Jove," he said, "I can't deny that!"

"But it's true, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "And you don't know how much good that laugh did. I rather thought I was never going to — again, you know."

She turned off the highway into a narrow road. Branches met above their heads; vivid tatters of the sky blazed through. She had taken off her cap. Her bobbed hair hung in a rich layer from which the intermittent sunbeams struck golden sparkles. Never before had he thought her so daintily lumin-

ous. He leaned close and patted her cheek as though she were a child. But Phebe was unresponsive. She listened for a break in the throb of the engine and grew cold. Then in last appeal, an uprush of words overwhelmed her:

"Please stay, Graham! Oh *please!* You can stay just a few days longer and I'll be so nice to you — nicer than I ever have been. Graham, please don't leave on the five o'clock train!"

"You don't know how I'm feeling, Phebe," he said gravely. His head drooped forward for an instant as though his neck muscles had grown too weak to hold it erect. "If you knew how I feel, you'd only be rather sorry for me."

Phebe listened with trepidation to the pulse of the engine. Presently the car slackened its pace, moved more and more slowly, then came to a standstill.

"Hello!" he cried. "That's odd. It's never broken down before."

Phebe's voice fluttered as she said: "It didn't break down. It stopped because I didn't put in enough gasoline."

He faced her squarely.

"You don't mean you *planned* to have it stop?"

She nodded in silent assent, trembling a little.

He gazed at her in amazement. "But you couldn't do a thing like that."

"Yes, I could," she said faintly. She bit at the corner of her handkerchief. "Oh, please don't be mad at me, Graham. It was killing me to have you go today and now you can't. You see — I had just

enough gasoline put in to bring us here. I've been here before and we're miles from anywhere."

His face set in grim lines.

"Are you ragging me," he demanded, "or is this true?"

"You can look in the gasoline tank if you want to."

"To think," he said in a voice of detached wonder, "that a girl so sweet could do a thing so stupidly devilish."

He stepped to the road.

"What are you going to do, Graham?" Her question was a cry.

"I'm going," he said coldly.

"But you can't catch your train."

"I'll catch that train," he said, "if I have to run every step of the way. But I may be picked up when I get to the main road."

Phebe looked as though all her blood had turned watery, gray and cold.

"Graham, you're leaving—you're leaving *me.*"

He took out his cigarette case and stared at it vacantly. Then he found his watch, glanced at it, and began to run up the road.

"Graham," she cried, "come back — if you love me."

He halted for a moment, without turning.

"Graham, give me — give me something — your cigarette case — something solid to hold and keep."

"When I get down to the road," he called back, "I'll send some one up for you."

He disappeared in a grove of pines. Birds chirrupped in the distance and a breeze hissed through the branches overhead.

Phebe wept silently, a slender figure drooped over the steering wheel.

V

Phebe was still in Interlaken when a letter and a package came. They were sent from a hospital in France. The letter was short; it said:

It is with deep regret that I inform you that Private Graham Stanford died of his wounds this morning at three-thirty. He directed me to send you the accompanying cigarette case. He wished me to say he did not realize you had asked for it until he was in the train for Geneva. He wished me to say he was sorry.

Yours sincerely,
D. L. Roberts, Army Hospital Corps.

When Phebe read this, an odd trembling passed over her; she felt ill.

She dropped the letter in her lap and gazed about the room. Everything in it seemed strange. Even the dress she wore seemed strange. She opened her eyes wide: an inhabitant of a world she did not understand.

The Career

By Constance V. Frazier
Boston University

UP to the time she was twenty-five plain little Rhody Safford had never had a lover in her life — not that anybody, in Fenstone at least, had ever expected it of her; for did not the matrons of Fenstone remember with ire the day in Rhody's pug-nosed, pugnacious babyhood, when great-uncle Joshua had publicly declared that any woman could get married in Fenstone, and had deliberately set apart the last of the Saffords to redeem the village, choosing as his instrument of redemption that cumbersome unreality — a Career?

The Career was Rhody's lode-star from the moment when great-uncle Joshua made the seven-year-old understand, with a serene complacency which he had no idea of inciting in her, that the big world had any number of Careers reserved for her to choose from and that her sole difficulty would lie in the matter of selection. Then and there Rhody privately resolved to choose one that she liked the looks of and not one that someone would be sure to tell her "wore well." Anything with wearing qualities reminded her unpleasantly of her everyday, plaid-gingham pinafores. She loathed those pinafores more than anything on earth because they wore for-

ever; and she laid their eternal endurance to hems that could be let down, tucks that were always being let out, and reinforcements wherever wear and tear was likely to show quickest; besides, they were extraordinarily hideous. They made her feel as if she were, as she used to say, "goin' all ways at once." Rhody adored beautiful people, things and colors, and her great cross was that an unsympathetic and too-practical mother prevented her from revelling in the daintiest of colors in her clothing. She made up for this by extracting a vicious delight from spilling things on her pet abhorrences, and her mother frequently sighed over the fact that Rhody always seemed to upset over her clothes the particular things that either left unsightly stains or else would not come out at all.

Then, one wonderful morning, an itinerant artist, delayed by stormy heavens, sought shelter at the Safford's; and in return for the Safford hospitality started a tiny water-color sketch for the big-eyed, sober-visaged child in an unspeakable gingham pinafore who hung at his elbow, and finally, with that keenness of perception characteristic of those to whom an understanding soul is given, placed the brushes in Rhody's hand and bade her finish it. At that hour the Career assumed definite shape and incredible magnitude. The artist had merely said, "You ought to paint some day."

Rhody, with the Safford imperturbability, replied, "I will paint," and there the episode ended — except for great-uncle Joshua and Rhody.

From that time the Career took the form of sketch-books, canvases, paints and palettes,—at first, when she was nine, under the voluntary tutelage of a neighbor's visiting niece, who was, by some special act of Providence, an art student. It was no time at all before Miss Parkinson, whom Rhody adored because she was beautiful, discovered the possibilities in her young pupil; and when her visit was over she suggested that a sufficient sum of money would see Rhody through a good art school when she should have completed her local high school training. Until that time arrived, Miss Parkinson felt sure, if Mr. Safford would agree, that an artist friend of hers, newly established in a studio not fifteen miles away, could be persuaded to undertake the little girl's art education. Great-uncle Joshua agreed delightedly to anything and everything, and with the unsolicited consent of Fenstone Rhody made the weekly trips to Keybay for the next nine years, alternately exulting and despairing over her work.

At nineteen, with an art school training looming portentously ahead of her, Rhody went to the City — one of those places Fenstone had heard about and had chosen as a suitable place for the fulfilment of Rhody's mission; not because it in the least understood Rhody or saw the Career from her prismatic angle, but because it was Fenstone, and the yeast of development seemed to have begun to ferment. Miss Parkinson, though such no longer, saw her placed for the next four years in the family of a

retired clergyman, a relative of her husband. And so Rhody set to work, optimistically impatient, and dependent upon a well-filled purse that promised never to be empty when she made demands upon it. Great-uncle Joshua could afford to be generous.

At twenty-five Rhody had been "Rhoda" for the space of six years. For two she had had a studio of her own and within the last month had received a lucrative offer of some illustrating on rather an elaborate scale for one of the small "quality" magazines. Though it lacked permanence it was a step ahead. Only yesterday she had seen her first big canvas in the exclusive Rockwell Art Club's exhibit of local talent, and the thrill she had experienced was not like any other she had ever felt. To see it there was even better than getting a notification that you were going to see it. Almost immediately she had begun to plan for a gallery exhibit of her own work in the not-too-far-distant future. Ah! but Fenstone should be proud of her soon!

She threw down the morning paper containing the usual glowing and unreliable account of the exhibit, with its special note in praise of her work, lauding her as the coming leader of local art circles, pushed aside her easel and poked her head out of her studio window. It was a wonderfully electric morning, charged to the brim with the spring color-music and color-poetry that Rhoda's artist soul longed to grasp and understand to the full, but held as yet among her Unattainables. She thought of her studio and how she had dreamed and planned for it — just as a

tone matron would have dreamed and planned
r Fenstone way for the next generation of vil-
s. She had been just a bit afraid, when great-
Joshua died, two years ago, lest that studio
t be years longer in materializing. She feared
her years of study must have drained that ever-
pocketbook of his, but his will had relieved
apprehensions. Even her chance to illustrate
been an Unattainable once. Then came the
mbrance of yesterday's success and she turned
nger the notes of congratulation that littered
able still. Too, she remembered the delightful
e she had met during her years of hard work
how she had learned to enjoy them, and she
almost grateful to the dead and gone Saffords
had unknowingly provided for the honor of the
in this last daughter of theirs. Then she
ght half-humorously, half-sadly, of the Career

constant tending. She had never felt the lack or need of man's love. Masculine friends she had, of course, friends because of the Art they adored in common — but they remained friends. As for marriage — the normal male likes prettiness, and while he might tolerate a plain wife if he loved her, the same with a Career tacked on would be insufferable. Besides, had not the Career, in the very nature of things, the first right to consideration?

Somebody knocked.

Rhoda knew the knock and called, "Come in."

As soon as the width of the crack permitted, a woolly white dog wiggled through and made for Rhoda's armchair, in a fashion that bespoke his familiarity with her quarters. His owner, a tall, broad-shouldered, sandy-complexioned person, belying a possible thirty-five years, entered in a more dignified manner, holding out his hands to Rhoda, though only a smile of understanding passed between them. Immediately the puppy stood up and extended one fluffy paw, whereupon he found himself dislodged and his chair occupied by his master's bulk.

"You're unkind to Rollo today, Timothy," said Rhoda, installing the yelping puppy on his own particular cushion. "Anything wrong?"

"Nothing at all. Say, Rhoda, I've just been up to see your 'Burial.' It's superb of its kind. The first time I exhibited I was as crazy as a loon. You seem cool enough under fire — quite as if you were used to this sort of thing."

Rhoda laughed and gave Rollo a chocolate from the box on the table.

"How'd you ever get the idea?" Timothy went on. "Just that old, old woman propped up there in bed in her mite of a room — (those shadows were wonderful!) — and the look on her face! Why, Rhoda, I could have cried real tears! I heard some fool say, 'I don't see what she calls it the "Burial" for. There's nothing dead in the picture and nothing to bury.' I'd have liked to put the idiot out of his misery — or into as much misery as that old lady of yours was feeling. Nothing dead in that picture? Why, it's the 'deadest' thing I ever saw on canvas! The face, the attitude, the lights, the shadows — everything! Why, the thing's saturated with the spirit of death! How did you do it, Rhoda? Anybody could see that the old lady hasn't a hope in the world — not a thing to live for. She's dead in every way except physically, and she knows it as well as that slattern sprawled asleep on the chair at the foot of the bed knows it. Oh, Rhoda, why couldn't you have painted something that it doesn't make a man sick to the soul to look at? That thing fascinated me for all it gave me the horrors, but for the love of cold doughnuts do something cheerful next time!"

Rhoda smiled. Somehow it pleased her wonderfully to know that she had succeeded in moving Timothy — Timothy the immovable, the unimpressionable, the cynical critic and all-too-willing ridiculer of the early efforts of young artists; Timothy, to

whom success had come easily and early, as success goes, and who sincerely believed that he no longer had any illusions regarding his own work.

Timothy picked up the morning paper and pointed a masterly forefinger at the laudatory paragraph under the large-type letters of Rhoda's name.

"It took me more than six years to get a hand like this in the dailies, Rhoda. My heartiest congratulations."

Rhoda put her hand in his big white one, thinking of the Career as she laughed her own particular little laugh.

"You haven't educated yourself to expect fame, Timothy, and I have. I grew up on that idea. It belongs to my Career as I planned it, you know."

"My planet never came into conjunction with a Career, or I might not be sitting here at this particular moment in this particular draught, telling you that Ames Tagent has offered the other $10,000 prize for the best exhibit portraying the expression of some human emotion. The old chap's crazy over that kind of picture. I heard a rumor as I came up that yesterday's success would be a big thing for you if you were to enter. Some folks have reason to believe that Tagent has his eye on you." He got up and crossed over to Rhoda who was sitting with tightly clasped hands on the divan. "Here's luck to you, little friend. Tagent would appreciate that 'Burial' even if some lesser lights don't. And now some more news. Brad has come back from parts unknown and intends to try for it himself.

And when you buckle up and exhibit against Brad — well, you'd better get a pine box long enough to hold your Career comfortably — not that I want to discourage you, you know."

Rhoda's eyes had in them an almost fanatical look, and her breath came in short, quick gasps. She was shaking all over.

"Timothy," she whispered, "do you suppose if one won — you know — one would need — could one give it — up? The Career, I mean. I've nothing else, you know, and I can't go on just exhibiting all my life. I want to do something big — something that will count. Oh, I know that I'm not 'made' yet, but I should like to rest on my laurels, if I could win some, for a year, and forget the Career, and that I'm tied to it. I'd like to be as nearly like other women as I could, just for a year. Then I'd go back to work and not mind again."

Listening to her, Timothy grew sure of several things about which he had been in doubt before. One was that Rhoda was worn out with hard work and needed a rest; another was that she wasn't the sort of woman whose life could be made complete by a Career, however fine. Then suddenly the conviction was borne in upon him that he was right — that he had always been right—every woman needed home ties. And then and there, looking at Rhoda's tired, plain face, he grew positive of something he had suspected for a long time. And then he burst impetuously into speech.

"Rhoda! Of course you'd like to be like other

women — women who aren't tied to Careers! But I don't believe a year would satisfy you. I'm an artist myself — I paint tolerably, and I think I know something of what all this feverish struggle for recognition and a 'place' stands for to you. I've seen other women — women not so fine as you, but like you — give up their whole lives for it; and what did they get out of it? Only emptiness and a sort of scurvy fame that lasted but a little while and left them almost precisely where they were at the beginning, with only a has-been to look back on as a difference. Rhoda, in all my life I have never made love to a woman — I never thought I had time to learn how — but I care a good deal for you, and I'd rather see you baking my bread and darning my socks and letting me care for you and love you, than claim you as a friend, a great artist, knowing that all the art in the world couldn't satisfy you — when I could give you what would — a home and love such as every woman wants. What greater proof do you want than that you are longing to 'be like other women' for a year? I can make a home for you today; I'm lonely and I love you. Won't you come, Rhoda?"

His outstretched hands would have taken hers, but for the look in her eyes.

"Timothy! I didn't think—Selfish! Oh, you don't understand! I can't, Timothy, I can't!" She choked. "I'm pledged!"

"Pledged?"

She nodded. "Pledged not to marry. In my town all the women marry; they never do anything else

than what you've just asked me to do, instead of things like this." Her gesture included the entire studio. They are sluggish, narrow — and you ask me to be just like them. There is not one of them representing the town out here in the world. So I promised — who better or fitter than a Safford? — to redeem the town and the name for them all. I promised to bring Fenstone into the limelight — to paint it into the map of the world. That's what the Career is for. And you ask me to give it up, to do what Fenstone women have always been contented to do—marry! If it were not so sad it would be ridiculous. Timothy, I can't marry you — I won't. I — I don't want to. Think of the Career — its service — my duty!"

Timothy obeyed. He did think, after he had gone. But his last thought always was that sooner or later Rhoda would see it his way.

Rhoda thought, too. She thought so much that she dreaded the dawn of each new day, knowing that the same tread-mill of argument and counter-argument would claim her before she was fully awake and wear her out before she could sleep again. Timothy she refused to see — and missed cruelly in consequence. Then, one morning, she awoke to this resolution. She would try for the Tagent prize. If she won that — perhaps she would have redeemed her town sufficiently and then she would — maybe —

Time passed. Rhoda made her entry for the Tagent prize, and then, too nervous to work, too rest-

less to remain inactive, she went back to Fenstone, old-fashioned, much-married Fenstone, and awaited results. No royal welcome was waiting for her in the little village — her coming did not in the least change the ordinary trend of daily life. If a family talked of her over its tea-table, it included her with the crops, the poultry and the hundred and one things that go to make up the nightly conversation. The villagers she knew best seemed glad to see her, and some of them went so far as to intimate that they hoped she had come home to settle down and raise a family. Rhoda, "Rhody" once more, was disgusted, and her disgust no whit decreased with the discovery that her gift of Life and Beauty had made no impression on the feminine portion of Fenstone. Fenstone girls continued to be behind the times; they still married, still kept house, still mothered the coming generation of Fenstone. They had no ambition outside their homes, no interests outside their village. They were polite to Rhody, but it made no difference to them that she was an artist — that she had a Career. That was her concern, not theirs. Her interests were too far removed from their plane of life and too alien to their tastes for them to be properly appreciative. Rhody grew sick at the thought of it. It did not matter to her that the years she had spent in the pursuit of the Career had broadened her and raised her above the level of these other women to whom her higher education was of little moment, and had set her standards a notch higher than theirs. She merely saw, in self-

the apparent waste of energy, the emptiness, nrewarded effort of her life, and her failure, bit- nd deep, to touch the lives for which she had the best she had to give.

e morning a letter came from Timothy, full of his h comments on the world in general and their l in particular. It was just the sort of letter Tim- might have been expected to write—breezy, ex- ating, full of sympathy and understanding for the an he loved, and under it all a sort of wistful- that would keep cropping out. It was the clos- paragraph, however, that caught and held ly's attention. She read it and reread it as if wing of the whole universe centered on it.

may as well tell you," it ran, "that the Tagent has been awarded, and the winner was, of se, Brad. I am sorry, little girl, but that $10,- will make a big difference to Brad, and perhaps

ceased to wonder at the contented faces of the Fenstone women, and began almost to pity the expression of restless struggle that was wont to meet her daily in the eyes that encountered her own wherever she went in search of her Career.

The last of her answer to Timothy's letter ran thus:—

"Heaven alone knows how grateful I am to you for putting me on the right track. The Career is over and done with. True, I am a Safford, but truer still I am a native of Fenstone. For years the Safford women married like other Fenstone women and thought of nothing higher or better. What am I, the last of the family, to take exception to their dictum? Timothy, I've been back to Fenstone. I've seen them—the women. And, Timothy, they don't care at all! They like the life they lead! I am through with ambition; I want happiness—without struggle. You were right when you said that a year would not satisfy me. I am going to forget it all with your help, and be like them, for they are happier than anybody I ever saw. I fought while I thought there was something to fight for—but there was really nothing. If you care to come up to the studio we can talk things over."

And so it came to pass that the Career received what Timothy was pleased to call "the death-blow absolute."

Timothy was the ideal husband—a complete revelation to Rhoda, who had heard all her life that the genus was entirely extinct. To begin with, he

s genuinely in love with his wife, whose per-
al charm far outweighed in his estimation the
ater beauty many another woman possessed.
n, she was the materialized dutiful-wife-in-a-
e-covered-cottage he had always intended to have
e day.

t never occurred to Timothy that Rhoda was a
rt thing that instinct had driven his way for pro-
ion and comfort. His masculine perception went
farther than that, presumably, she had come
last to recognize, as he did, that "woman's place
s in the home." Timothy was quite unspoiled
modern theory.

More than a year went by. If Rhoda ever found
new rôle irksome, she either stifled her feelings
ally or successfully concealed them from her
sband. Timothy painted incessantly. He seemed
have found a hidden fountain of inspiration, and

own experience, to tell Timothy. But somehow they were seldom told—discussions had such a way, at the most interesting point, of revolving into monologues about what Timothy either had done, was doing, or was expecting to do. And inevitably the too-frequent application of the soothing balm resulted in a decrease in its healing powers.

Criticism of his work from his wife was the one thing that came nearest to rousing his slow anger—for Timothy lacked the proverbial red-headed temper—and gradually Rhoda ceased to offer it. She said little, but came to feel that in her painting-days she could have done as well as or better than Timothy was now doing and once in a while came a vague desire to touch up his work—to add something that should have been there and was not and without which his work seemed always incomplete. She scorned the thought that Timothy's polite but perceptible irritation at her suggestions meant that he no longer valued her good opinion. No, it must be something else!

When Rhoda fled to the protection of Timothy's love after her disappointment and disillusionment, she thought she was done forever with the Career. She failed to reflect that the man or woman worthy the name, once bitten by the bug of ambition, recovers slowly if ever at all. Sometimes after years the symptoms re-occur and the irritation comes to the surface anew. So it was with Rhoda. She began to be jealous of Timothy's work, not madly,

n a hurt, silent fashion that Timothy never
ed at, and that she herself was loath to admit.
she missed the gay assemblage of her own and
husband's artist friends that had been their
ht in the early days of her marriage, when she
iked to feel herself an inactive part—but still
rt—of the old, absorbing life. Her new joy
made such an attitude easy. With Timothy's
ased absorption in his work the guests grew
r, until now they were exceedingly rare for no
reason that Rhoda could think of than that
any made Timothy nervous. Rhoda was dis-
d. There were no children to take her time,
thy did not require the waiting-on they had
ined he would, and he had insisted on a maid
the work. Rhoda was left practically without
oyment; and a woman without work of some

his wife busily writing notes at her desk. A pile of newly addressed envelopes lay on a chair. He picked one up, examined it and glanced with a frown at Rhoda, who, absorbed in her task, had not heard him enter.

"Rhoda," he said, proffering the smock. She turned quickly, all smiles, and took the garment from him. He picked up the half-finished note. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Why," his wife explained, "I was thinking last week that it's been perfect ages since I've seen any of the girls, and I feel quite—quite—oh, as if I'd lost something. I'm getting stale, I think. I need freshening up."

Timothy looked at her quickly. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, really; I—I think I'm just lonely—a little."

"Lonely! Why, Rhoda, you've got your home and you've got me! What more do you want?" Timothy's face was a study in surprise and dismay. Was it possible that Rhoda wasn't cured of her nonsense after all?

Rhoda went up to him, handing back the smock and laying her hands—artistic hands with the long slim fingers—on his arm.

"I want companionship, Timothy, companionship with people I know and am interested in. You're so busy you haven't time for friends, as we used to have at first. And I don't have *you*—much—Timothy.

just dead for want of companionship—and
," she added under her breath.
ut that doesn't explain this." He indicated
otes.
h, I'm just asking a dozen or so of the girls
or next Saturday afternoon—to talk over old
and new, and enjoy ourselves as we used to
You remember, Timothy, how we used to sit—"
nothy tapped the rug impatiently with his foot.
ade no reply.
oda looked at him, quickly apprehensive.
Ve'll have tea," she went on, feeling her way.
h, Rhoda, I'd heaps rather you didn't invite
women here! They'll only upset you and
l annoy me. I'm doing a big picture now—
ed this morning. I'll hear them chattering, and
ways ruffles me to hear a lot of fool women,
u'll pardon my way of speaking, talking about

say that Mr. Tagent will offer the usual $10,000 under the same conditions as have hitherto governed the contest. Register all exhibits at the Tagent Building by the first of November, and arrange to make all entries of the same by December fifteenth.

Respectfully yours,
The Tagent Prize Board."

He put the letter back into his pocket.

"I'm doing a picture for that. It's going to be a corker, and it's an idea that will surprise you and old Tagent and everybody. Say, Rhoda, if you'll promise me you won't look at that picture till it's done, I'll give you half the prize money clear to do as you please with! It's a ripping idea—just the kind of thing Tagent likes, and it's bound to be a success!"

He walked to the door and then, thinking of something, turned back. Rhoda stood at her desk, looking plainer than he had ever seen her in his life. She was tearing up the notes she had written.

"Good girl," he said approvingly, the smile coming back to his face. He came back into the room and stood beside her.

"See here, Rhoda," he continued, "I suppose you are lonesome; I know I'm busy and can't give you much time—and I'm busier than ever just now—you know how it is yourself. If you're lonesome, why don't you have in some of these ladies around here? I guess they'd give you something to talk about. There's a ducky little bride around the corner. Saw

nging out clothes yesterday—Jove, but she
picture! Bet *she* could keep you guessing.
ny advice and get acquainted, Rhoda."
ttempted to kiss her, but for the first time in
e Rhoda refused the caress. She went on
up the notes, thinking miserably that if
y was too busy to give *her* much of his time,
n't so absorbed that he didn't know there
pretty woman living around the corner. Rage
ned her—an unreasoning rage that wore her
d lasted so long that Timothy began to think
e should have to take matters into his own
though what he could do to change them he
the ghost of an idea. Then, suddenly Rhoda
once more the sweet, dutiful wife she had
been. Timothy congratulated himself on his
to manage a wife. He did not know whether
d taken his advice and made friends with any

headed man who wore a horrible checked suit. No, she didn't like the little bride—a flip little thing whose mother did all her work and got no thanks for it."

Rhoda followed his lead adroitly. She knew at once why she was being questioned and the fact that her information about her neighbors was more extensive than her husband's was due to the greater amount of time she had spent in gleaning statistics from the maid.

Often after that, Timothy had reason to applaud her neighborliness, for he frequently found, on asking for her when he came down from the studio, that she was "out." In fact, she was "out" so frequently that he began to feel a bit neglected. And he reflected that she had seemed awfully preoccupied of late. He thought he'd really have to speak to her about it. He was a good husband and he deserved more consideration. Didn't he give her everything she wanted, he'd like to know?

He spoke at the first opportunity, some days later. It was at the dinner-table and the maid was in the kitchen.

"See here, Rhoda, what do you do with yourself now? I never find you at home any more. I didn't mean you to go gadding all the time. I need you sometimes. You aren't as lonesome as you were, are you, now that you know some nice people?"

"No, I'm not as lonesome—as I was," his wife replied, helping herself to a chop. There was a peculiar sparkle in her eye, but her lowered lids

vented her husband from noticing it. He re-
ded her in silence. This woman was fast becom-
a mystery to him.

Timothy," she said suddenly, laying down her
k, "I want to paint."

You want to paint!"

imothy set down his glass and gazed at her in
nk amazement.

he bore his scrutiny well, meeting his stare
vely and composedly. She thought it odd that
felt no flutter of anxiety as to the outcome; it
quite as if everything was settled.

imothy recovered himself and attacked his food
h vigor.

I said I wanted to paint," reminded Rhoda pa-
tly.

he knife and fork went down with a gentle and
ent precision.

comes to being a professional artist—don't consider it, Rhoda. You tried it once and it didn't agree with you. Better be contented with having an artist in the family. Now I'll guarantee to bring you all the fame that will be good for you, if you'll be patient. And by George, when I do make good, you'll be the envy of every woman on the street! I'll bet that pert little bride will wish she had a husband like yours! Leave it to me, Girlie. I'll do the painting for both of us. You just go on keeping my house nicely, and give me things I like to eat, and love me; I'll be all you could ask for and more. Don't play with the brushes again, Rhoda; you upset the paints once, you know."

Rhoda made no reply. She simply sighed—resignedly, Timothy thought, searching her face—and the desultory conversation, promptly monopolized by Timothy, turned to other things.

Dinner over Timothy went to the studio more feverishly eager to work than ever. Rhoda watched him go, new emotions tugging at her heart; then she went to her room telling the maid she was "out" to all inquirers. She locked the door carefully, arranged the curtains and draperies deftly, and, pulling a small easel into a better light sat down, took up her palette and brushes and fell to work. At first her hand trembled but the strokes grew firmer and surer as time passed. She worked till late afternoon; then, surveying the evidences of her deceit, nodded her head in satisfaction. She recognized something in her work that had been

ng before, though she was at loss to define it. the Safford imperturbability she whispered to lf as she had replied to the itinerant artist before, "I will paint."

d Timothy again congratulated himself on the ne had with a woman, when he fell anew that ng under the spell of the wonderful charm of oman he married.

long after this, the death of a relative from a bequest might reasonably be expected called hy to a distant state for a stay that prom- o be unpleasantly protracted. He left Rhoda ut misgivings. It was not until he was miles from home that he missed his studio-key. Then membered that he had locked the door the last against the intrusion of the maid, and in the of his departure had left the key in the lock.

addition. From which may be inferred that Rhoda had some ideas herself on the proper management of an unruly "better half."

The studio was the highest and airiest room in the house. Except in location it differed little from any other studio devoted to the same purpose, for it was littered with odds and ends and trifles and had the appearance of general "messiness" that every artist seems to love and consider necessary to his temperamental well-being.

Rhoda drew back the curtain that covered the canvas and felt no compunction in so doing. What she saw startled her—a wide sweep of grass, white clouds in a blue sky impelled by a breeze you could almost feel, a line of blowing, snowy clothes. In the foreground, the saucy face of the little bride around the corner, with its mocking eyes and mouth, looked at her over the empty clothes-basket she was carrying. "Freedom" was the title. Something cold and hard and very big formed in Rhoda's heart. The light of longing came into her eyes and smouldered there; the lust of battle crept into her soul and would not be denied. She wanted with all her heart to reach brushes and canvas and outdo this work of Timothy's, which, pretty idealization though it was, lacked real depth and warmth and vitality. Timothy's painting had always lacked—feeling; that was it, she decided. She marveled that she felt no desire to destroy her husband's work because of any petty jealousy she might have felt about his choice

subject. But she was all artist now, not wife at
.

Memory reproduced for her the letter her husband
d read to her concerning the Tagent prize. Her
ce grew thoughtful. Yes, she decided, there was
t time. And she went out, locking the door and
king the key with her.

The next day she moved her surreptitiously ac-
ired easel into Timothy's beloved studio, and set
work. Long and faithfully she labored in the days
at followed, feeling a freedom and happiness that
netimes left her dizzy with its joy and worked it-
f into every stroke of her brush—the brush that
med to leave a trail of magic behind it whenever
touched canvas. And one December afternoon just
the early sunset light lit up the studio's every
rner, Rhoda stood back from her easel, her small,

thought of a certain chest in the far corner of her own room. She wished her picture-woman was real —there was something she would like to tell her—

It seemed such a little while after to Rhoda that the fruits of her endeavor hung on the wall in the exhibition room of the Tagent Building, while across the way the little bride around the corner looked down on the "Resurrection of Hope" with her mocking eyes that never could understand.

The startled praise that fell from Timothy's unconscious lips was like the wine of life to the woman who stood unseen in a corner and drank it in; and in the hour when the Tagent Board awarded the $10,000 prize to Rhoda Safford Brainerd for a picture entitled the "Resurrection of Hope," the Career, long neglected and undervalued, came into its own.

Four months later, when the nurse laid Timothy's first-born son in his arms, Timothy's eyes marked on Rhoda's face the exact replica of the expression that lay in the deep mother-eyes of the dreaming picture-woman. And even Timothy began to understand with a humble and contrite spirit some things he had never thought about before.

And back in Fenstone visitors at the town hall are shown with pride "the picter our Rhody painted an' got a heap o' money fer;" though there is not a chance in the world that they in the least understand what the picture is all about. But not even Rhody yet knows—though some day she will learn of it and her happiness will be complete—that every

ening about sunset a little village girl creeps into
e old hall and stands silently before the famous
ist's gift to their native town. And the deep
ther-eyes of the picture-woman watch her as al-
ys she marks off on a tiny calendar she carries
her hand, one day. This is how she counts the
ys of the years that must elapse before she, too,
ll be great enough to paint a picture like that
d make everbody in town glad to say, "She be-
ngs to Fenstone."

The heritage of the Career passes on.

The Potter's Wheel

By Sarah E. Glass
Converse College

HARTLEY threw aside the newspaper he had been reading, took off his hat and began fanning himself, while his gaze wandered far out over the bay to the dim, dark outline of Deer Island, barely discernible on the hazy horizon. "Say, Roberts, did you ever hear of George Orr?" He flecked the ashes off the end of his cigar, crossed one knee over the other, and settled back in his chair.

"George Orr?" I asked. "Name seems familiar, but I don't seem to recollect just where I've heard it. Why? Some old college pal come to life down here?"

"No; I don't know myself. Moray was telling me about him. Seems as if he's just a queer sort of an old chap, half philosopher, half potter, who lives all alone, except for an adopted son, over yonder on the island. He came down here from New York some fifteen years ago, adopted a fisherman's boy, and has been on the Island ever since. Poor as Job's turkey, they say, but really a master in his art. How'd you like to go over and see his goods, just by way of a little diversion? I know you said you wanted to forget business, but I tried society with you, and from your looks now, that doesn't

to have worked. It's only six miles over to sland, and Moray says the old man is well visiting. Besides, you might find something sting for the company. I've engaged Moray's h for the afternoon; so, if you'll go, I'd like y well to have your company."

re," I answered. "Anything to get away these pesky mosquitoes for a little while. And business, I might as well enjoy a poor time business as doing nothing at all. What time u want to leave?"

n, about three o'clock. That will put us back in ample time for dinner. Meet me down at er then, and we'll go over and spend a couple urs with the old curiosity." Hartley got up, hed languidly, and strolled back into the par- the hotel.

rge Orr. George Orr—where in the world had

boat had a very good speed, and it was not long before we reached the Island.

We made our way up the shell-covered beach to an old fort-like building some distance back from the water, which Moray told us was the old man's home and shop. We entered without ceremony of knocking. There was only one person in the room, a stalwart young fisherman, busily engaged in tying up the broken places in his net. He rose as we entered and came forward to meet us.

"Good evening, Bob," Moray said, "Is your father at work today? I've brought out two gentlemen from New York who'd like to see some of his work, and, maybe, to buy some."

"To buy some?" The young man's face brightened. "He's out on the Island now, hunting clay. Just you wait here, and I'll go see if he'll come." With that, he went out to the shop, leaving us behind to examine our surrounding while awaiting the arrival of the potter.

The room was literally filled with crockery, dust-covered, it is true, but expressive of infinite care and study on the part of the potter. Piled high on the wooden shelves that lined every wall, locked up in chests with glass doors, littering the floor and every article of furniture, there were pitchers and bowls, flasks, vases, lamps, and dishes of all shapes and sizes; some large, some small; some beautifully painted, some simply tinted, and many very plain and uncolored, just as they had come from the potter's wheel.

Presently the young fisherman returned, and with
n came the potter. He was an old man, probably
venty years or more. But his keen, black eyes
d none of the dimness of old age, possessing
ther a brightness and magnetism which com-
lled attention and which kept my gaze riveted on
. His long gray hair, which looked as though
had never been cut, was done up in a knot on the
ck of his head; his beard fell far below his chest.
essed in an old, worn suit of brown corduroy
d blue cotton shirt opened at the throat, with
ces of coarse twine serving as suspenders, he
eated an impression of poverty which seemed
ite out of keeping with the beautiful pieces of
ttery lining the walls of the room.

'Good evening, Orr,'' Moray greeted him. I've
ought out two gentlemen to see some of your

to run up against you again, even in this out-of-the-way corner of the world! Remember 'The Centaur?' Who could forget it, man? But what's become of it? Sold long ago in some rare collection, I'll bet!"

"No, Roberts," he smiled sadly. "No one ever appreciated it enough. 'The Centaur' is still in my own collection. Would you like another look at it?" And he turned to one of the shelves, tenderly lifted down a large, heavy piece, carried it to a table near the window, removed the dirty, coarsely woven sack with which it was covered, and with a gleam of pride in his dark eyes, stepped aside that we might see. There it was, the same wonderfully wrought bronze that had created such a sensation in the Academy, that had been the ground of much speculation as to its owner's future career, speculation quite different from the seeming reality. It was the figure of a Centaur, sensuality and frenzied delight worked into his every feature and posture, just on the point of snatching up on his back a beautiful Greek maiden of sensitive, yet frightened, face. Delicacy and grace, in the form of the maiden, struggling in the beast's embrace, combined with the brute force of the half-human monster to make a masterpiece worthy of the Greeks themselves.

I turned half fiercely to the potter. "Orr, what is the meaning of this?" I demanded. "I thought you were in Europe, enjoying fame and fortune, the greatest sculptor of the day; and I find you here in a fisherman's hovel, wasting your genius on com-

clay! Why, man alive, have you gone clean
?''

I'm afraid you've not improved in taste or
gment since last we met, Roberts,'' he replied.
stopped my bronze work with 'The Centaur.' No
could be found to appreciate it. I decided to
a higher art, and so I took up my work with
mon clay, as you call it. Don't you know, Rob-
, that next to God's own work with 'common clay,'
's work with it is not only the highest, but the
st art? Since the beginning of time the potter's
el has been grinding. In the olden times the art
appreciated, but now it is about to suffer the
e fate that has overtaken other arts. But how
ou like the work of my wheel?''

How do I like it? I can only say that you have
rtune in this room. For heaven's sake, Orr, why
't you sell and live decently?''

why I could not let you have 'The Centaur,' and that is why I cannot now let you have any of my 'common clay.' I'm sorry, Roberts. I had hoped that you had grown."

And no amount of persuasion, by words or money, could make him change his mind. It was getting late, and we were forced to go back, as empty-handed as we had come, across the bay to the summer resort, to the gay life of the hotel, to the parties, the dinners, the picnics and dances, still planning, however, to visit the potter once more.

Again, one day, Hartley and I were sitting alone on the wide piazza of the hotel. A cool, refreshing breeze was blowing in from the bay; a stiff northeaster a few days before had swept the plague of mosquitos out to sea with it; and altogether life was much pleasanter and more worth living. I was about to fall into a doze when Hartley broke the silence.

"Say, Roberts, see that little boat tying up out yonder at the pier? I've been watching it this half hour. It came from the direction of the Island. Ah! there's the young fisherman, the potter's son, coming up the pier this way. Let's go ask him about the potter."

We started down across the wide lawn to meet him. He saw us and quickened his step. His face, when he got close enough to see, was greatly troubled.

"Will you come with me, please?" he asked. "My father received notice this morning that the old fort

d all his belongings were to be attached for a all debt unless he pays this week. I fear for his nd if they take his works. He cannot bear to ve them all sold to just anybody. He has been ing queer all morning. Let us hurry, for he's en alone this hour and a half."

We three hurried back down the pier, entered the herman's boat, and started out again for the Is- d. The trip seemed ages long. Always the boy ot his eyes fastened on the Island and on the sea fore him.

As we neared the Island, I saw his gaze directed a small slow-moving boat headed toward us. The y paled. "That's him! He's headed for the ak," he whispered. "We must hurry. He might own himself." We quickened our speed as much possible, and then sat waiting. As we drew near, could plainly see the old potter, for it was he

parently much heavier, out of the boat against the sky line. It was the potter's wheel! A few moments he held it close against his breast, and then it, too, slipped down beneath the dark water. He turned, picked up his oars, and came to meet us.

"Well, Roberts," he smiled sadly, "the potter's wheel will grind no more, but the potter was true to the last."

The "S" in Fish Means Sugar*

By Mollie Grossman
Hunter College

WHEN Mr. Samuelson thought he had given the members of his Verein sufficient time to nble, he called the meeting to order. It was it was only 9.30 and a retail business wasn't a wholesale business, you know; not everyone l close his shop every night at 8 o'clock sharp Mr. Samuelson. But he had important business cide for them that night. Anyhow, what was resident for, if he couldn't call for the meet- whenever he pleased?

son went through with the preliminaries earlier than usual; and soon the president's voice could be heard, saying:

"In the name of the Independent Order of the Litvoks, I call this meeting to order."

The members went on talking. They had heard those words too often to pay any attention to them.

Mr. Samuelson drew himself up, and glared at his audience. Gradually the talking ceased, and soon there was a complete silence. Then it was that the walls re-echoed with the sound of the gavel as it was being struck against the table, and Mr. Samuelson's voice rang out:

"Silence!"

He would teach them to be quiet upon his commands, and not whenever it pleased them. When he was satisfied that his order was being obeyed, he proceeded.

"The secretary will not read the minutes. We have some important business to attend to."

There was a murmur of objection against this. Mr. Samuelson felt it, nay, he rather hoped for it, for he knew he could silence them effectively. He said grandiloquently:

"My fellow brethren; I see you have an objection. But if I say the secretary should not read the minutes from the events of the last meeting, then I say that he shouldn't, that's all. Tell me, am I president, or if not, what am I?"

Now, that he had expressed his wrath in a way fitting the president of such a superior and rich or-

ation, he thought he could afford to be more
le to them.

ask you," he said, "did I ever before do a
that wasn't regular? No! If you don't be-
me, ask my wife. The other night, she said to
'Abram,' she said, 'this is Monday night. We
d be going to the moving pictures. But I'm
ired to go.' And I said to her: 'Rivka,' I said
-like, 'to-night's Monday night, and we go to
noving pictures. We must do things regular,'
d. My wife knows that when I say a thing, I
t; and so we went to the moving pictures. You
never give in to a woman. She is the weakest
the sexes, and we must guide her. What does
Talmud say? Ha, you don't know," he said,
out giving them time to answer; "that's just
rouble; all you care for is your fish—" Here
Samuelson paused for a moment; he was visibly

talk about. It's about Moshe Slivowitz. He wants to become a member. You say, it's new business, and first comes old business. You are right."

"But it isn't really new business. It depends on how you take it. Even if it's new, it ought to be old. Didn't I want to talk about it last week? And who was it that stopped me? You—yes, all of you. It took so long to collect your back dues, that I had no time to introduce my business. So whose fault is it if it's new business and not old? Your fault, not mine. I wanted to do it."

Everyone nodded in agreement with this eloquent appeal, except the secretary. He felt that he had been cheated in being requested not to read his minutes, so he protested. But Mr. Samuelson waved him aside, when he said:

"What, do I see some one object? What is it the Bible says:

" 'And the Lord said let there be light, and there was light.' And I say: 'And the President says let there be no new business, and there is old business.' "

The secretary could not answer the president.

"This is the business," continued Mr. Samuelson. "Moshe Slivowitz wants to become a member of this Verein. What is he—a man from Galicia! Think of it, a Galicianer wants to become a brother together with a Litvok! And what is a Galicianer? A good-for-nothing! You know how he cooks his fish. Sugar he puts into his fish. Who ever heard of a respectable man, a Litvok, putting sugar into his fish? You know that if a member dies, you pay

is funeral, and if his wife or children die you
for their funeral. And if a Galicianer should
ne a member, what would you do? Why he would
pay one week's dues—and even then he would
it with a check which he could stop payment
and then what would happen? He would die,
s wife would die, or his children, and a week's
are 25 cents, and it costs 100 dollars to bury a
er. I tell you, if you let a Galicianer come into
odge, we would be ruined. No one would talk
any more. Shall we be ruined? I ask you,
der what it means; will we let Moshe Slivo-
ruin the lodge, or will you do what I tell you?"
o, no," cried out all the voices in chorus.
ou have said right," said the president. "The
tary will put in the minutes that once more the
dent has saved the lodge hundreds of dollars."
lease, Mr. Samuelson," called out a voice from

my daughter. No one but a yeshive bocher and a Litvok can have her."

"Right, right," called out many. Mr. Samuelson was reputed to be wealthy, and there were some unmarried members of the club, or married members with marriageable sons. It was necessary to protect sons as well as daughters, for even they sometimes made a rash choice and married for love. No self respecting business man could allow that.

Mr. Samuelson, being now assured of maintaining unmolested his high social position as president of the Independent Order of the Litvoks, proceeded with the meeting. It was regular: first came old business, and then new. After the meeting, he went home, and told his wife all about it.

The next day she thought of nothing else while preparing the fish for the evening meal. A few old women stopped in on their way to the market, to discuss their domestic troubles with her.

"Think of it," she said, "my Lena, the daughter of the president, wants to marry a Galicianer!" There was no need to ask her of what he was president; you might as well ask an American of what Wilson was president.

Mrs. Samuelson chopped the fish furiously. One of the old women said,

"You're right, Rivka. Don't let her do it. Remember Fegele, the shoemaker's daughter? She, too, married a Galicianer and two years afterwards her baby died. I tell you, God does not leave anything go unpunished."

nd to think," said Mrs. Samuelson, "to think my daughter is to marry a man who puts sugar his fish. Sugar—"

Rivka," interrupted one of the women. "You so much of sugar, you shouldn't forget you've o salt the fish yet."

True," said Rivka. She looked about her on the for the bag which she thought might contain alt she had ordered from the grocer. She had too busy to examine the bags and put them . She put a cup into one; then put its contents the chopped fish. She noticed that it looked er peculiar.

Why," she cried, "again the grocer has sent ine salt instead of coarse. As long as they get money, they don't care what they give you." continued chopping. One of the old women

do you think we will give our money that we saved all because of my dowry, to a good-for-nothing Galicianer? Never!"

The two visitors shook their heads and left, still shaking their heads.

In the evening the family were gathered about the table. Lena, for the first time since her parents had refused their consent to her marriage with Moshe, seemed to be happy; Mr. Samuelson noticed it, but did not seek to grasp its significance, for his thoughts modestly dwelt on his conquest of the previous evening. All partook of the bread, and the fish was brought upon the table. Mrs. Samuelson was famous for her Friday night fish, and the men folk were very proud of her fish, and had boasted of it to their friends; the girls were not so enthusiastic.

The business of eating the fish was begun. Mrs. Samuelson was the first to put down her fork. She had just tasted the fish, and, startled, had looked up to watch her family. Then came Lena, who had eaten one fourth of it; then Beckie, who had eaten one half of it; then little Benjamin, who had eaten all of his, but his was a small piece; then Max, who had eaten all of his; then Mr. Samuelson, who was reaching out for another piece, and had evidently enjoyed the first—Max would have done the same, only he scented trouble in his mother's glare, and looked interested. Had Mr. Samuelson finished sooner, and had he kept his eyes on his wife's face all the time, instead of on his plate, he would have been spared much trouble later. As I was saying, he was just

ing out for another piece, when his wife called harply:

bram!'' He paused, stared at her, the fork nded in the air. Never before had his wife fered in the progress of the meal.

What's the matter with the fish?'' queried his

Nothing, dear, I'm taking another piece.''

h, nothing is the matter, is it? When I make stake and put sugar in the fish instead of salt, called that nothing, do you?

re the men looked startled, the girls smiled.

nd have I lived with you for so many years, not found you out until to-day? Now I know you never told me your birthplace. What were before I met you? Nothing. Did you have any y? No. Who was it that put you into busi-



ident of the Independent Order of the Litvoks, didn't know that there was something the matter with that fish? I took one bite and I said to myself—'This is not like my Rivka's fish; maybe I'm mistaken; I'll take another piece.' I did, and I said to myself —'Again this is not like my Rivka's fish!' I took a third piece, and for the third time I said to myself—'This is my house, but you can't tell me it's my Rivka's fish.' So I tried and tried, and was just about to take another piece—" here he noticed that his wife still looked somewhat suspicious, although she was greatly appeased,—"for, I said to myself, 'you're a man,' I said, 'and can't know about such things: Rivka is a woman, and she ought to know her fish when she makes it herself. Men are so stupid on so many things!' "

Mrs. Samuelson was now entirely satisfied. After all, she would have felt that her husband was not one of them when she first knew him. And besides, he was the president, and they ought to know whom they choose. But not so Lena. She smiled rather peculiarly, and said:

"Well done, father. By the way, can I speak to you privately to-night?" Mr. Samuelson could not imagine why his daughter wished to speak to him, but he readily consented. If he could manage his wife so easily, he needn't fear his daughter. When they were alone, Lena began:

"Father, mother was right. You are a Galicianer."

Mr. Samuelson looked startled, began to say some-

, but thought better of it. With a feeling of re-
hat he had not revealed himself, he began to
n the matter out as follows, while his daughter
l at him most uncomfortably:
a was his own daughter. Lena was the only
who resembled him. If a lawyer should say
n he was a Galicianer, then he would say—'No!'
he lawyer would have to admit he had been
g. But his own daughter was different. Even
siness she was as smart as he was. And so if
aid he was a Galicianer then you couldn't tell
therwise. So why not compromise? Admit
s one, and offer her a sum of money to keep
Lena had too sharp an eye for business to re-
hat. So he said:
ena, you are right. I would not tell a lie. Now
e what do you want for it.''
's no use father. Moshe knows it. You re-

"What's the difference whether he told us or someone else. The important thing is: we know it. Now what are you going to do, father?"

"Make Moshel say it's a lie."

"That won't do, father. We know different. And we'll tell mother, and we'll tell the lodge, if—"

"What? You can't do that! Haven't I clothed you all your life; have you ever lacked anything that your heart desired; didn't I take you into the business and pay you for it? And this is how you are paying me for it!"

"Can't help it, father. Moshe and I are going to be married. You'll have to tell mother that you give your consent. If you consent, she will; and you'll have to take him into your club. If he becomes a member of your lodge, mamma will easily consent."

"But how can I make him a member of my lodge, when I only spoke against him last week?"

"What have you always said to us at home? 'If I'm the president,' you said, 'then I'm the president.' And what does that mean? Besides, it's none of my business how you get him in; a member he must be, that's all." And with this, she left her father.

Mr. Samuelson could do nothing else. He thought it best after the occurrence of the evening not to speak to his wife before he had spoken to the lodge. He spent a miserable week, and welcomed Thursday night, although he didn't know how he was going to get a Galicianer into one of the most aristocratic clubs among the Litvoks.

. Samuelson waited until ten o'clock to open
eeting. He had the secretary read the minutes
two previous meetings. Everything was regu-
ntil he began:

ellow brothers of the Independent Order of the
ks, I've got some very important and serious
ess to discuss with you to-night, and I want
o all pay your best attention."

one heeded him; the president considered all
ess serious.

's a business of money—shall we have money in
easury or shall we not?"— The room became
.

his is the question. You know how it is this
my fellow brothers? Nearly everyone has the
e, am I right? I stand before you, and I ask
s there anyone here who hasn't had the grippe
esn't know someone who has it? Maybe some

rest in peace. Maybe I oughtn't to mention it now; maybe his next wife won't like it. But it's so, isn't it? And you needn't tell her. How much was that? 200 dollars! All in one year! Now let us go back to this year. You read the papers. What do they say? They say this week thirteen people more died of the grippe, than the same time last year. Now what does it mean, my brothers? If in New York thirteen more people die of the grippe this year than last, wouldn't it be the same in our lodge? It's true that we are especially favored, we are the chosen people; but maybe God will choose to take us to Him, who knows? Tell me, am I wrong, or am I right?"

"True, true," called out all the voices in chorus. "Tell us what we can do."

"Now, if two died in our lodge last year, how many will or are likely to die this year? You're business men, you can figure it out as well as I can. Thirteen and two makes how much? Fifteen, it makes. And if it costs 200 dollars to bury two people, how much will it cost to bury 15 people? I don't say they'll all die, you hear. But we must be prepared for the worst. What does the President of this country say? 'We should prepare,' he says, 'even if you don't need it now, it'll come in handy.' And with us it's a matter of 1500 dollars. Where will we get it, I ask you. Have we got 1500 dollars in the treasury? No! The treasurer can tell you that. Am I right?"

"That's right," said the treasurer.

"Now then, you can all see we must get more mem-

into the lodge; strong members, who pay well. what can you say against the Galicianers; they re strong. They live long, they do; and if you t a Galicianer into the lodge, won't he pay his regular? Sure he will, he'll be so glad to get And if he's a Galicianer, we ought to double ues, because it's an honor for him. And won't y twice as much? Sure he will. And we needn't all of them in, only those who are strong and pay well. There's that Moshe Slivowitz that I e of last week. You know he's strong; didn't ke four of you to put him out? And he'll pay, f he ever fails to pay his dues, I will. You t to know that, for if he becomes a member of lodge, won't he be my son-in-law? And you my family, we always pay. Why, my brothers," he raised his voice, entreatingly, "I tell you

I ask you, shall we save our lodge and make him a member, or shall we ruin ourselves?"

"You're right," cried all voices but one, "we'll make him a member."

"But what will we say in the books? Will I write Moshe Slivowitz, Galicianer, admitted—," protested the secretary; he had not forgotten what the president had done to him the week before.

"Why no," said the president, "if he becomes a member of this lodge, then he becomes a Litvok. He can't help it, and we can't help it. You know how it is with rotten apples. You put one rotten apple among fifty good ones and the fifty will become rotten. But with people it's different. The good ones will make the bad one good. And what can be better than for a Galicianer to become a Litvok?"

A vote was taken, and Moshe Slivowitz was unanimously admitted as a member of the Independent Order of the Litvoks, and was duly installed as a full-fledged Litvok.

The wedding ceremony took place not in the seventh month in the Jewish year, but in July. Moshe could not get his vacation before July. The members protested meekly, but the president answered their objection:

"Even if it isn't our seventh month, it has a seven in it somehow, hasn't it? And besides, if he's a Litvok now, do we need to bother about the seven? It was only before he became a Litvok that that was necessary. Besides, the season of the grippe is over, and we've saved 1500 dollars this year!"

"Two Parallel Lines Meet at Infinity"

By Helen B. Mitchell
Wellesley College

IGHED, a deep, contented, physical sigh. The iddies were asleep; Mother was "fixed" in a lative degree of comfort in bed with a hot r jug which looked old enough to have a history with the very latest "Harper's," and "Atlantic" home and an egg-nog and smelling-salts on ittle stand near by. The kiddies were weary the long day of settling in new quarters and ttendant mischievous exploration, and the un- exertion of helping the protesting Maud to

The room was in Oxford and was usually inhabited by a real "Oxford man." He was away for the long Christmas holidays and the meagre-looking landlady was reletting all her student suites. This one fell to me. It appealed to me, for it undoubtedly had "atmosphere." I was ever on the quest of "atmosphere." The tiny living room was crowded with bookcases and easy chairs, a piano and a tea-set decorated with red and gold Balliol seals, a big writing desk and a rack full of magazines. Over and around all was the comfortable, penetrating smell of tobacco.

My eyes rested upon the objects collectively and individually,—I liked them all; yet I was just a bit too comfortable to move. I would go to bed, too. No, I would look into things before I went. Surely I hadn't the family all packed off for nothing.

I sat on the floor in front of the bookcases and began to wake up with a sense of gladness at seeing my friends. Keats was there, and Burns, and Arnold. Right beside them was a German fairy-tale book. Kipling was marked "corking" in places, and the "Life of Nelson" was worn with service. Books of travel were so full of pictures that I put them aside for future acquaintance. One by one I read a little from some favorite of mine or ran with quick fingers and swift glance through new and enticing-looking volumes. On the bottom shelf was a scrap-book, which I happened into quite by accident—a scrap-book full of souvenirs and snap-shots of a summer of motor cycling in Norway and

den. He was a book lover, this Oxford man, a sky lover and an adventure lover! That was beginning of it all. With the quick instinct that apts an imaginative girl of eighteen to grasp material for romance, I clung to the idea of ng acquainted with an Ideal Man, a Lover In- le.

the days that followed I was alone a great ; yet never was I alone. The marked books h I perused made me think—silly little dancing hink! On the long walks to Cumnor or up the I felt sometimes a big swinging form beside I had to walk briskly to keep up and along. I'd smile as I almost heard the steady gay tle of a catchy tune and the swish of a walking in the long wayside grass. This overgrown ination was actually funny. It was the rem-

There were more solitary evenings, in the room, when I studied the rules of "the races" and "the bumps"—with an eye on the crew cup on top of the bookcases. I learned to appreciate the stiff breeze blowing in the late afternoon up the Isis and what the grip of an oar could mean to an Oxford man's hand and the yell of the coach along the tow-path.

Then there was the piano, where time-worn favorites were in a battered condition. Chopin's "Military Polonaise" looked almost played to death, and there were some milder, sweeter things of Beethoven's for another mood, while right with them I found some queer, haunting Irish songs, written on scores,—I had never seen them in print.

On the writing desk was an odd collection of pipes, from all parts of the world—fascinating playthings. And in a portfolio I found odds and ends—Italian prints and one etching. They were never dull evenings. The personality of the room held me. This ideal man of mine was literary and rather athletic and musical—and he was proving good company for me.

The only way to find out much more was through Martin, the garrulous landlady, who had already imparted some information. Mr. McDonald always had his cold plunge at half-past seven; he used dreadful language if the cinnamon "hotters" were not ready for tea; he hired a German band to play under his window on Thursday mornings, as that was the day he entertained at breakfast. Any of

habits might have been the characteristics of Leister one flight below or Mr. Roberts one above. I must learn his own particular pecu-ies. Just then Martin came in with tea.

was rather sudden, but as she was putting down ea things, and blowing the dust slyly from the I, without raising my eyes from my book, l (and devoutly hoped that my tone was off-), "Is Mr. McDonald, or whatever his name is, ested in any other girl?"

Bless me, Miss Dorothy, ye don't say 'e is hen-in' 'opes toward any girl, hat all, do yer?"

No, no, Martin. I'm sure I didn't imply any-like that."

'e near made me drop the tea, with yer careless ments and pardon m' for sayin' it, Miss. Sure Mr. Thomas MacDonald bein' the best of

The door closed on the loquacious Martin. "Hey-o! Temperamental Tommy! If it had to be wine, women or song, thank goodness it's wine and song you're inclined to! But, my dear young man, it is only a question of months before you wear a blue 'Catch your Pal' temperance badge!"

The last night came. We were to meet Father in London on the next day. I got into my kimono, curled up on the divan and determined to do some truly feminine thinking. My mental work was based on the hypothesis— "The object of all endeavors is to let this young man know that a congenial and a not wholly uninteresting young person had occupied his room;" in brief, though absent I must make myself felt. It ended in my sitting up half the night to compose a note which I could tear in half so that it would just begin to get interesting —when the rest of it would be *in absentia.* I sacrificed my silver powder puff to the cause, and two blond hairpins. They lost themselves down the inside of the divan, in order to be found later when my Invisible Lover was smoking of an evening. I couldn't think of anything more attractively feminine than a powder puff and two hairpins—I never could stoop to scented handkerchiefs, they are so obvious. Then, by mistake, I left an old magazine into which I had slipped what happened to be a good-looking picture of myself, the one in which my tendency toward a turned-up nose doesn't show, small, so that it could be easily and reasonably lost

hat way. That was under a lot of papers, so it wouldn't see light for an effective length of That was enough. We left the next morning.

. . . . . .

was July, and I was summering at one of those s where everything is forgotten except the ce to-morrow night," and "going swimming morning" and "I'm happy to meet you, Miss —of course I'll see you at the auction this noon." The fact is I had forgotten all about nvisible Lover, except when people asked, "Did enjoy Oxford?" Then sometimes, the sense of Silliness of Me (all written in capital letters) over me suddenly like a cold wave. I was ng on to the merest remnant of a school-girl n; yet a kind of primitive gambling instinct me keep on hoping for a chance of seeing my

in Boston. I want to talk over the Shakespeare-Bacon theory with you and I want to return one powder puff and two hairpins to their rightful owner; and, what's more, I'm just Irish enough to be going across the Atlantic for a mere will o' the wisp, with a nose which Martin says turns up,—though I know from the picture it doesn't.

It looks like a wee skirmish on this side of the pond—but that won't delay me longer than a month, if it should mean anything at all.

If you think I'm crazy to write you in this way, let me tell you right now, I'm not crazy—I'm Irish, and I can't help that, so I blow a kiss at Dame Convention, now and again.

Yours—Thomas Nelson MacDonald."

I grew hot or cold or something after I had read the note the second time. I had been playing with electricity—and I got a shock.

. . . . . .

On a bright morning, only six months later, I bought the paper, as I had done regularly since "the skirmish" started. I had devoured news since I could remember—cruel, bloody news. I had taken to making bandages, to sending packages to the front, to living mentally in military excitement, confusion and horror. Silly little dancing I was dead. This morning, I looked almost mechanically for the list of men who had been killed and read it with a dread that was fast resolv-

itself into a stoical unemotionalism. The morn-
sun danced on the page as I read, "Given honors
bravery and died in the ——— Hospital,
s,—Lieutenant Thomas Nelson MacDonald."
here was no sense of loss, at first, only a sharp
gnition of Law, "for two parallel lines can only
at infinity."

The Descending Mantle

By Monica Barry O'Shea
Bryn Mawr College

LETITIA Hibbet looked up from her sewing and across at the kitchen clock. It was half-past five. She straightened her shoulders with a little sigh.

"Noah'll be in at six. I'd best stir up a custard for supper—and just when this sleeve is 'most in." She held up a blouse of green challis for her sister's inspection.

"It certainly is pretty, Letty." The younger woman fingered the material.

"I shouldn't a' got it — Noah said not. But Mis' Vance made it a bargain, an' green's my color." Letitia halted on a note of defiance.

As Letitia set about the custard, Martha Sylvester removed the figured cloth that covered the table between meals and laid the white cloth for supper. She was a smaller woman than her sister, and her figure still retained youthful curves. As she crossed the kitchen to the china cupboard she stopped to lift the widths of green challis admiringly. It would be nice, she thought, to have a dress no one had ever worn. Her clothes were always made-overs. Already she visualized the changes she would some day make in this. She had been the youngest of

daughters, and when Caro had married and to live at Drummhagen, there had been Letty et the new things. Then just before their er's death, Caro had died of pneumonia and Hibbet had come back and asked Letitia to y him. He was even better off than when he married Caro, and people said that Letitia ester did well for herself. But Martha won- how Letty *could*, living with all Caro's things. didn't like to think about it. Then their mother died and, there being nowhere else to go, she come to Drummhagen. That was nine years

e short winter twilight closed in quickly as women worked, and the shining pans and rows nina were gleaming in the light of the center when Noah Hibbet came in. He was a big,

"Sewing?" he remarked. "Your sister Caro was great for sewing." Letitia's smile came with the readiness of habit. This was the invariable prelude to the quiet evenings. Martha bent her head over her own work. After nine years she still winced at the constant references to his first wife—"your sister." Each one brought back that revulsion she had known when, on the evening of her arrival, Noah Hibbet had remarked: "Its natural to see you sewing—your sister Caro used to, and Letty does. You Sylvester girls are all alike." Letty's expression had not changed; Martha had cast a quick glance at her.

The realization that Letty also was insensible to the delicacy of the double affiliation had oppressed Martha during the monotonous weeks until she felt she must escape from Drummhagen. It was then that the folly of leaving a good home to fly in the face of Providence had become apparent. Moreover Letty's husband had been good enough to give her a home. She could hardly expect him to furnish her also the means wherewith to leave it. Martha had remained, wincing, in Drummhagen. She winced now.

Noah Hibbet leaned across the table.

"What's that you're sewing on, Letty?" A note in his voice made the women start.

"It's some green challis, Noah—it was a bargain." His wife's voice was thin.

"*New* green challis?"

She nodded.

idn't I say——"

rtha Sylvester shut the door quietly behind It made things worse to have people about he got angry. Noah Hibbet was popularly n of as a close man and hard, but how close ow hard was realized only by the two women d married and their sister.

. . . . . .

e doctor said it was heart failure. Martha had a little, not so much for Letitia as for herself. vas quite alone now. But there was little time hinking of herself. There were details to be d, and the baking and preparing for the Hib- elatives who came to Letitia's funeral. There quite a few—every one was sorry for poor , a widower again. No one seemed concerned Martha, though Letitia had been her own

if there had been she had nowhere to go. It was a monotonous life, but she was used to it; she had been just sixteen when she came to Drummhagen.

With spring the garden became her great pleasure. Never, she thought, had it looked so well as this second summer with the hollyhocks straight and bright against the newly whitewashed fence, and the blues of the larkspur and ragged sailors massed against the scarlet poppies the postmaster's wife had got from India. Martha liked the postmaster's wife; she gardened too, and Martha overlooked her sentiment. Martha laid down her trowel as she saw her coming along the street. She must ask her about the japonicas.

"Well I declare," exclaimed her neighbor as she leaned over the gate, "I declare, Mattie Sylvester, if those day-lilies of your's aren't in bloom! They're lovely—the way one blossoms out one day and dies, and next day another just like it takes it place."

"To think that they should bloom after all these years. Letitia and I set them out five years ago." Martha looked wistfully at them. "They should 'a bloomed for her."

"Don't tempt Providence, Mattie, it's an omen," the postmaster's wife inclined her head emphatically, "As plain as the nose on your face." Martha's eyebrows drew together inquiringly. "It's been long enough—a twelvemonth. Noah and you needn't wait any longer and I for one am glad."

It had been taken for granted in the village! And they thought she had been waiting until a decent

riod had elapsed. Maybe they went so far as to
y she had been waiting for Noah not months, but
urs!

It was over her half-packed trunk she first con-
ered her destination. To whom was she go-
g? . . . There was no one. A boarding-house?
e had no money. The futility of it swept over
r. Later, she went down and got the supper.

It was one evening, nearly a month afterwards, that
ah Hibbet said quietly: "Mattie, looks to me like
u were tired." He ignored her denial. "Most like
hange will pick you up. I hadn't thought to speak
after harvesting, but I can manage a little trip to
ntreville next week." He paused. There was an
of expectancy about him. Martha's eyes were
sed. She framed her face in her cold hands. Noah
bbet looked at her.

"Thursday's best." His was the tone of an ac-

The Return of Vach

By Elizabeth Pickett
Wellesley College

SARAH CONSTANCE walked down the steps, with Thomas Jefferson at her heels. The lawn was white with dew. Cobwebs glistened like silver gauze on the grass. All the Spanish rushes near the garden gate had pearl pendants. Sarah Constance put out a small, inquisitive finger under one long spear, and transferred the pearl to her mouth. Then she walked over to the locust tree, and stood waiting by the milk cart. Thomas Jefferson also waited, one black and white ear bent forward in puppyish attention.

The side gate clicked. A strident "Everybody's doin' it" came floating over the yard to Sarah Constance. A few minutes later, Vach appeared with a large milk can.

"Howdy, Miss Sally," he called.

Sarah Constance laughed.

"Good morning, Vach," she answered. "May I ride up to the gate?"

Vach grinned good-naturedly. Miss Sally never missed riding up to the gate with him. She knew she could ride; that he'd even wait for her. But she always asked just the same. The big negro swung her up on the cart.

at all right, Miss Sally?'' He walked around
e handle.
'm very confoah'able, thank you,'' returned
Sally. Vach grinned. She was always proper
in the morning.
ch and the push-cart and Miss Sally started on
daily trip up the avenue to the turnpike. Miss
liked to ride on the milk-cart. Upon the
there were many people going to town. There
lso the possibility of a promise of candy.
What you goin' to do today, Miss Sally?'' came
's voice from the rear.
rah Constance looked around. ''Grandmothah
in' to let me cut up onion-tops for the turkies,''
egan. ''Then I'm going to help her feed the
ens. What are you goin' to do, Vach?''
ch chuckled. He knew she'd ask that. ''Well,

the ditch to catch Mister Scott's saddle mare. Blackie watched him coming; then she turned and started to walk slowly away. Vach whistled softly. Blackie stopped, turned her head, and listened. Vach slipped on the bridle, and led her back to the push-cart. Blackie liked Vach almost as well as Sarah Constance did.

The party broke up at the locust tree. Vach jumped upon Blackie, first on his stomach, then throwing his leg over. Sarah Constance would like to have done that. "Good-bye, Vach," she called, as Blackie started for the stable. "Don't forget to whistle to-morrow morning, will you?"

Vach's good-natured shout came floating back to her, as Blackie cantered up the stable-yard.

Sarah Constance slept on the upper front porch, on a straw mattress. That night she lay awake for a few minutes. She hadn't heard Vach coming home with the empty wheat wagon. Oh well, he'd be sure to whistle for her.

The next morning, Sarah Constance stood by the locust tree and waited and waited. The dew was all off the grass, and Vach hadn't come. Thomas Jefferson waited, too, now and then wagging his rubbery tail out of sheer suspense. The milk can stood on the side porch. Pretty soon, and it would get all hot in the sunshine. Sarah Constance was undoubtedly worried. If Vach didn't come soon, it wouldn't get to the pike in time for the milk-wagon, and then it couldn't go to the creamery. Probably the creamery couldn't work that morning; and the pigs

ln't have any skimmed milk to drink for their
eon.

ah Constance wondered if she could take it
the pike alone. She pulled at the wheel of
rt. Suddenly she felt cross. She wanted to
somebody. She left the milk-cart, and went
gate. It was closed, as all proper gates should
She kicked it furiously. Then as no one came,
arted for the front door. She felt as if she
going to cry.

screen-door was shut. She pulled at it. There
o doubt about its being shut. It was all the
s fault. Sarah Constance wanted to scream.
s a nasty hook, anyhow. She began to kick
oor. She kicked strenuously. Soon there was
hole in the screen. Sarah Constance stopped
g. Some one was coming.

thrown over her head. Sarah Constance put her fingers over her ears, to keep out the choking sound.

No one had time for her that day. She played in the garden with Thomas Jefferson. Then they called her in to bed. Grandmother's mouth was tight together, as though something hurt her. Her eyes reminded Sarah Constance of the times when she had sent a bad little girl down to the pear tree for a switch. Had they noticed the hole in the screen-door? She couldn't sleep. Bet was crying again somewhere. Grandmother and Aunt Annie were talking on the front porch. Their voices hummed on and on. . . . . The wind was running his fingers through the tree-tops; they swayed back and forth before Sarah Constance's drowsy eyes. . . . . .

She jumped up in bed. There was the stamp of horses' hoofs in her ears. She rose to her knees, her breath catching in her throat, and looked through the railing.

Up the pike came hundreds of men, riding slowly. They carried torches. The smoke blew back in long wavering plumes, that played hide and seek with the shadows. They rode without talking to one another, their faces straight ahead, and gleaming in the torch-light, the barrels of their guns catching the light in glistening streaks. In the middle was a cart and a man on it, a big man who knelt, with his head on his breast.

Sarah Constance stared, her eyes big with fright.

e slow procession passed the gate and wou nd tor-
ously up the pike.

Suddenly Sarah Constance shrieked—a quivering
y that split the darkness. She dropped back on
e bed, and screamed and screamed in terror.
. . . . . until Aunt Annie came running up
e stairs.

"Aunt Annie," sobbed Sarah Constance, "I—I
d a dream, an' I'm so-o scared." Shivering, she
ept into Aunt Annie's arms.

"I dreamt I saw a lot of men on the pike, and
ey had my Vach tied up in a cart. . . . . .
d—and I'm so afraid!"

Aunt Annie lay down beside Sarah Constance.

"There, there, honey," she comforted. "It's all
ght. It's just a horrible dream. Never mind,
by." Sarah Constance lay in Aunt Annie's young
ms and cried softly. Aunt Annie began to sing:

Sarah Constance looked at him gravely. "No, thank you, John," she answered. Then she added, by way of explanation, as though through fear of hurting his feelings: "I think I'll just wait for Vach to come back."

She turned slowly, and with Thomas Jefferson, walked down to the flower garden.

The Way of Peace

By Ruth Otis Sawtell
Radcliffe College

"HIS is a charming place." Leighton's dark eyes glanced about in lazy appreciation of the quiet n hangings, lightened by the delicate sunshine of uils on the little tables, intimately aloof from another, the dainty tea-service, and Elise. "No terous music, no show, just perfection—when are here."

s she played exquisitely with the tea-things, e's smile contained both assent and a careful ap- iation of the warmth that crept into his last

gold of her hair, and shifted the topic with careful shyness.

"You like this better than tea-places abroad?"

"Yes"—Leighton smiled reminiscently—"although there was one particularly charming place in Lausanne, not far from school. They brought your tea to little tables in the garden, and then you hopped up to a green counter and bought fascinating sorts of cakes for a penny or two. There was no bawling band as there usually is around there—pretty peaceful spot."

"Do you suppose it has kept that peace, so close to the war?" Elise wondered, idly.

"Lord knows!" Leighton's mouth curled scornfully, "and war in a tea-garden would be worse than a band. Why, if America goes in for it, even this may all be destroyed." And with a small, graceful gesture, he swept the hushed green and gold about him.

"Do you think we're really going to do anything so dreadful?" Elise asked with pretty deference to his potential masculine grasp of the situation political.

"Yes." Leighton's soft tones became modulated fierceness. "And, Elise, it will be terrible. Why, war doesn't interest me; my vital interest is the drama, and what chance will that have?"

"Quite a bit, perhaps." Elise paused long enough to call an expectant light into Leighton's face. "You must admit that a real war is necessary, once in a while, so that we can put it on the stage."

eighton laughed happily. "Of course, and how you to know it, too. And I've a glorious me. If we go in for war, I'll run a trench theatre put on Dunsany to cheer the poor chaps on the of battle."

And what could I do?" Elise gave him a flitting ce of wistful mirth over her tea-cup.

You—" Leighton's eyes grew warm as he ied the sheen of her delicate face, framed in the of her hair, and the smart little hat. "You," epeated softly, "could serve tea, afterwards, and he soldiers would worship you."

Worship me as what?"

Peace."

lise's delicately curved brows lifted slightly. "I der," she said.

Of course," Leighton went on, appreciating the

mopolitan background, the passionate strain of his Spanish inheritance, the unconscious dependence of his weakness,—more fond of him than of any of the men she had tried to force herself to marry during five social seasons. And the sixth was a very few months away. She raised her eyes, ready.

"What about your 'vital interest'?" she asked, softly.

"You are my only vital interest." He bent forward, his hands searching for hers, among the silver and the flowers. Before he found them, however, an attendant appeared with cakes. Leighton drew back, and, to fill in the moment, raised his cup with a light, graceful curve of the wrist, sniffing the aroma for an imperceptible second before he drank. In that second, Elise, watching, caught her breath with a sharp little pain, that cut vanishing lines in the habitual calm of her face.

The attendant withdrew, noiselessly, and Leighton leaned towards her.

"Elise," he began with passionate earnestness, "marry me, come south with me. I love you, dearest; I—" He broke off suddenly as his hand found hers. Were her fingers really icy, or was it all the cold metal of the tray they were gripping?

Elise drew away her hand, calmly, but there was something like terror in her voice. "Not now, Leighton," she breathed quickly. "Please, not now."

"Did I frighten you, beloved?" Leighton's voice became protective and tender. "I rushed at you dreadfully, *bête que je suis,* but, Elise, I want you

His mouth drooped like a disappointed child's, e went on with something of a man's fierceness. 'll let me tell you again?"

ise rose.

ome other time?" he pleaded, as he put her cloak her shoulders.

ise smiled, rather bitterly. "Oh, yes, some other " she said.

home, before her dressing-table, Elise buried ace in her hands. She did not weep. She only ed to shut out Leighton's weak young face, smil- from the silver frame which stood among the ion favors of her five seasons, to shut out every- but another face, that, she thought, had faded her memory as it had from her life. Faded? s her one "vital interest." It was a plain face, nguished only by lines of definite purpose. She not seen it often; for, in her débutante circle,

mined, happy and young. Even now, after five years of "affairs," she could feel the leap of her eighteen-year-old heart when he saw her and waved his hand. Later, he laughed at her across one of the "Anne-Marie's" tables, absurdly inadequate for his big, outdoor person, and while they waited for tea, told her about a jolly little place on the water-front,—"red table-cloths and all that,"—where you could eat your fill of lobster for the democratic sum of thirty cents. And Elise, hoping that he would take her there some day, laughed at his solemn assurances that he could still sip his tea like a true gentlewoman. When tea arrived, he raised the tiny cup with a neat curve of the wrist and sniffed the contents appraisingly before he drank. The incongruity of the performance with Tom's bigness made Elise smile spontaneously even now. Then her lips grew tense with bitterness. For, of course, he never asked her to dine off the red table-cloths; he was too sure that it wasn't her sort, and that she wasn't his. The next month, he went off for a summer in Labrador; the following winter she heard that he was studying international law at the University of California; and the next summer,—she didn't know. And for that, she, Elise Cameron, wise and ambitious member of her social world, had allowed hidden sentimentality to impede her conscious calculations. When a boy of twenty-one, of whom she was really more fond than of any previous suitors, was offering her love, wealth, and the brilliant background of a foreign embassy, a mere gesture had

enough to arouse that which never was to chal-
her plans.

ut there'll be another time," she thought, "and
hat I know what a fool I can be, this nonsense
bother me again."

rose and began dressing for the fourth dinner-
of the week.

ll wear the blue-and-gold," she decided, "for
se Leighton is at the Walbridge's tonight, I
continue to look my best. He really is a dear

king up the photograph, she studied the deli-
outlined face, with the ardent dark eyes and
trained mouth. She replaced it quietly on the
ng-table, and crossed to the door. In the middle
e room, she paused, suddenly, and again, the
little pain swept over her face.

om!" she laughed, brokenly.

visit, came downstairs, Leighton started forward abruptly.

"Get your hat and fur coat and come out in my car," he commanded.

Elise stared.

"Your fur coat," he repeated. Even his mouth was firm.

"Yes, Leighton," said Elise.

As they drove along the boulevard, Leighton did not speak; he did not even look at Elise. They left the city, following the river to the University suburb. Suddenly, a dust-brown cloud swept around a corner, approached, resolved itself into a company of University volunteers, almost as straight as the lines of their new uniforms.

"Oh," gasped Elise, "I'd forgotten there was war."

"Form squads," rang out the voice of a very young lieutenant.

Leighton opened the throttle wide.

"My room-mate," he said.

A strange idea formed itself in Elise's mind. Impossible! Yet, Leighton was so different, today. She laid her hand on his arm.

"You haven't enlisted, Leighton?" she asked.

"Good God, no!" Leighton turned to her, and laughed loudly. "You know better than that."

"Yes," said Elise. "Then what?"

"What's the matter? It's this: I hate war; it doesn't interest me, as I've told you. All my interests are intellectual—art, the drama,—you know. And besides, I'm a cosmopolitan. I've lived every-

My mother was partly Spanish. I went to in France for five years.

s?'' said Elise.

d a year in Germany, too,'' Leighton went on ly. ''Why should I fight? I don't believe in g.''

u don't have to volunteer, do you?''

t *volunteer,*'' Leighton drove the car forward pen country. ''Elise, there's a bill for con- n up before Congress.''

,'' said Elise, ''isn't there any way out of it?'' all, his creed was hers. Worn nerves, not ism, had prompted her momentary opposition. hton did not answer at once. Instead, he down a secluded lane and brought the car to lstill before he spoke.

ere is, just one way,'' he said. He paused, a little and then went on. ''Married men

least resistance. And was not the easiest way the best for them both?

"Elise!" Leighton's warm fingers turned her face to his. "I have a special license, you can get a few things in town, and we'll sail on the 'Aronia' at eleven. Darling, think of the romance of it!"

"The romance of it?" Elise laughed. "The romance—Yes, I'll marry you, Leighton."

The bitter little laugh died out, as Leighton's lips pressed hers. But it lived on in her eyes, during the next few hours. The hasty shopping, the hastier marriage, just before the ship sailed, the marconigrams sent to her aunt, to Mr. Ethridge, and to Leighton's lieutenant room-mate, all she saw with the terrible clearness that pain can sometimes give. When, at last, it was over, when land had fled away from the ship's side, the calm of finality entered her heart. It was done. It must be best for her, it was supremely best for him, and he loved her. So she thought as she lay in her desk-chair that afternoon, while Leighton wrote letters below. At tea-hour, he came to her, radiant.

"I've just written to my University crowd," he said, "and, dearest, I've told them that it was a perfect elopement,—the dock-hand, you know, for best man, and your leaving with just a night-gown and a tooth-brush."

Elise lifted her eyebrows. "Did you tell them just that?" she asked.

"Of course, *chérie*. Otherwise, they wouldn't have

ow romantic it was. You understand, don't
he added, patting her shoulder.
s, I understand." Elise smiled.
e always have understood each other, haven't
Leighton beamed. "And here comes our tea."
is isn't much like the 'next time' we would
rophesied that day at the 'Anne-Marie,' is it?"
narked, later, settling himself and his tea
ously in his steamer chair.
." Elise studied her tea-cup. "Like this china
elow decks, it's a bit more—durable."
d jollier, and in its way, just as peaceful."
e gazed out upon the smooth, surrounding sea.
d straight away, the sun crouched low; across
ue plain, a streak of yellow light ran, and lay
r feet. She turned her eyes slowly to her hus-
"We've got what we wanted, Leighton," she

says he's the best attaché he's ever had,—calls him the 'boy ambassador.' Perhaps I've told you about him before?"

Elise shook her head. "I don't remember. What's his name?" she asked idly.

"Tom Armstrong. He used to live around Boston. Ever meet him?"

There was a moment's silence. Then—

"I don't remember," said Elise again. She rose, a bit unsteadily. "I must dress for dinner."

Leighton sprang to his feet. "You absurd darling," he laughed, "you can't. Don't you remember that you haven't any trousseau?"

"Of course. What an idiot I am, dear. But I really must rearrange my hair. Au r'voir." And, blowing him a light kiss, she went below, the pale little smile still fixed on her lips.

The following days were undoubtedly the happiest of Leighton Ethridge's not very long life. A calm sea, security from annoying circumstance, and Elise, his wife. And such an Elise. Not the aloof, amused young lady of his previous acquaintance, graciously granting or delicately withholding her presence, but intensely vivid, intensely gay, and almost clinging to his society. He wondered if all women were like that, as soon as you got them. Jove! It was wonderful. He did not know that in the briefest moment of his absence, the fire died down in her eyes to darkness and fear. Elise was remembering.

At dinner on the last evening out, when the strain

stant vivacity was wearing lines about Elise's
, that did not quite vanish with her smile,
the cover of Leighton's absorption in the con-
ion of a man opposite, she relaxed into the
ed apathy that was rapidly threatening to
ate her forced gayety. Over and over in her
too dulled for thought, she saw that picture of
go;—the Common in Spring-time, and the child
who kept running between her and that straight-
g figure. Sharp as was the pain of this remem-
, it was infinite peace and solace compared
he picture that followed—a long corridor, dark
ague, down which, without the absurdly pro-
g barrier of a child in red, Tom Armstrong
ed direct to her. With the habit of twenty-three
Elise sought refuge in the first picture. As
udo-peace began to wear thin, voices penetrated

didn't chance to read the morning papers before you sailed?"

"Why, no." Leighton's laugh was still light. "It took most of the night to decide to capture Elise, and after that, I didn't think of habitual trifles." He turned to smile at his wife.

She was regarding the man opposite with eyes no longer dull.

"What did the morning papers say?" she inquired politely.

The man hesitated. "Superb for her sort," was his mental comment. Then,—

"That men, married since the declaration of war, will not be exempt from the first conscription."

"Newspaper rot!" Leighton laughed rather loudly. "Surely, Congress wouldn't pass such a measure."

"Congress did." The man rose. "And if I were you, my son, I'd volunteer." And with a searching glance at Elise, he left the table.

"You heard what he said?" Leighton's mouth drooped limply.

"Yes. Shall we have our coffee on deck?"

"If you like."

She chose a secluded corner, and sat, watching him. Every faculty in her was alert and controlled as she saw the drop of his body. He looked very young. Elise stretched out her hand.

"It's a big chance, Leighton dear," she said.

He did not see her hand.

"Yes, but it'll be just my damned luck—"

She placed her fingers gently but resolutely on his

At her pressure, he raised his head, and a light
into his face, as he kissed her hand.
ve got you,'' he breathed, pressing it against his

eighton, you're not sorry?''
orry?'' His arms about her, he laughed hap-
''Sorry? Why, I can pull out of anything
you.''
se, looking into his glowing eyes, knew that he
ed what he said.
e strength of that conviction helped to carry her
the hour of landing. Since Leighton loved her,
arriage had not been entirely worthless to him.
might even help him. They were the same,
ds who had paid their highest price for a peace
could not buy. And it couldn't always be like
If it grew unbearable, under the right influence,

Unheeding the points that Leighton was greeting eagerly on the approaching shore, her gaze never left the faint fleck of white until a cry of "Dad! Ahoy!" aroused her to the sharp realization that the terror-waited future was now the present hour. Her heart felt as still and cold as her perfectly calm, perfectly smiling face, as she waited for the pugilistic sputter of the Embassy's launch to stop alongside. She knew what to expect of Mr. G. Bronson Ethridge. A later meeting, she put decidedly out of her mind.

"My God! boy, but you did things quick." Leighton's father clasped his son's hand, then turned to Elise with a smile of greeting as warm as the red rose in his button-hole. Elise smiled also—and he decided to kiss her hand.

"The heroine of our family," he said.

"Wasn't Elise glorious, Dad?" Leighton beamed. "And when I think that after all, I may have to go off and leave her—"

"What? Volunteering? Don't be a fool, Leighton."

"Volunteering!" Leighton laughed bitterly. "Haven't you heard of this confounded bill to draft men married since war was declared?"

"And you've been worried to death about that? Poor children!" Mr. Ethridge's smiling sympathy included Elise, whose composure did not quite cloak her rising disgust. "Why, Leighton, didn't you trust your Dad to look out for that? I didn't raise you to be a soldier, and Elise didn't marry you for one. You'll enlist peacefully, — as my attaché."

ad! Elise! Did you hear? Isn't it glorious?"
-boy joy seized Leighton. "Elise! Aren't you
"

se's lips were white and stiff. The irony of
ton in Tom's place. The one real thing in a
gone mad.

What about—the other man?" she asked.

he other man?" Mr. Ethridge repeated blankly.
es, Dad," Leighton spoke. "I was wondering,
What about Tom Armstrong? I rather hate to
im out, you know."

h, that's all right." Mr. Ethridge placed a
rly arm about both his children. "You needn't
about Tom. He sailed on the 'Petronia,' this
ing, to enlist in the navy."

e that afternoon, Elise Ethridge stood on the
y of the American Embassy, gazing out beyond
rightness of tropic gardens to the sea, where lay

The Dead City

By Isidore Schneider
College of the City of New York

IF you find broken marble in the Great Desert, know that it is the bones of a dead city.

The hermits stop in their prayers in the evening to make a memory of it. The wind is the ghost of a dead curse, and it fills the valley with unhappiness. Risha, who is a thousand years old, and who is making penance for a thousand years longer to cleanse himself, saw the death of the city, when lightning came like God's finger, and pointed it out for destruction. Risha says, "The sword slipped and struck her own breast, and among the ashes of the world she stepped upon a live coal and burnt away, and she dropped some of her own venom into her river, and died when she drank of it. Thus died the City."

It was a big city. It was three cities grown together. It was a city that lay like a huge spider web on both sides of a river. The castles in it were like marble fists shaken defiantly at God. The temple was hung with bastions like pendents. There were altars for thirty gods and three cages for sacrifice beasts, and another one for men. The King's palace hung like a lotus on the city's breast. Arnak, who had built the temple and the walls and the dwellings of the nobles, dreamt it after Princess Andra had dropped a kiss

his wine. Arnak died before the last tower was oned and men said that the gods had taken k, so that he might build them palaces in Heaven. slew him with three women's glances. At his ral pyre the workers, in marble, stood around in- g the smoke that came out of his burnt body, so they should get dreams to build with. In this e dwelt the King. He was a mighty King with arms and spread shoulders. His army was num- ss so that when it camped upon the sea it was two seas lying together. When the King ate, a was brought from his hermitage in the heaped ntains to drop a prayer into the food. When the slept, crying infants, who were nearby, were gled, and a prayer was said against the wind who ed with the trees and against echo, because it mbered sounds. . . .

armies, and for whose honor was the memory of their father's deeds. Men of other cities kept their shops for them. Men of other cities served them. And these men went among their people, where the memory of the King's army was alive and the fear of his wrath was over all; and they told how the King's people were wearied with too much life and how honor was smothered with memories. But the King's armies passed back and forth like winds, and the King's name was a terrible word, that only strong men uttered. Thus it was when the Lanka came.

The Lanka was a young man with a face like a fasting day. He walked in the street with a dog following him and upon whom he forbore to spit. He said that God had made all the creatures.

The Lanka lived in a hidden corner of the city with his mother and sister. His dwelling place was a hut whose roof seemed to be continually humbling itself. The Lanka's mother was a little woman with sorrowful eyes. "The world is an orchard full of bitter fruit," she said. But the Lanka smiled, and embraced his mother and told her what the world would be when men learned love and peace.

The Lanka's teacher was an old man and they had three books, one about the heroes of the past, who were the children of wandering gods and whose strength was superhuman; another about the heroes of the present, the King's generals, Ramses, Allarah, Mar and Dagas, whose strength was the strength of mighty men, and whose friends and loved women the whole city knew; and the last book was to be the book

e heroes of the future. And the Lanka's teacher
"The heroes of the future shall teach the gods
ret, and this secret shall be peace."
nd the Lanka began to write in the third book.
he wrote, "Lo! This is the book of the sea, when
is no quarreling wind upon it. This is the book
an when his passions have vanished utterly. This
e book of the mountain when the volcano fires
out. This is the book of the dream that ends
ily. This is the book of the world in which there
war. For there will be a sunset on the sea where
storm was. There will be love in man when his
ions have vanished utterly. There will be grow-
things upon the mountain to heal his burnt back
the volcano fires are out. There will be sleep,
is like wine crushed out of good deeds when
ms end happily. There will be room for God
when the wars go wandering from the world.

them he found some that hungry men had prayed, 'So there is no bread to be gotten. Our women are becoming thin. There is no suck in their breasts, and our children perish.' And he found that great armies like locusts had come upon the farms, and that the soldiers had taken the farmers to the war. And in the markets there were only victories to be got, and even the victories were stale. Then the god remembered the prayers of lost women that he had laid aside because they had no souls. And he met one of these women. And she uncovered her body to him. And it was thin and full of wounds. And she said, 'One forgets that the soul belongs to God and sells it for bread. And when there is war, women are sacrificed to the soldiers, so that they may go willingly.' And the god remembered a prayer that had been prayed to him very often. And he found one of the men who had prayed it. And the man said, 'War is not between kings alone. I was an armorer once. I made long swords and pliant bows and thick shields for the King. Another armorer came and he made longer swords and more supple bows and thicker armor, and he gave the King's general a bag of gold so that he should tell the king to buy only his armor. Then my iron rusted and my forges were silent. The other armorer asked me to come and work for him. I scorned him. One cannot scorn, however, with parched lips. And I hated this man that I worked for because he took my trade falsely. And you will find that there is such war between merchants, between a man's wives, between two brothers, and this

as made the world desolate, so that the gods
create it again.'

hen the God went back to Heaven. And he
his whole palace filled with new prayers. And
was hoarse with repeating them. Then he hid
away, until the millennium should bring them
ment. And he made plans for the millennium.
ound a pure woman and upon her he begot a
se. And this purpose was Christianity. The
, even at birth, was like incarnate peace, and
who saw him marvelled that love should lie so
in a baby's eyes.

hen the Christ wandered over the world led by
rpose. He said to the people, 'Love one another,
t of the same clay God fashioned you, and out
same dream God made your souls. Let there
war. War destroys love utterly. Men die and
rot, and honor sleeps, and God is forgotten.

them. And they excused themselves for making war, by calling every war holy. And quarrels grew up in good men's souls, as to which man among them was most Christian until the world was so full of war that there was no room for Christians.

"Then the god was troubled sorely, for the souls of dead men and starved women came into heaven in white clouds so that God was blinded, and there was a never ending thunder of prayers, so that God was deafened. When he looked among the years he could not find Millennium. And so God worked tirelessly. And what God devises will be revealed to me, when a dream comes to Lanka, in which there is no desire."

Thus wrote the Lanka in the third book. And the Lanka's teacher said, "Now shall I kill myself, so that my soul may reach God and urge Him to send a dream to Lanka." He killed himself by entering the sea and letting the tide carry him to where it joins the sky. And the Lanka wrote it down in his book, "This man has died for love."

Then the Lanka read his book. The King said, "This man is a fool. Where would people find a great king if they did not give him a war?" The armorers said, "This man is a fool. Where would the people find honor if the King did not give them a war?" And the Priests said, "This man is a fool. Where would the gods find prayers, if they did not give the people a war?" And some men said that the book should have contained a beautiful woman, so that the Christ might have fallen in love, as the heroes of all

do. And some said the book was too long and
that it was not long enough, so that the Lanka
home. And the dream did not come to him, be-
he desired to be famous for his book.
vertheless the people came to him in great num-
They called him prophet, and he foretold for
the moon-darkness and the rainy days. And
asked him what god they should worship, and
ld them that they should worship the God of
Among them was a public woman, and the
a loved her. For she was very beautiful, and
oul was like a bubble bound in a rainbow, and
ins which she sinned, slipped from her giddy
ke years that are over. The Lanka bound him-
ith her hair, which was like woven shadows, and
d into her eyes, which were like frozen memories.
the people murmured, saying that a prophet
d be without desire. But the Lanka said that

The King was wrathful. In his palace he saw marble and gold things, and beautiful women and mighty guards. When he looked out of his window he saw his gardens like a miniature Eden. And he said, "This man is a fool. I will call my captains to slay him for me."

So he called the captains. And they said, "We may not slay this man, for he is a Rishi, into whose hands an older Rishi has put the three books. The gods will murmur."

Then the King called together his priests. There was Dona, the sacrifice slaughterer, with naked sinewy arms, and Maru, who was given a tithe of the sacrifice offerings, and Tishra, who uttered portents, and these three came unto the King, and prostrated themselves. And the King said, "There is a man who is hated by me. My captains cannot kill him, for he is a Rishi. Cannot the priests excommunicate him?"

And the priests said, "We can take back only the Yogis that we have given. A Rishi has given the Yogi to the Lanka, and not a priest, and the priests have no power to take it from him. We, who are priests, hate the Lanka, because he uses not the ceremonies. We have pronounced many curses upon him, but the gods have caught the curses before they reached him, and have locked them up. If the King summon the Lanka, the awe of his great countenance and the three-headed jewel in the King's scepter, which is a frozen Brahma word, will make him to fear and to stop uttering blasphemies."

So the Lanka was summoned unto the King. And

anka went with his head bent and the three
under his arm, and a Rishi-turban wound on his
ad. And he saw the King on a golden throne
narvelously woven cloth over his knee and black
s on either side of him, waving peacock feather
nd swinging a censer out of which came a pur-
eath.

n the King said, "Are you the man who has
utterances against the King?"

l the Lanka said, "No, for I make utterances
t no man."

n the King said, "You have made utterances
t the King's wars. War is a king's work, and
s are a king's tools, and he who makes utterances
t the King's wars would keep the King idle.
s good for a man, because it teaches him strength,
is good for a people because only by wars does
ple become great. The city is rich. When my

and lazy. But the gods of other people are lean and restless. You have scattered hatreds, and where they fall, dead men shall make the ground fertile, and the hatreds shall grow into great venomous enmities. Your people have gained little honor, for they have forgotten to be men, and they wait for your armies to feed them and bring them back victories. The best men have died in your wars and the men who remain are little and base-minded. If the people learn what men are in this city, they will get together an army of men and they will come upon your city, and they will burn and slay, as your armies have done. Let the Lanka who has spoken with the gods, persuade the King that wars are hurting his people, for the people have already been persuaded."

Then the king swore until the three-headed jewel in his scepter lived like fire. "I shall make a war," he said, "that shall be as big as the world. I shall burn thirty cities for sacrifice fires to my god. Men shall die like fallen snows in a warm valley, and treasure shall come into the city like a river with currents of gold, and whoso shall make utterances against it, him shall I slay, if he is of a common caste or if he is a Rishi. I shall order him to be cursed thirty times a day at each one of the thirty altars."

Then the Lanka came home sorrowfully. And he called the people together and told them of the great war that the King was making and he said that they should not become soldiers, even if the priests said that the gods were propitious. For the God of Love, which was their god, was never propitious to a war.

nd the people made great vows and gave them to
m to gladden him. And the beautiful public
oman gave him the comfort of her body, so that
e King's words became like broken echoes which
ere beautiful fragments of her laughter.

But the King filled the city with soldiers, with long
ears and shining armor. And on every house he
d great banners, and young girls with cymbals ran
rough the streets and sang the new war songs,
d in the temples great sacrifices burned and the
iests uttered portents against the enemy and said
at the gods were happy. The King himself in a
lanquin, and with veils over his face so that the
ople might not die looking at it, went through the
y. And his heralds said to the people that great
mies were coming against the city from the four
rners and that the war was made for their pre-
rvation. And the people shouted, and hailed the

armor. When the Lanka came to her she was afraid, and would have shunned him. But he gave her his peace, and he put a blessing upon her baby soul, which was too small for sins.

And in this way was the Lanka utterly without desire. And the dream came to him. And it is written in the Lanka, which is the third book, that God said unto him, "They shall bring their own retribution upon themselves. The sword of the city will be turned against her own breast. In the ashes of the world, which she has set afire, she shall step upon a live cinder and burn away. She shall drink of the water into which she has dropped her venom and shall perish."

And so the city perished utterly. And the Lanka shall be reborn, and shall be sent into the world, wherever there is a war, and he shall teach the people peace. And when the people shall heed him then shall the gods make the year Millennium, and the world shall be Paradise once more.

A Question of Method

By Laura Scribner
Vassar College

PARTY of particularly uninteresting sight-
seers were being shown over the hangars at
Pensacola, Florida. There were four in the
—a fussy little fat man with an extremely un-
ant manner towards the three women with him,
rently his wife and daughter and a maiden
The daughter, Minna, seemed disposed to
along by herself, as far to the rear of the party
ssible. It seemed strange that the father, who
ed the utmost in attention from the other two
n, did not appear to notice Minna's abstrac-

ground wires correspondingly, before the returning footsteps of the others and her father's warning voice made her straighten up and resume her former stupid expression. As her father berated her for lingering behind when he "brought her here to see the sights" his eyes rested on hers with a look of rather anxious questioning, till she answered it with an almost imperceptible nod as they went out into the morning sunlight.

* * * * *

"Hello there, Dick! I just sent a man over to your tent with a special delivery for you. It was addressed to Company 4 by mistake," Lieutenant Thorpe called out to the tall young officer who was getting into his flying togs while his mechanic gave his plane a final cursory survey to make sure it was in perfect condition for the flight. He turned to the speaker at once with such a joyful expression that Thorpe let out a whoop of delight.

"Shut up, you ass!" Dick Benton said, blushing scarlet, "Was it—was it a business letter, Tim?"

"No, Dicky, my boy, it wasn't a business letter! I can even divulge more than that about it. It was addressed in a round childish hand, whose characters, if I am any hand-writing expert, indicate exceedingly poor taste in the matter of selecting fiancés, and it came from somewhere to the North'ards, and was dated December 19. Moreover the fair—no, that's right, she *is* dark—the beauteous writer had some difficulty with the "ieu" of your

vered title, and ended up by making it just a
ot. Now, is your Uncle Dudley some detective,
isn't he? Fly along up like a good little birdy,
d when you come down it will be there waiting
r you. Goo'bye, Dicky bird!"

"You chose your time for that flow of rhetoric
en you knew I couldn't wait to slay you now,
dn't you? Just wait till I get through showing
ese rookies a few fine points in the flying business,
d when I come down I'll show you a thing or two
u won't forget!"

"But not till you've read the letter, will you,
cky, dear? Let me live that long!" Thorpe
wled at him as the engine started to whir, and
en stood back to watch him go up.

He had always liked to watch Dick take the air—
ere wasn't another man in the camp who seemed
n to fly as he did. He was such a straight, joyous

yes, I knew her at college. She's all right, I guess. Ingenue type, utterly conscienceless about men and not over intellectual. Fair enough from the eyebrows down, though, and pretty as the mischief!" —But nonsense! Sis had always been over strict in her condemnation of a flirt. Besides the girl was going to marry Dick on Christmas Day—and they didn't marry soldiers these days without thinking things over. He dismissed the question with that, and went over to listen to the captain's explanations of Dick's aerial stunts to a group of embryonic aviators.

Up above, Dick was having some difficulty in keeping his mind on the business in hand. Not that he had to pay attention to flying—that was second nature to him now, and he dipped and rose and coasted and wheeled with as thoughtless exhilaration as a swallow. But it was rather important that he keep within sight of the instructor and rookies below—and somehow or other he kept shooting off to the North, completely out of range. Not that he really thought he could fly to that country place in New York State which occupied so much of his thoughts these days, but from a sort of orientation of the heart, he thought, chuckling, as he wheeled back southward for the third time. Gee! He wished he could fly there! It would take so long to go by train. He couldn't possibly get there before day after tomorrow. Let's see, that would be Saturday night. And he had so much to talk over with Betty. She hadn't written him before for an aw-

lly long time—after they were married she would ve to write oftener. But then there wouldn't be many other things to take up her attention. Poor d! It was going to be hard lines for her to be e left-behind wife of a soldier. But it wasn't as ough they had just decided to be married since had enlisted—that really was bad business, he flected. It was so important to be sure. But he d Betty had been engaged for a whole year, ever nce last Christmas day, and they had decided right en to have a Christmas wedding. My, what a nderful day that had been! He had been spend- g the holidays at her house (there he was, out of nge again! Thorpe would kid him for it when came down—he would know what made him for- t where he was going. Thorpe was altogether too ver for comfort when a man was in love). And ere had been a dance at the house Christmas night

—Could it be that he was really going home to her? He had seen her so little this year—such unsatisfactory little snatches of visits as they had had together were only an aggravation, and Betty's letters, though he loved every tiniest scrawl of them, didn't seem to say very much after all. It was just like her to forget to write till the last minute, and then send a "special"—and of course the address would be somehow queer, for Betty never got things quite straight.

Well, he could go down, now, and read the letter. He'd been up as long as he needed to, already, but he'd give them one more dive for good measure—a regular one this time, that would make them hold their breath. It looked dangerous, he knew, but it was just a matter of listening to the singing of the air as it rushed by him—he could tell to a fraction of a second how long it was safe to plunge. There! he was just over the landing field now. He'd drop almost to the earth, right himself, do a quick double turn and make a perfect landing before they had time to realize what he was doing. He turned the nose of the machine down and let her go, gliding swiftly, smoothly, perfectly. Down, down, down, every nerve alert, wonderfully, gloriously alive to the pure sensation of it all. Then a sudden snap—a wrenching tear as the plane swerved sharply—a brief moment of desperate, useless struggle—a swift, clear picture of Betty, with the poinsettias at her breast—and then a blinding crash too sudden for pain, then darkness.

ey carried him into his tent—it was as near as
He was too pitifully broken for hope. Thorpe
t even look to the doctor, when he sat back
essly after his brief examination. But gradu-
falteringly, Dick fought his way back to con-
sness. His eyes sought Thorpe's face with a
ioning gaze, though he couldn't speak.
's all right, old man," Thorpe reassured him,
calm voice, "you want the letter, don't you?
I read it to you?"
k's eyes answered him, and as he stepped
s the floor to get the letter, the doctor marveled
e wonderful control that kept him steady for
last few moments of his friend's life. Dick's eyes
losed, now. Only by the tense clasping of the
brown hand that seemed the only thing left
e in the wreck of his glorious young body could

Thorpe drew a long breath. He was getting his voice under control.

"I'm so awfully happy, Dick. You'll be here so soon now. I am counting the hours —counting the hours till you come—for oh, I love you very much—my dearest!

With all my heart,
Your Betty."

Then slowly he forced himself to look away from the patch of sunlight—back to Dick's face. If he had failed—

But no, Dick's eyes were open now, open and shining wonderfully with a great content. His fingers were reaching for something, though, and the doctor motioned to Thorpe to give him the letter. The latter glanced down at the crumpled thing in his hand and shook his head. Then he drew a letter from his own pocket—a business letter, typewritten and unassuming, and placed it within the grasp of those brown fingers.

Dick clasped his hand around the letter, his dark eyes smiled one last peaceful message to the friend at his side, and he died.

The doctor covered him gently with the army blanket from the other cot. Then he turned to Thorpe, who was methodically twisting Betty's letter into a slender funnel.

"What was the matter? Is she dead?" he asked.

orpe lit a match, set fire to the twisted paper, watched it burn completely before he replied. he looked up into the doctor's face.

No, married," he said.

Angéle

By John Jones Sharon
Washington University

IT WAS in late November, in one of the early years of the 17th century. A muddy, yellow fog had hung all day over Paris, transforming the peaked roofs and gables into dingy, blurred minarets, and with the sunset, it had turned into a dripping, black curtain that settled down upon the city, shutting out all the world except a short arm's length of street and a few vague shapes of houses. The evening was chill and threatening, the advance guard of Winter; and the air pressed so close and damp against the faces of the passers-by, that it seemed as if they were forcing their way through a great, wet, sponge.

The Rue St. Nicholas appeared quite deserted. It lay in a poor, neglected part of the city, hard by the gate of St. Francis; a mean, little street lined on both sides with shabby wine-shops and old, dejected houses, and wore that stolid, hopeless look that settles upon men and streets when they have passed through a lifetime of uselessness. The place was seldom frequented, even at high noon, and at this hour there was not even a stray cur to be seen. Honest folk had gone early to bed to pull their covers close under their chins; rascals had deserted

ghborhood so barren of victims. Every now hen a sudden burst of wind whipped around rner carrying with it a flurry of wet snow and ing down the street, rattled every shutter and as it passed. The wind blew stronger as the ng wore on and as it rose it pushed back the s of dark fog and showed here and there bits like patches of blue-black velvet.

yet wanted an hour or so of midnight, when a turned into the street and made his way over bbles, keeping always to the dark shadows of ouses. The wind flapped his long cloak contin- y about his legs but he paid no attention to indrance, intent only on getting out of the Hesitating a moment before a certain low, ling building that squatted like a great toad g its fellows, he shot a hurried glance over his der to satisfy himself that he was not followed

min that filled the rat-holes of this section of the city. There was nothing at all strange in this incident. The queer thing happened when he came to the corner. A great lumbering coach, all carved and gilded and blazoned with a coat-of-arms was rolling slowly by. It suddenly stopped as the fellow reached the corner. The door opened for a moment, showing a slim, white hand in the dim light of the coach lantern. The fellow hopped briskly inside; and the coach rumbled on as slowly as before, quite as if it had never once paused in its procession. Strange indeed, such a coach as this, on such a night, in such a part of the city, with such a passenger.

Back in the old house in the Rue St. Nicholas, the other man was quite unaware that he had been seen. A few logs sputtering in the fireplace gave only the dimmest sort of light in the place. It seemed to be a sort of tap-room and its character was further borne out by a great jumble of casks and hogsheads, rolled together in one corner. There were three men already in the room; a low-browed, beery-faced lot, and, if appearances counted for aught, each serving the Devil and dodging the gallows in his own sweet way.

There was a great lumbering bear of a man. That was Colin Motier. His comrades named him well when they called him Colin l'Ours. He wore his hair close-cropped, and his ears too for that matter, though that was not as God had made him, but the hangman on Chermeux stocks. He was man enough

own way, but his great clumsy manners must sorely tried his diabolical master at times.

health to messire!'' he sneered as the new- pushed up to the fire, and raised his dice cup over his head as if proposing a toast. Then as sing off the draught, he dashed the cubes out the oak settle upon which he was sitting.

reys,'' said his companion in a matter-of-fact nd raked them back into the cup, while Motier deeply under his breath.

s other was a very midget of a fellow, one t Chayet, as quick and cunning as Motier was and stolid; a sneaking little jackal of a man. newcomer paid no attention to the greeting ade his way over to the blazing logs and flung lf down before them, drawing his knees up to in. A putty-faced little man, short of body and

Michel fumbled at his doublet and flung him a few sous.

"Take them, you fat pig," he sneered. "They are my last."

It cost Guillaume a painful effort to stoop after the coins, but he had them at last and stumped off after the liquor. Michel loosened his jerkin at the neck, for the air was close and warm and heavy with the stench of stale liquor and steaming leather.

Motier and Raoult fell to wrangling over a throw of the dice and though their trouble was over in a moment, the big man was in no hurry to go on with the game. He reached over to where his companion sat and gave him a monstrous thump on the back. Raoult spluttered and wheezed as if he had a fish-bone in his gullet. When he had got his breath, he looked keenly at Motier as if half-minded to come back at him, but before he could say anything the latter showed his yellow fangs in a great burst of laughter.

"Did you hear the news, Little One?" he snorted in a huge voice that never varied so much as a finger's breadth in tone. "Michel is out of money. He is too proud to steal and too lazy to work. So there is naught for him to do but go cringing back to his uncle to cry his pardon. 'Pride and Conscience make good enough bed-fellows if you house them under gilt ceilings, but they give a man little aid in filling a lean purse."

Michel started to his feet, his face mottled with anger.

hat's a lie," he said, and then, as a thought
k him, he looked sharply at Motier. "What do
know of my uncle?"
in leaned back and slapped his fat legs.
our uncle is far too concerned for the family
to let the last de Genlis disappear without a
gle. If you had ventured abroad by daylight
d of kicking your heels on one of Guillaume's
casks, and taking the air by night, you would
met some of his fellows before this. They say
you told him you would see him swinging from
neux gibbet before you would marry his ward.
ems that they flattered your courage over-
."
hel turned from him and stared at the fire.
think that I should kill you for that," he said,
quietly, "if you were not such an altogether
able dog."

"Damn your black heart!" he said. "Leave the dead alone."

"Before God," said Michel, "I know not what you are talking of. You are babbling arrant nonsense to even suggest that I go back to my uncle's house. He has done me the honor to offer me the hand of his ward in marriage. I do not find it possible to accept. That is all, and more I will not hear of."

His face was white in his anger and had little tense lines at the corners of the mouth and eyes. Raoult scented trouble and sought to turn it aside.

"Marriage or no, it shall not spoil our game," he said, but his tone gave his indifference the lie. "There was never yet woman, barring Our Lady of Nazareth, who was worth a pair of dice."

He rattled the cup suggestively; but Colin was in no hurry to accept the bid. He had lost heavily all evening and had only a few coppers left, so that upon Raoult's invitation he stuck his tongue in his cheek and fixed himself more comfortably upon the settle. From time to time he looked over his shoulder at the door as if he expected a visitor, and once he called Guillaume over and whispered intently in his ear.

Michel dragged a cask to the fire and, sitting down, stuck his nose in a little volume which he pulled from his pocket. The wind howled louder than ever about the windows and the cold crept closer and closer about the fire. Raoult pulled his cloak tight around his narrow shoulders and stamped his feet upon the floor.

here's more than one poor fellow who went
ep tonight, who won't hear the cock crow in
orning," he shivered.

ier went over to the door and, opening it,
l into the night. It was blacker than Sin out-
except for the little splotch of firelight before
pen door, where the blackness was all fretted
glistening snow diamonds. The wind came
oing and howling in, half burying him with
The stuff was knee-high in the street already,
as coming down harder with every hour. He
slammed the door and hurried over to the
here he spread his fat hands out to the blaze
a sigh of comfort.

's a bitter night," he said to no one in particu-
"Thank God! There is a roof about my ears."

nd not a rope about your neck," added Raoult
ughed a trifle too boisterously. "Anyone stir-

ing of the great knocker. It sounded oppressively loud in the quiet house and roused the men like a slap in the face. Michel glanced up from his book a moment and then went back to his unseeing perusal of his pages.

At the first sound of the knocker, Guillaume looked sharply at Motier who nodded his head in turn. The innkeeper waddled over to the door, plastered his fat face against the narrow wicket, and after a cursory exchange of whispers, shot back the heavy bars.

The door flew open with a rush to admit two persons, a tall, sour-faced rascal and a "fille de joie." They came in with a shaking of wraps and a great stamping of feet and went quickly over to the fire, the man shouting lustily for wine. His voice was harsh and rasping, like the scrape of a sword against a scabbard. The girl was the happiest, breeziest little creature imaginable. She whipped in out of the storm, the snow crystals gleaming in her hair like sprays of diamonds. All in the same breath she had tweaked Guillaume by the nose, had shaken a shower of fine snow into the outraged face of Colin, and had pirouetted between Michel and the fire, effectively shutting out every vestige of light from his book. He raised his eyes slowly and regarded this small whirlwind of a creature with an amused smile. Colin had established an excellent understanding with the girl's companion, as had Raoult, and the two of them were drinking heartily of the others' wine at a nearby table. Guillaume, after he

rought the liquor, had gone straightway back sensuous slumbers.

girl turned of a sudden and stared imperti- at Michel. At her first movement, he had ed his eyes to his book and was now indus- y scanning its shadowed pages. The girl looked a moment and then snatched the volume out hands. She turned the leaves idly under her , and then, with a sudden, deft twist, flipped it er shoulder into the blaze.

u are stupid, my friend," she said, in a voice through which a plump little laugh was r gurgling. "Come and play with me."

el studied her for a moment. Behind her the brightened as they seized upon the book and he air with the twanging odor of burnt pig-

at was unkind, *petite*," he said at last.

girl was so wholly different from the bawdy, loose-mouthed creatures, who were wont to drink with Colin and box old Guillaume's pudgy cheeks. For all her preposterous audacity, there was nothing in the least rude or hoydenish in her behavior. With another of her little twists, she was on her feet again and had Michel by both hands. Bracing herself, she threw back her weight in an effort to pull him to his feet.

"Come, messire," she enticed, "I want a playmate."

Michel reflected a moment. "I think, rather, you want a plaything," he corrected.

The girl threw back her head and laughed; but there were hard little lines for a moment at the corners of her mouth. He could not see them, for her back was to the firelight, and he would never have understood them if he had.

"When I do," she said, "I will look for a Jack-in-the-Box and not for a pious, old mummy."

Michel regarded her curiously.

"You are rather well-spoken for a woman such as—" He stopped in sudden confusion, stumbling hopelessly about for words.

The girl took up the sentence for him.

"For a woman such as I am," she finished, and colored slightly.

Michel had never noticed until then how very pretty she was. Her hair was burnished copper in the firelight.

"If your uncle had but chosen you such a wife,"

reflected, "there would have been no differences
tween you."
A vision of this other girl came into his mind. He
d seen her but once, when she had visited his
cle's chateau some four summers past. Michel
ckered his lips at the recollection. Red hair, stub
se, freckled face. And now his uncle wished him
marry her. He smiled a trifle bitterly and looked
at the girl before him. As she leaned away from
m, both hands grasping his, he drew in a deep
eath of appreciation. She sensed his feeling and,
aightening up, quickly released his hands.
"Did I hurt, messire?" she inquired solicitously.
did not know that my weight was so much."
Michel answered in a monosyllable, thinking of
her things. The three at the table, after an ex-
ustive interview with the bottle, scraped to their
et and left the room. The girl watched them go

cork, which filliped against his cheek and then fell over the floor in a succession of erratic bounces. He looked quickly at the girl; but she sat with her feet drawn up under her and was toying with a buckle on her shoe, quite oblivious to him.

Michel got to his feet and found the stopper. He walked over and held it under the girl's nose.

"Did you ever, by chance, see this before?" he questioned.

"Most certainly," she said, "since it was I who threw it at you."

"And pray, what would you have me to stop with it?" asked Michel in jest.

"This monstrous long silence," was the prim rejoinder.

"Our Lady of Heaven," laughed Michel, "is it as bad as that?" and sat down beside her on the arm of the settle.

"What is your name, little playmate?" he queried.

The girl made him an extravagant bow from her seat.

"When it pleases me," she said, "I answer when men say Angéle."

"I would not have you think me backward in confidence," he said. "My name is—"

"Gaston-Etienne-Michel d'Hauteville," finished the girl.

Michel stared at her dumbfounded.

"Messire writes his name on the fly-leaf of his books," she reminded him, pleased as a child at his perplexity.

nel leaned back against the settle in a con-
tive mood. It pleased his fancy, just then,
gine what this happy little creature would
een, had she been born in a frescoed chamber,
l of a Paris alley. And through all his
ts there ran a strange feeling of unreasoning
ion, whenever he thought of her as a "fille de
It was like calling the Seine a brooklet or
a mountain hamlet.

threw back her head of a sudden and caught
aring at her.

!" she cried mischievously. "What a mala-
o stare at a woman like that."

vas thinking," said Michel simply.

s?" said the girl, and her voice carried a
on. Then she turned and faced him squarely,
mischief gone from her brown eyes.

Angéle laughed and took her feet down from the settle. The movement sent the goblet, which Raoult had left behind him, spinning to the floor, scattering the dregs about the hearth. She touched it with her foot and turned it over.

"Messire," she said, "you are as full of pretty speeches as this cup was of dregs, and your words are quite as empty as it lies now."

Michel drew up stiffly, a bit hurt and puzzled.

"That was uncalled for," he said, a little coldly.

"After all, messire," she said shrewdly, "how much of your real opinion was there in your speech and how much of your own desires?"

"You are a very curious little girl," said Michel quite seriously. "Are you always so frank with strangers?"

The girl did not answer, but turned and stared at the fire. Michel bent his face to a level with hers and saw her blinking hard to keep back the tears. She was so close to him that the perfume from her hair went to his head like a cup of dry Beaune. And as he looked, it came to him, of a sudden, that he was in love with this vagrant little chit of the Paris streets, this irrepressible little creature in whom was fused a splash of blue blood and of red. And suddenly he understood why, from the very first, he had found it hard to talk, for although his brain was whirling with a thousand things which he wished to say, yet his tongue was laggard in its duty when he tried to put them into speech.

"Mademoiselle," he began, and neither noticed

congruity of the term, "I would say something
e to you, so very strange that it may offend
nd yet I would not for all the world. You
-night that my words were as empty as that
. Yet, perchance, after the manner of woman-
you did not speak what was in your heart.
you blew in out of the snow and the sleet and
ackness, you quite took me by the throat. I
not loose the spell if I would. Three days ago,
ld never have noticed you in all the world;
ree days are three days and one can learn
of life in that time, if he dwell under Guil-
's roof. The lessons which one learns are
e, but experience is a passing fair tutor,
r o' God, but I've learned that real hearts are
ways covered by guipure and reseau-work."
e looked for any encouragement from Angéle,
s disappointed. She was blinking hard to

"Tomorrow," he said very gently, "I go adventuring."

Angéle looked up at him, a question in her eyes.

"I am setting forth to see life," he went on. "I go with an empty wallet, the veriest vagabond of them all, but I bear a stout heart."

The girl turned and took him by the points of his collar. "There is a story behind this, messire," she said quaintly, as some child. "Tell me about it."

Michel looked at her thoughtfully.

"It's all so trifling, so insignificant," he said after a bit. "One of the petty troubles that all men, after the fashion of little people, magnify out of all due proportion until they seem greater than life itself."

A little weary age-old smile drifted across the girl's face for an instant.

"The real troubles of life do not bother us nearly so much," she said, "as do those of the imagination. But what of your story?"

Michel stared gloomily at her. "It is of no consequence," he said. "I would rather not trouble you with so trivial a thing. I have an uncle senile and obsolete in his ideas, and unfortunately he holds the family purse-strings. He has taken it upon himself to find me a bride; and quite naturally I prefer my own judgment in the matter, a hearsay quite beyond his ken. In this world of imperfection, he holds that one should be exceedingly thankful if one has a coat for one's back and shoes for one's feet, without troubling the good God for luxuries in the form of a pretty wife of one's own selection."

éle turned back to the fire, but she remained
lose to him. "You are bitter to-night," she

is strange," said Michel, "that one should be
the happiest evening of one's life. God knows
would give up all the rest of my life, rather
o have missed seeing you this evening."
girl drew apart a trifle, a queer, little fright-
look in her eyes. Michel went on in a low
tone, seeming not to notice the movement.
do not know if I offend you," he said, "but
ver the words may be, the intention is good.
are so many things that I would tell you now,
oh, the words come so stupidly and slow. I
n honorable name, ma'm'selle; one which has
writ often upon the pages of French history,
n none of them has a blot appeared to cloud

messire, or is it to have flowing in one's veins the blood which accomplished them all? Can a man cast such things from him, as he would liquor from a flagon? Age-old traditions, their roots twined about other centuries, are they not the very heart and soul of a man?"

She paused, strangely flushed and turned away from him. Michel smiled a little at her great earnestness. When he spoke again, his voice was very low and tender.

"Angéle," he said, "I cannot tender you the name of a De Genlis. All that I can proffer you is the man who bore that name, that and an invitation to follow the free highway at the side of a vagrant rover."

Angéle turned to him, her head bent low over her breast.

"I asked for a playmate," she said very softly.

Michel gathered her to him, convulsively.

"Heart of Gold," he whispered.

Angéle buried her face in his shoulder.

"I am very weak," she said.

Then he took her hand and, leading her over to one of the windows, drew the frayed hanging to one side and scraped away the hoar-frost with his thumb nail. Through the dirty pane, they watched a new day come into being. The east was a great sea-shell, its delicate pink edges resting on the farther housetops.

Michel held her from him and looked straight

er brown eyes. "To-morrow, we go to find
ness," he said.
rst, you will visit the Count de Genlis and tell
f his new niece," she answered.

* * * * * *

ri-Eugene-Marie d'Hauteville, Comte de Genlis
eneschal de St. Mauve, took his chocolate and
s in the great, old, canopied bed of his fathers.
Comte de Genlis had watched the early sun-
play over the gold and white hangings of the
bedchamber, even as he was doing then.
stairs in a little, lacquered cabinet, whose key
id in the laces at the neck of the Count's dress-
own, lay many medals and decorations testify-
the shrewdness and courage and sound judg-
of those who had borne the name in the past.
mong them all there was not one that betok-

something better we call a man's personality.

It was a wonderful room, this bedchamber of Monsieur, one which was strangely like its owner. So exquisitely and frigidly superb; so irreproachable in every detail; and yet the whole smacking of a gracious sang-froid.

Monsieur finished with his chocolate and wiped his lips on a dainty square of fine linen. Then he pulled the heavy bell-cord at his head. A lacquey entered noiselessly and removed the china.

"I am expecting messire, my nephew, this morning," said the Count.

The man raised his eyes the merest trifle, but he was careful that his master should not see him.

"You will show him up immediately upon his arrival," finished Monsieur, and fell to toying with a book. As soon as the man had left the room, he began to read.

Now there are three things which go to make life bearable to men who travel on the yonder side of life's hilltop; old friends, old wines, old books. Since the first had not fallen to his lot, and since a masterly self-control forbade a too deep indulgence in the pleasures of the second, Monsieur was compelled to center upon the third, all that was human in his polished self.

A sound of carriage wheels, crunching on the snow and gravel of the drive beneath, came up through the narrowly opened window. A bell tinkled somewhere below and there was a scurry of light feet on the stairs. Monsieur the Comte permitted himself

uxury of an expectant smile. A little later, with ncing of skirts, Angéle bounded into the room curtsied low to the Count. Her garb of the ng before was replaced by a soft, clinging of some filmy white stuff. The Count ques- d her with his eyes.

infer from your good humor that you were ly successful in your quest?'' he said.

géle smiled happily.

ntirely so, Monsieur,'' she said. ''Your ew will call upon you shortly and will inform hat he has decided to marry the woman of his e.''

nd of mine,'' reminded the Count politely.

Having had your way in the matter, Monsieur,'' on Angéle, with a sly dig, ''you have doubtless ll interest in the affair.''

e Count looked at his ward shrewdly

slowly, balancing his words, "just why you should care to risk your name and reputation by such an escapade as that of last evening. I cannot well understand why you were so ready to lend yourself to my plans."

Angéle's face went white in sudden anger. The pent up feelings of years spent in obeisance to Monsieur's petty tyranny came to her aid and her words stabbed like rapier thrusts.

"There are many things you cannot understand, Monsieur, not the least of which is a woman's love. Can you understand what it is to see a man and to love him from that instant, though he never glanced your way? Can you understand a love that can burn in one's heart for four empty haggard years, with never a word or a glance or a touch from him you love; a love that is big enough and fine enough and strong enough to brush skirts with shame and infamy for a sight of that man, and a chance, however small, to have him for your very own for all time? Did you in your littleness think I was taking a risk? There was no risk about it. A love like that could sweep the world out of its path. But you could never understand. God pity you, a love like that was denied you, and you do not even know what you have lost."

The torrent of angry speech stopped, and Angéle stood breathing hard from her emotions. The bell sounded sharply below, and Monsieur glanced at Angéle.

"If Mademoiselle desires," he said, "she may

in the inner room." He seemed to have quite
tten her outburst of temper, but he followed
keenly with his eyes as she left the room. Al-
immediately Michel entered.

nsieur stared in polite amazement at the three
soilure which stained the clothing of his nephew.
trust that your journey was both a pleasure
profit to you," he said courteously, and waited
the servant should be out of the room.

chel did not speak until the fellow had gone.
gs were far too jumbled in his mind to permit
y acting on his part. His head throbbed pain-
from the lack of sleep and from the agitation
e past night. He reflected that his uncle was
n over-pleasant man at best, and that the pres-
business was not one which was calculated to
an especially sweet taste in his mouth. There

"We have missed you for the last few days," he said in his well-modulated voice. "You have perhaps been detained?" His voice had an interrogative inflection. Michel noticed that there was no word as to their last meeting nor to his consignment of his uncle to the Chermeux stocks. That would not be the Count's way. Michel chose his words carefully.

"On the contrary, sir, I have been quite at my leisure." His uncle peaked his eyebrows a trifle and waited for him to go on. He never used his voice when he could communicate with his manner.

"I have come back, sir—" went on Michel and paused, hunting for words.

"So I perceive," remarked his uncle affably.

Michel flushed, but otherwise took no notice.

"No doubt you will recall our last interview, sir?" he said. "I dislike to refer to a topic that must be painful to both of us, but my visit this morning is in regard to this same matter."

Michel was so plainly casting about for words that the Count smiled.

"Exactly," he said, examining the shining nails of one hand. Like the lips, the flesh beneath them was a blue-gray. "I perceive that you have a commendable delicacy in discussing affairs of the heart. I have no doubt that what you would say is that, after a suitable opportunity for reflection, you have determined to your own satisfaction that the wisest course for you to pursue is to accept the offer which I made you of my estates, coupled with

hand of my ward. You are wise, my nephew. I felicitate you upon your happy choice!"

chel drew himself up stiffly at this gross mis-ment of facts.

regret very much," he broke in hotly, "to in-messire my uncle that I have come back to in-him of no such determination. On the contrary, ve chosen otherwise in the matter of a bride."

this sanctuary of quiet, his harsh angry words ded not unlike sacrilege. Monsieur put up a hand noyed protest.

t is extraordinary, my nephew, the self-control h you lack," he said with a frown. "The re-sion of all feeling is the first mark of a gentle-

I feel quite certain, and, for the honor of the ly, I hope that I am quite correct, that you have hed the conclusion which I mentioned a moment

My felicitations are still extended toward

"Then I must go now, sir. Perhaps you would be interested to know the name of my bride-elect," continued Michel with some irony.

Monsieur smiled with his eyes. "It has been my inestimable privilege," he said, "to have already enjoyed the pleasure of the young lady's acquaintance."

Michel stared at him suspiciously, sensing a new turn to his uncle's sarcasm. There was a rustle in the portières behind him and, turning, he faced Angéle who was holding out a slim white hand.

"I wish you a very good morning," she said demurely.

A great dizziness seized upon Michel. The room became a maze of gold and white circles that were forever spreading and narrowing before his eyes, threatening with each passing moment to choke the breath out of his body.

The Comte de Genlis raised himself graciously upon one elbow and lifted the girl's slim hand.

"I have the great honor, my nephew," he said pleasantly, "to offer you the hand of my ward. I understand you have already possessed yourself of her heart. For the honor and repose of the family, I trust that you may see fit to accept."

A great light broke over Michel's face.

"It has always been my most earnest consideration to gratify your slightest desire," he said, with admirable modesty.

The Krotchet Kid

By Howard Shawcross
Brown University

IME consists of two days: this bright, and
that gloomy; and life of two moieties: this
and that fearful. Say to him who has taunted
on account of misfortune, doth fortune oppose
ut the eminent?''

e Krotchet Kid, being touched at heart with a
n fancy, paused in his walk and stood for
l moments in meditative silence. He removed
p from his head with an air of grave dignity
rnest adoration of that obscure and beautiful
cism coincident with deepening twilight. Lift-

tracted and hesitating dubiousness the cumulative shadows formed, extended themselves, and spread out over the whole circumference of the Kid's glance, blackening the hollows and embrowning the hills. Day appeared to sink slowly into a lifeless sleep.

Every night just at the quiet turn of sundown, the Kid paused in this peculiar manner and bared his head to the stars. He seemed to wait and listen, to watch for something which never came. Full of a quaint melancholy, he found a sad delight in imagining himself weak and lonely. His heart could draw a kindred sympathy from the spirit of the evening world which his mind knew how to interpret. It was a mournful sympathy, much like that of dying friends; yet it was strictly in keeping with the Kid's profoundest thoughtful moods. To the Kid's mind the sunset signified the failure of a fair promise. The failure of a fair promise—that was life.

The Kid listened and reflected upon the world. His ear was attuned to the stillness which reigned everywhere and made the loneliness of the scene more evident. The evening world held its breath but for an occasional indifferent sigh. The song of the birds only served to intensify the quiet—distant, faint, and restful was their song and oversadly sung. All human voices and footfalls in this hour of peace and repose were silenced and man seemed to stand alone in mute communication with God.

But what of God?

The Immensity and mystery of it all!

The soft wind, Kid!
The ambiguous lights and shifting shadows, Kid!
The honeyed air!
The breathlessness and muteness of things!
Life spoke to thee, Kid, things unspeakable.
But what of God?

The Kid was spoken to in the midst of his star-gaze ntemplation. The voice was to his sensitive ear dis-rdant, as startling and jarring as the boom of an rm-clock breaking into one's early morning dreams. Rhodes stepped short a few paces from the Kid d regarded him with a quizzical smile.

"Hey there, Seventh Wonder!" Rhodes cried. Hazing upon the lights of Arethusa, again? sniffing of the virgin breezes, eh? Come, now, what you see so wonderful up there that you can afford to etch your neck so?"

Confusion came upon the Kid as if he had been

The Kid faltered over the words: "Don't you ever—feel the challenge of curiosity—the yearning of finite hearts to know all about this great grand order, this universe of planets and stars? I was just thinking as I was looking at Vega—that bright star directly overhead, there—that this solar system, this earth, even, on which you and I stand, is moving toward Vega at the rate of twelve miles per second."

"Phew," exclaimed Rhodes, "some speed! Listen here, Kid, that's all moonshine. You never fret about this universe that will shift for itself. Keep abreast of the life of this world, circulate with the blood that is moving through its arteries. Get into the mad contest of living. You're not a bad fellow as far as you go, but dead—positively, hopelessly dead. This sort of sublime dreaming is all right in a Shakespeare; but we just don't do it that way nowadays. Look at me. I feel the charm of an evening like this. Certainly. I feel a sort of aspiration of the soul. Ha—Ha. You get me now, Kid. But I respond, act, thrill with it. It is the heroism of the soul to be big and to do big. You can bet your life I'm going on thrilling and doing a long time yet to come."

"Perhaps," mused the Kid, "who knows?"

"Perhaps? Come out of it. See those lungs there" (slapping himself smartly on the chest); "good for fifty years. They are going to demand a destiny. Perhaps? Bah!"

After having delivered himself thus eloquently, Rhodes cast his eyes over the landscape to see if all nature agreed with his sentiments. As he did so a

ight lurid blotch discolored the northern horizon and red unsteadily.

"A fire! Look, Kid, the smoke!" Rhodes shouted. ear the northern horizon dense black smoke was rling upward in great volume.

"A fire, sure as hell, and a house, too," Rhodes ied again.

While they stood by the street-side in momentary decision, the bell on the village fire-station to the ar of them clanged ominously in the calm twilight. ithin the houses of the neighborhood newspapers re thrown down, hats and coats were grabbed up haste, and anxious faces were pressed against the ndow-panes. The placid surface of things was in instant set in a turmoil. Before the people were t of the house, the bell rang again with a vengeance. e signal spread from mind to mind as swiftly as in driftwood. As the sound of the alarm bell went

eager as frantic fire-horses; straining every muscle, puffing, blowing, hurling themselves forward with reckless vigor. What manner of telepathy was this that gave such motive-power to man?

"Where do you think it is, Kid?" Rhodes asked. "Look at her rage. How she climbs heavenward! Power, Kid, energy! God, what a sight! There you have it, Kid—action. Doesn't it thrill you, though?"

"It makes my blood run cold," the Kid ejaculated.

"Look at those fools," Rhodes exclaimed, perceiving that the firemen had left the main road and were turning down another. "Be damned if they ain't going the wrong way. Let them go, Kid. Come on!"

"Where?" cried the Kid in great excitement.

"This way, up the road," Rhodes yelled. "Time's urgent. Jump, grab your spirit, and come on. No time for meditation now."

The Krotchet Kid, so impassive before, was all nerve and motion now. All the vehemence of a sensitive consciousness was stirred to action. In response to the command of Rhodes, the Kid sprang suddenly forward and galloped swiftly up the street.

A fire at night is most misleading, especially when night is not complete and shows itself only as an apparent tendency toward darkness. In the space of five minutes one will swear that the fire is positively in a score of different places. Every ten paces one takes, the fire alters its position, fluctuating first to one side and then to the other. Completely baffled by the reflection, Rhodes dashed from the road down this path and stopped abruptly; retraced his steps

hurried down another path and halted, and per-
d that he was getting further removed from the
ll the while.

Deuce take the paths," he said, "we'll plunge
the woods and keep the fire straight before us."
ey bellied under a barbed-wire fence and rushed
pitately down a steep incline into a dense, marshy
et below. Rhodes, being full of urgent dispatch,
directly into the dense, disordered tangle, hur-
over bushes, jostled the low branches, and came
abrupt halt when he collided with a tree that
standing idly in his course. Saying by way of
rk, they also serve who (meaning trees) only
l and wait, he shook himself together and resumed
chase.

e Kid also was apportioned his share of adver-
In his swift flight through the coppice he

broadening its pale light and sweetening the frown of the darkness. It shone fully upon the meadows in a soft and indolent manner, and the moonbeams settled themselves at ease in the lap of the darkness. The Kid paused and waited a moment, looking off over the meadow to which the moonlight gave a pale mystery. The splendor of the scene inspired a deep sigh of marvel. He looked back, scanning the woods behind for some sign of Rhodes. He listened. He heard only the repressed murmur of the lonesome night that makes one feel deeply and quaintly sad and teaches one to think all sorts of inexpressible thoughts. To the right, behind a low hill, the fire flamed persistently.

Smoothly as a shadow, swiftly as an arrow, the Kid glided over the meadow into the road beyond. Directly ahead, perhaps two hundred yards up the road, the Kid could discern a bridge. He hastened to the bridge and waited there for Rhodes to come up. The poetry of the scene overpowered him. He bared his head to the stars—he could not help it. The wind, which was brisk and crisp and clear, whipped his long hair like soft tendrils about his face. It whined plaintively and carried a hint of sorrow in its voice, bringing to the Kid's ear the subdued and blended echo of far voices. The stream under the bridge came sedulously and forcibly down, as if upon some set purpose. The moon came in upon the transparent stillness and rested its blanched face upon the smooth water, embroidered by a frail lace tracery of moon-

ms. The Kid's soul was pleased. It fascinated his rt with a feeling of quiet gladness.

Farther down the stream, where it passed through rough and ragged gorge, the river became pas- nate. The whole valley was resonant with its low roar. The Kid grew attentive to the harsh, ffled mixture of sound—a rushing, a whirling, a nbling of waters; a seething, a bubbling, a gushing waters—all audible to the Kid's acute ear. The rm of sound entranced him. He felt its subtle e deep down in the very roots of him. Past the dge the stream slid confidently onward with the moonlight floating peacefully on its bosom; ough the chasm the river plunged into darkness a venture. With his eyes turned towards the stars, h his young soul fresh upon his face, the Kid veyed the evening world and thought of himself

said Rhodes. "We have beat them to it, Kid." As they turned a sharp curve in the road, the fire was immediately before them.

When the hot conflagration struck him full in the face, the Kid involuntarily shuddered. He felt a dismay similar to that which the cave-men eons ago experienced when they huddled together in mute terror before a raging fire. The blaze suddenly flared up and the whole house-structure burst into flame. Twisting, curling, cleaving its sinuous course upward, giving place to great volumes of turbid smoke, the fire fought and fumed. There was a tremendous crackling and snapping and roaring blended with the sibilant sound of the rapid whir and whisk of airy things. All the rampant flames, suspicious of the wind, seemed whining and whispering to each other. The confused murmur of the constant inflow of air about the fire was deafening. Sparks whirled themselves spirally skyward in a furious vortex of blaze and smoke and drifted far and wide out through the dim aisles of night like mock miniature stars. Rude and riotous fillips of flame sallied forth in all directions, ran along the clapboards, scudded over rafters, flashed out of broken windows. Everywhere fire was cleaving darkness and darkness was swallowing up fire. Red blaze and orange and blue blaze were blended with a rich varied grace into a mighty conflux of flame. The ardor of its burning could be heard for many rods around.

The heat of it held the people at bay. In a close mass they encircled the fire. All were excited and

ated; talking in groups, hastening about with
s and shovels in fitful earnest. Some were perched
n a barn to the right saturating the roof with
nical and water. Boys screeched and wailed and
ited huzzas from the tree-tops. Women fidgeted
exaggerated the peril. Chemical-wagons were
rated, ladders were hoisted, windows were smashed
furniture was carried out. Orders were given and
ers were returned.

hodes was in the midst of the activity straight-
.

Look at the devilish sparks, there!'' he shouted.
ou dozer; you, Kid, I mean, get me that log to
st in this window. Lend a hand here, some one.
eady. One—two—three. Push! There she goes.''
Vith vigorous force he hurled himself against the
rded frame and shattered it entirely. Thoughtless
anger he clambered through the hole he had rent

must get out. Hastily he groped his way to the window and was partly out when Rhodes shouted from the interior—

"Where are you, Kid? Nab me a pole, will you? I want to break in this damned door. Confound it, I'll make it yield."

The Kid glanced back into the room. Instantly the blood forsook his cheeks, his lips became pale and tremblant. He opened his mouth to scream, but terror stopped his tongue. Suddenly a bright flash, something tall seemed to lean out of the sky, tottered for a moment in the air, swooped, and with a heavy rushing sound collapsed. Then the Kid shrieked, sharp and shrill. His body withered up in a swoon and he fell to the ground from the window. The partition had fallen in upon Rhodes.

Straightway there was great commotion. People flocked in from all sides and crowded in about the boy. Then there was an uncanny sort of stillness: everyone was expectant and dumb.

"Stand aside there." "For God's sake, give us room." "The man will be burned alive." "Make way."

Men hacked and dug among the smouldering wreckage with frenzied energy. Presently a ragged bundle of flesh and burnt clothing was uncovered from the débris and carried solemnly and deposited upon the ground. The mass of spectators closed in about the ghastly spectacle. Rhodes's face was jammed and scarred, his body frightfully lacerated and mangled. He still breathed perceptibly, a slow labored breath.

eople silently and ruefully observed him while
ng all manner of regretful thoughts and re-
the details of the tragedy.

nwhile the Kid began to recover, being min-
to properly by a promiscuous quota of volun-
urses. He was helped to his feet and escorted
hair that had been rescued from the ruins. He
wn in it singularly dazed and bewildered. His
oamed vagrantly about, not resting for any
erable time on anything in particular. Pres-
he remarked the crowd gathered about Rhodes.
ice the catastrophe all came back to him. Vague
ions of mind were transformed into vivid
nts. He leaped from his chair and ran dis-
lly toward the crowd. Over the prostrate
two men were working, raising his arms,
ging his head, and examining his body. It all

ing faint and qualmish. Blackness was crowding out his sight again. He was about to leave the spot, faint and wretched with anguish and despair, when he heard his name called.

"Kid! Kid!"

It seemed like a long-lost yet remembered voice. The Kid remembered. It was Rhodes's voice. He made his way blindly through the mass of spectators.

"Kid, is that you?"

"Yes."

The Kid was aware of the dying groan which obstructed Rhodes's voice as he tried to speak. It is the most gruesome sound in nature, so surely is it indicative of the futility and emptiness of life.

"Kid, you are a good little man. I want to ask you a question. Who was that you were telling me about, vinegar or something?"

The Kid's soft voice spoke out, "Vega."

"Vega? Vega?" Rhodes's tongue felt around the word. "What were you saying about her?"

The Kid swallowed dryly once or twice and placed his hand at his throat. He did not speak.

There was a short silence. The dying man breathed more irregularly.

Rhodes continued slowly: "This universe—this earth on which you and I stand—is going—is going toward Vega—is going toward Vega at the rate of—?"

"Twelve miles a second," the Kid supplied in a faltering tone.

"Twelve miles a second? That is action now, isn't it? Kid, I wonder—how—fast—I'm a-going

d? Ah, you said it, Kid. Who knows? Just
ess perhaps? I can see darkness gathering
r and deeper over my vision. Nothingness?
on?''

paused a moment to recruit his breath and then
on abstractedly: ''You're right, Kid, life is an
tain game. Strong lungs, have I? Not a half
now. I intended to be a master-man, Kid. I
to jump into the saddle of the great world
and to ride the world. To ride or be ridden?
is the question. To be or not to be? Kid, I'm
ucated like you, yet I remember this: To die, to
to sleep; perchance to dream? To dream?
There's the rub. Shakespeare said that, didn't
d?''

Kid gazed helplessly at him, incapable of
.

'd,'' he queried again after another long pause

sued. The stealthiness of the wind's approach and decadence aroused in the Kid a feeling of profound apprehension. The exchange of air was symbolic to the Kid of the exchange between life and death.

Near the Kid, a woman uttered a prayer to God.

The Kid bared his head to the stars—he could not help it. But he mocked the moonlight with the question, "What of God?"

"The Little White Fool"

By Allene M. Sumner
Baldwin Wallace College

WAS really early evening, but the horror of
e elements had shrouded the twilight in the
e of deepest midnight. First there had come
in in a heavy, warm blanket—a blanket that
lly took up and enveloped every atom in close,
ating folds. To the little handful of earth—
, bruised and crushed men who were fighting
ches, through the twilight, this rain was not
ther unpleasant. They surrendered them-
to its power. They felt themselves pushed
rd by its gripping force. They knew that with

field, and vanished leaving charred ashes. Lightning that quivered and beckoned and billowed and effervesced like some impish demon of the air, promising destruction whither it willed. For but an instant it directly hung suspended over the men in the Chermont Wood of France, but that instant let it see that no more harm could be done them. Its sickly greenish glare flared over six corpselike faces huddled close together. They were faces of despair, sullenness, and revolt. When the hail came they dropped together—impossible to go any more, to do any more, to think any more, to live any more. The lightning vanished. Why try to emulate fiercer things than itself? It had better hide in shame before stronger powers among men. The countless host of hail demons followed in its wake. The howling winds were gathered up. Only silence deep and black and weird remained. Then the blackness dimmed into the more ghoulish gray of twilight, the trees were vaguely discernible, and a night-owl hooted in the grayness. The storm was over. The men slept on the slimy road-bed.

That morning, early morning as gray as the present twilight, they had been at Brummur. They had been there for weeks, but that morning there had occurred the battle which being "at Brummur" would always mean. As suddenly as the passing of the storm, they had been ordered "over the top." Just what followed they could never recall. But when the morning had given place to the ruddy strength of full-grown day, it had also handed over

ged, blackened, reddened, smoking, writhing,
ing piece of ground, and a handful of feeble
. The life and uproar of battle was gone.
ictors had pulsatingly pushed on to another
amp similar to Brummur where the same scene
o be re-enacted. They were especially jovial
se there were no prisoners to bother with. The
had been wiped as clean as was their particu-
ncern. The vultures that were already com-
frenzied bevies would wipe it cleaner.
attle like this was the Hun's delight. So
y had it been planned, so quietly was it fought
bayonets and sabres, that the Red Cross and
lance men would never hear of it until far too
Chuckling and gloating, they marched forward.
on the scrimmage field there were six
whom the unerring instinct of the birds
one. They knew that when the sun's hottest

fully stood erect, and then slowly reconnoitred the strip of ground where nearly five hundred men had perished. Merely a process of elimination was necessary. He avoided every body surmounted by a pecking bird, and found five intact and warm. By rifling the knapsacks of the dead, he found several canteens of water—warm to be sure, but water nevertheless. He forgot his pain in the longing to add more life to the scene of desolation. Eagerly he worked—bandaging, chafing, loosening, moistening. In time every one of the five was revived. Philippe had a shattered arm, François a gashed head, the other three had minor wounds. At first feebly, but gradually becoming stronger, they talked together. Characteristic of the French soldier, the defeat was ignored. When it was found possible for all of them to walk, they started for Chermont, a town about fifteen miles off, and the site of a hospital.

It was a "Via Dolorosa." Chermont before dark was the goal. But fifteen miles in eight hours is no easy task for wounded men. Too brain-fagged to figure out the best route, they had struck out at random over field and ravine, through woods and marsh. The hot glare of the sun blinded them. The sickish smell of the steaming earth and the rank luxuriance of growing things maddened them. Droning, whirring, buzzing insects were one way to frenzy, and behind them was the awful thought of Brummur. The storm at first had brought its relief. But when it also changed to terror, no more

be endured. Like stones they dropped and

moon was high when they struggled and
d out of the horrors of nightmare into dull
ening. Together they awoke, all terrifiedly lis-
to the same dreadful voice. It sounded like
eerie, portentous fiend stealthily touching them
a clammy hand. The voice was that of an owl
d on their piled-up knapsacks and monoton-
syncopating its eternal complaint. The
y hand was the thick dew and mist upon them.
moon silvered all things of the night, but
ly before them in a little cleared space of the
were things too white to be merely moon-
d. One of the objects was higher than the
The place was the Chermont graveyard of
-a new-made auxiliary to the one in the village
contained generations of Chermonters within

why go farther, why move, why labor, what if they never waked? It was good to be still, to feel the cool night wind, to lie on the soft, lapping mud, to forget, to—. But the energetic Rollins was a torment to the flesh. He prodded, he pulled, he jerked, he pushed, he propelled, and marshalled all five through the white-picketed fence.

The normal French mind is not particularly superstitious, and the American even less so. But as they wearily walked towards the looming chapel, the hearts of all six pounded unnaturally. Almost from beneath their feet a wailing little voice was saying in perfect French.

"Oh, messieurs, is it that you have come to take my flowers? Perhaps the white ones I will give you with my love. But, kind messieurs, the apple blossom ones and the ones from our blue sky are such good friends to me. I know that you are kind men, for is it not that you wear my France's uniform? But my little friends would be so lonely."

"Mon Dieu!" breathed Philippe, energetically crossing himself.

"Shades of Ophelia!" ejaculated the American-born.

In front of them was a diminutive mound marked by the familiar rough little cross reading, "Here lies a child of France." But silhouetted in the moonlight against the cross, was either a sprite or a living child of France. His hair formed a golden aureole about his face. Even in the nighttime, the blue of his eyes was bright. He wore a loose, white, flowing garment that touched the grave,

around his neck was hanging a brass tag num-
a soldier's identification mark. The sight of
emblem of material, concrete war awoke the
from the dazed impression of the supernatural
at first enshrouded the little figure.

llins took a step nearer and put his foot on the
d which gave a crisp crackle under his step.
did so, the child passionately flung himself
on the grave, imploringly stretched out his
toward Rollins, saying, "Monsieur, my very
st one, the dearest of them all. You have hurt
I pray you, walk not so roughly on their
s."

d then Rollins saw that the grave and all the
s near it were covered with white and colored
flowers, which blew and crackled in the night
s. It is a common sight now, to see this path-
artificial bloom in France's cemeteries. But in

name we French give to all little child idiots. This war has made France alive with hundreds of them. But come, we must go. I must sleep or drop."

"The little white fool" was watching Rollins, who in turn looked at the child whole-heartedly, and longingly. "Will you go with me?" he said, and "the little white fool," after a long scrutiny of the soldier's face, gave to Rollins his pinkest flower and simply said, "My friend goes with you, and is it not that I too shall go?"

And that was how Rollins and "his kid" came to Chermont.

It was a case of mutual adoration. During his days of convalescence in "The Base," "the little white fool," or "number 1680," as the men called him, because of his stolen tag number, constantly played by the American's bed-side. His playing was not very intelligible, for the blank mental inactivity caused by the horrors and hardships of war, which have stunned hundreds of French refugees, had left in him nothing but a keen sense of oneness with all growing things. When the nurses almost forcibly made him leave Rollins, he would sit for hours by an old tree stump just outside the hospital gate, and count its rings over and over again. Then he would go to Rollins and say, "Friend of my pinkest friend, my tree is old today, but yesterday he was young. Where did the other years go? Are they still alive?"

Or he would walk up and down the streets of bleeding stumps, left by the Germans in their

at through the town, and gently patting the
ed tops, would say, "Do not weep so, my
l. Your friends have left you, yes, but I have
them in the forest in the moonlight. They are
and pink and lovely. They will come back to
next year, I know."

netimes he would run away to the little ceme-
in the woods and come back with a faded, torn
r, reverently placing it on one of the stumps.
om some source or other there had been found
e hospital barracks an old American seed cata-
One of the nurses had given it to "the little
fool" and for hours he would sit quietly by
ns, poring over its gaudy contents. The big,
eous tomatoes particularly appealed to him.
he said to Rollins, "Why do they not put these
ds of mine in a white yard in the forest? They

but his pinkest and his sky friends would be so cold." Persuasion was of no avail. Rollins, knowing that it was impossible to get seed in France, sent to "The States" and during the six weeks interval, amused "the little white fool" with stories of how things grew and how his "red friend" would come to him.

On the opposite side of the waters one day the order came. It was a big order, for Rollins had decided to get enough seed for each garden plot in Chermont. The clerk who filled the order was new to the big firm of Mendel Brothers, Seed Exporters. He had been hired as Foreign Shipping Clerk without much inquiry, because men were scarce and he spoke of experience. His name was Von Schlissenheim, and he liked frankfurters and sauerkraut. He came from Prussia. His official title at home had been "Botanist — Poisonous Plants a Specialty." On Kaiser Wilhelm's payroll in 1915 he appeared as "United States Spy, Number 364. Harm to our enemies coming from the United States—Poisoner!" As Von Schlissenheim looked at the order his little pig eyes eagerly noted the address—Chermont. He re-read a letter he had received a few days ago—a little unpretentious envelope had enclosed a wieldy official document stamped with the German seal. It read, "Herr Von Schlissenhein—not until November, Chevé, Rontel and Chermont will be ours. Until then, act accordingly, act as you have done, Minister of Foreign Spies."

Quickly the dapper new clerk of the Mendel firm

the order, filled it personally from the store marked, "Drugs and Poisons." He saw that ived immediate shipment and gloated over his rder which was for Rontel.

as mid-July when over in France the big box "The little white fool" was badly disap- d. Where was "the redness?" Had "the l of his Friends" failed him? Rollins himself oubtful as to the outcome. It was late and the h winters came early. But at any rate the ing might amuse the child. So they made garden, and "the little white fool" called on eople of the town giving them a packet from sket and sweetly smiling, "I have brought you d friend.' He is not here yet. But my Ameri- iend says it is that he will come."

l the people who knew the child thanked him

"The little white fool" watched the other gardens as well as his own. Every day he patiently squatted for a while by every patch in town, to give "his friends" a warm welcome.

Then had come the wonderful day when Rollins told him that the reddened fruit was ready. "The little white fool" was radiant. His "new red friend" should go with him always, should sleep with him, and walk with him, and count the rings on the trees with him. But what was his despair when his American friend sprang to him, seized him in his arms and silent and stern, joined a jostling crowd of all his dear Chermont people. Behind him there was thunder. In the crowd there was a hurrying and weeping. What did it mean? Was his "red friend" to be hurt? But as he nestled closer to the man who was carrying him, he was strangely content, for he knew that in him he had a friend forever.

Of course Herr Minister of Foreign Spies had made a mistake. Chermont was "theirs" in early October instead of November. That night the Germans put up in Chermont, "cleaned" of its inhabitants. They feasted on the chickens, the calves, the lambs, the cellared stores of every house in the town. And in the gardens—ripe tomatoes! What a pillage!

In the morning in Chermont town were scores upon scores of dead Germans. And in the little gardens of Chermont town there were scores upon scores of plants whose fruit was gone.

The little white fool's "red friend and warm" was The Deadly Nightshade.

Paradise Lost*

By Otis Peabody Swift
Columbia University

IE Reverend Archibald Abraham Sprague was cold. The wind of the outer spaces whistled by nd chilled his heart, and as he drew his pink lue nightshirt close across his narrow chest, the end Archibald sighed. . . . Verily, Heaven was o attain.

he was dead. Far, far behind him the earth ed in the firmament, above his head glowed the Way, while all about the flickering blue, white of blessed souls whirled along with him on the Heaven. At least he hoped it was heaven; but

Man or Manners?

By Colby V. Dam
Haverford College

MRS. OLRY, a fat, lumbering matron, with an interior as lovely as her exterior is unlovely, belongs to the little noticed but very important army of cooks who help to feed New York's millions. Her place of business is a fifty-cent basement table d'hote on Twenty-second Street,—one of those small, home-like restaurants in a private house, where the daughters wait on table, the electric player jangles in one corner, and the family cat humps its back against the shins of the cosmopolitan patronage. Faithful toil and thrift have brought twenty tables instead of five and scattered the dim gloom of gas light with individual electric lamps and mirrors on the walls reflecting them. A new glass door with her name neatly painted on it is the last improvement for which Mrs. Olry has drawn on her small but growing surplus; and now, with some new linen, a few palms by the entrance, and the ceiling replastered, her adjoining rooms savor more of hotel excellence than boarding-house mediocrity.

Late one snowy December evening Mrs. Olry, weary with a day's work, peeped out the kitchen door and saw to her delight that there were only two diners left. One was a steady for dinners,—a young girl half-way

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the room; the other a man just beyond, whom
d not know, but whose presence she accredited
empty stomach and the glass door. He was eat-
e fish course, and the girl was nibbling at her

ure they'll soon be through!''' the cook mut-
heaving a sigh from her mighty bosom. ''Ma-
et two creams!''

mie, long, lean and freckled, left her dishes,
her hands, and obeyed her mother placidly.

rs. Olry, Mrs. Olry!'' a voice suddenly called
the dining-room.

proprietress appeared in the doorway and saw
an standing beside the girl's table, with his hand
e opposite chair. She started for him with fists
ed and eyes blazing.

nure, what do yer mean by botherin' a poor, de-
ess girl? I don't have no such actions in this

"Never mind. Do it for me, please, Mrs. Olry!" the girl coaxed eagerly.

Then, with an explosive sigh and a sarcastic formality, Mrs. Olry performed the desired social function.

"Mr. Lindle — Lindley, this is Miss Putnam." The two shook hands and he sat down, while Mrs. Olry trudged disgustedly back to the kitchen.

"What's gettin' into Laddie? Did you hear that stunt she put me through? Ain't she gettin' fussy? An' I thought he was makin' up to 'er against her will! Laddie's a queer 'un! Beyond me!"

Mamie washed in silence, while her mother set to filling the sugar bowls and salt cellars which covered the kitchen table. A sound of voices came from the dining-room.

"Jest a notion!" chuckled Mamie softly, "they're hittin' it off all right now. Laddie's feelin' like a real live lady tonight, isn't she? Introductions! That's rich!" She gave her dishcloth a vehement wring, and emptied the dish-pan.

"Take the cream in to 'em," ordered her mother.

Mamie gave the man a long, hungry look as she sat the dish before him.

"Thank you!" said Laddie, as if to hurry her while she brushed the table.

"Yer *welcome,* Laddie!" grinned the waitress, a sarcastic emphasis on "welcome."

"You seem to be at home in this little place!" Mr. Lindley observed graciously.

"Yes, I always come here. They're good to me," said Laddie.

she gave Mamie a tender smile, which that
eature considered she could well afford with a
ke that sitting opposite her.

in the kitchen Mamie bubbled excitedly to
her: "Say, he's some swell feller: did yer see
ss suit and them diamond shirt studs?"

e, I seen 'em; she met 'im through me," mut-
e cook proudly.

ch me hollerin' fer a knock-down if something
t sat down in front o' me."

ı ain't got no manners, anyhow, Mamie. It's
ou're homely. If you was good-lookin', there'd
oldin' you."

you think Laddie's good-lookin'?" inquired
keenly.

hink Laddie's good: that's all I care; an' the
lks think she's good-lookin': that's all they
n' I guess we're both right."

Mrs. Olry ambled up the back stairs to her room, and Mamie quietly took a seat just inside the dining-room to try and discover from Laddie a plan of campaign which would really bring results. Laddie's back was towards her, and Mr. Lindley did not notice her.

"How did you happen to be this far downtown?" Laddie was asking.

"My dear, I was detained at my lawyer's office and sent the car home to mother. I would have been late for dinner there, and was frightfully hungry, so I dropped into the first place I saw and there you were looking at me!"

"I'm not your dear, and I was not looking at you."

"Oh, it was perfectly natural that you should look. If I'd been an old lady or a newsboy, it would have been all the same," he replied easily.

"Then, why didn't you stay where you were?"

When Mamie heard the slow, deliberate question, an amused smile played on her lips.

"It seemed a shame for you and me to sit here, this miserable night, at opposite ends of the room, as mum as two clams. You're too pretty to be eating alone in a place like this."

"I hadn't noticed that until tonight."

He laughed.

"There are lots of things about ourselves that are so close to us that we can't get a good view of them, but I don't think beauty is one of these. Look!" he said, suddenly pointing. She turned her face quickly to the mirror beside her.

ow my point is proved!''

smiled back at him — a naive, provoking, half-
chful little smile, which Laddie alone had a
on. Then she suddenly grew serious and fixed
ze for a moment with her large brown eyes.

I look like the kind of girl whom you can sit
with and talk to without any — preliminaries?''

lley hesitated. He had an obstinate habit of
the truth because he liked to be original, but
s in earnest and he must proceed carefully: so
promised.

u didn't look very awful to approach,'' he
d. ''And yet I wasn't as surprised as I might
been, when you summoned the — policeman.''

t half as surprised as she was!'' murmured the
wly.

hy was that?''

ell, you see, she sort of looks out for me — and

"No, curious. But I'll tell you. I work in Wanamaker's, third floor back, ladies' imported underwear: we're very busy around Christmas. That's why I'm late tonight. Things are so mixed up when we close store, it takes forever to put them away."

"You don't sell any men's goods?" he inquired softly.

"At my counter? No, sir! Downstairs, first floor, last two aisles: this way, elevator on your left." She made a floorwalker's gesture, and they both laughed.

"You're an entertaining little thing for a store girl," he mused; "you know most of them are gum-chewing, harsh-voiced murderers of the English language."

"If you think that, you should keep away from us," she gently reproved.

"I don't mean you, Laddie — that's a pretty name, isn't it?"

"I have another one also," she answered, idly toying with a salt cellar.

"But you don't mind my calling you Laddie?" he exploded in genuine surprise.

"Did you ever call one of your 'real' friends by their first name as soon as you met them?" She puckered her brows in an accusing little frown, and looked him squarely in the eyes. Mamie gave a gasp back in her corner.

"Why, I never met any real friends just in this way. If you wish it, you shall be 'missed' to your

ontent." He spoke politely, without irrita-

don't mind. Call me Laddie: it fits me bet-
only a pickup: you're perfectly right."
he was light, and her lips smiled, but the man
omething bitter, almost tragic, behind the
brown eyes.
you? You seem better than that to me," he
sually.
?" she said quickly, in a voice that was at
r, grateful, and tinged with emotion. "But
deceptive," she continued playfully. "Tell
hing about yourself now. I've been furnish-
he information. You may be a gentleman
or a confidence man, or — or married, for
y."
ng so exciting, Laddie," he answered. "I'm

"You mean this painting has something else in it?" he urged, smiling.

"Yes, of course."

"What else has it?"

"Why, it has imagination, expression, appeal; you can hear the waves, see the glimmering of the yellow trail, and feel the salt breeze.—It's just alive, that's all!" She gave a convincing little gesture with her hands, which dispelled any doubt in Lindley's mind as to the artistic value of her picture.

"How did you learn all that behind a shirtwaist counter?" he exclaimed.

She laughed at him.

"You see, they're not private property, either the moon or the ocean: and everything that's public we store girls get wise to."

"You do, eh? That's interesting! How about the sun and the stars?" he inquired seriously.

"Now you're making fun of me. I've talked too much and I must get home. But I've enjoyed this. It's been much better than sitting alone this bum night."

She smiled at him frankly, and her little face, between the cheap hat and imitation fur collar, lighted up with a warmth that was undeniably sincere.

"I wish I had come up to you sooner. You see I didn't know Mrs. Olry, or I might have gotten her to—"

"Of course you didn't," she agreed. "It was all right."

elped her on with her coat; then, as she took
nall thread-bare purse, he stopped her.
no!'' he answered to her upturned eyes, ''this
reat.''
nk you so much. Good-bye.'' She gave him
warm handshake, and moved towards the door.
ey stood and watched her open it, felt a cold
snow-clad wind, and heard it shut behind her.
's a dear little thing!'' he muttered half aloud:
rning about, his eyes fell on Mamie at the far
the room.
as through with his dinner, and she made no
moving, so he sauntered up to her.
w much do I owe you?'' he asked.
watched him with an awe-struck stare from eyes
emed to say, ''Lord! Ain't he wonderful!''
she answered, lowering her glance confusedly:
ollar — if you're payin' for her, sir.''

"No, sir. None of us knows all about anybody: but I know she's been in here with a half a dozen different fellers and they don't all pay for her dinner and they don't none of 'em give me nothin'."

"She seldom comes alone?"

"No; and when she does, she ain't alone any longer'n she was tonight."

"Well, well, she didn't seem that kind," mused Lindley, as though disappointed not so much in her as in his own lack of judgment.

"Won't you sit down?" Mamie invited suddenly, with her softest, most seductive smile.

"No, thank you," he handed back coolly, and the smile sagged slowly to a droop of despair.

"I wonder why she wished to be introduced to me," he reflected absently.

"Jest for novelty!" Mamie retorted. Her feminine pride had lately been so battered and juggled with that now it could not stand more than one hard jolt without striking back. For this was the only weapon left to beat off the humility which otherwise would crush her beyond repair. Her tongue was keen, and if she could make others suffer too, her own bitterness was lightened accordingly.

Lindley walked back, put on his hat and coat and disappeared, leaving Mamie with the same dull, dreary pain in her breast which had been her portion since school-days, the pain of a girl who will not give up longing.

Laddie in the meantime was walking silently through the swirling storm to her little room on Nine-

Street. When she turned the corner into ay, it seemed more like three A. M. than nine A few buzzing taxis, a slow-moaning trolley d a struggling team or two came out of the or a moment, only to fade again behind the urtain. Their noise was strangely muffled by k, heavy-laden air, and the grind of the trol- d out as soon as they disappeared. The gleam street lamps struggled but a short distance the myriad dancing snowflakes that swept still, mad race. The stores were mostly closed rk. Those that were open stood shining and ied while the snow piled against their doors. he people on the sidewalks were wretched, for- ures, plodding aimlessly through a desert of ne walls which seemed to rear above them in g triumph over their exposure.

Judging from Laddie's open coat, bare hands

privilege of talking to her, whom she had met and parted with like a lady. Small wonder that the cold, the snow, and the staring strangers did not exist for her! "You seem better than that to me." She repeated those wonderful words over and over again. They meant something when said by a man like him. "I am better — am better," she told herself exultantly, and was still repeating it when she climbed the stairs to her fourth floor bedroom.

"Kitty, you here?" she said quickly, on entering into the darkness. Kitty mumbled an inaudible something from the further corner of a double bed and turned away from the light which Laddie had switched on. After removing hat and coat, she sat on the bed.

"Kid, I'm sorry if I woke you. But it's done now and I must tell you about him." She leaned over and shook the motionless figure next to the wall, in an effort to restore its fast fading consciousness: then she rolled it over like a dead thing, and Kitty slowly opened her eyes.

"What's bitin' you, Laddie? I'm tired. Turn out that damn light," she muttered sleepily.

"I met him at Mother Olry's. He paid for my dinner."

"I don't care. Get undressed," and with that she rolled back to the wall.

"He's got lots of money, a car, and diamond shirt studs. I was introduced to him, and he sat with me for a half an hour. I told him I worked, and he was just as nice as though I was an heiress. Oh, he's wonderful looking, Kitty!—dark, curly hair, a big broad

n a dress suit, with handsome eyes and oh, smile, and I'll never, never see him again.''
d sank dismally on her hands.
that ravin', and go to bed, will yer?'' growled angerously.
wo girls knew plenty of men, and such a girl- nantic outbreak would have sounded queer aytime, but at night, to Kitty's clouded, half- brain, it seemed wild as a babbling brook. l not lived with Laddie two years without reasonable confidence in her good sense. hey had picked each other out of the crowds hands and hearts as fellow fighters for a live- n a big city, Kitty had given Laddie's unso- ted mind a course in the elements of conduct ould pilot her through the storms that an un- d girl might have to weather. Laddie had on to the plan with all the keenness of youth

She, too, had her regular evenings out, but always with one man, who had more or less intention of marriage according as Kitty's judgment approved or disapproved of his unsteady manner of life. He drank a little, and Kitty, perched on an eternal water-wagon, was the goal towards which he in his sober hours was struggling. She, in a grim, rather superior way, had been a mother and sister and father to Laddie, whose ruddy cheeks and simple charm had caught her eye and won her sympathy from the beginning. She had warned her many times since, that her faith in people, and careless use of her free time, would land her so far in the hole some day that it would take a derrick to pull her out; for she would go out any evening anywhere with any man who had the slightest claims to his manhood. "Good night! Kitty," she would argue. "I'm young and alone and working. I can't be an old woman now. I'd rather be dead than never have any pleasure. These men at the store and restaurants are all I can meet. What choice have I?" Then Kitty would vainly try to explain the difference between going out with "a" man and with "any" man: to which Laddie would reply that she picked the best-looking ones, which was all any girl could do. Finally Kitty had persuaded her to eat at Mrs. Olry's, where that good old soul might keep an eye on the men that took a notion to her pretty face.

If Kitty could have known that she was kneeling beside the bed in her cotton nightgown on the bare, cold floor, praying that she might somewhere run into Lindley again, she would have turned over in her sleep

xed her ears. Laddie only prayed on important
ns, and only knelt on the most important. At
e arose slowly and crept in beside her room-

u play safe with your steady, old girl, but
ther take a chance, and maybe get beyond a
r,'' she muttered to the figure humped against
ll. A little later her lips drowsily found the
"You seem better than that to me! Yes, I
race, and if I can only find you again some
'll prove it to you;'' and in her last vague
ts of consciousness before she fell asleep, she
ly pictured an expensive restaurant, an eve-
own, soft-colored lights, music, immaculate
s gliding over a noiseless carpet, and finally
ting there opposite her, ordering up such a
hat she wanted to take home what she

run a thousand years before tossing them together again.

She sat up in bed and gave Kitty an unceremonious shake which brought her crashing down from the heights of a rosy dream to a sullen earth. While they were dressing in the shivering room Kitty, who usually preserved an ominous silence during this tiresome formality, came out with a statement which took all the strength from Laddie's knees and brought her on to the bed with a bounce.

"I'm goin' to get married: suppose I might as well tell you now," she announced calmly, with her comb poised above her head.

"Oh, Kitty, how could you!" Laddie exclaimed desperately, after the full significance of the fact had dawned on her.

"Well, why shouldn't I get married? Other people do it; in fact, it's quite common: you didn't think I'd been runnin' round with Bill all this time for my health, did you?"

"I thought it was for his health. You don't really love him, do you, Kitty?" she asked, with painful reluctance.

"No; but he loves me, and I'm not goin' to grow wrinkled and gray waitin' on people: then get turned out 'cause I'm too old. I wouldn't marry the best man on earth, Laddie, if I didn't see a black cave of wretchedness in front of me where I'm afraid to enter alone. I've got a little money now, but s'pose I got sick and had to stop work."

"And what about me?" The white figure on the

d out two small bare arms in earnest en-

ever get will be yours—always, Laddie. You
at."
n't want your money, I want you! You'll
ter you marry him, and I'll be alone," cried
mphatically.
ss I'll have the say about whose I am, and
'm not," retorted Kitty ominously. "He'll
say or he don't get me, that's sure."
l get drunk again after he's married you,"
murmured dolefully.
he won't."
l spend all your money."
e won't!"
l get tired of you, and be looking for other

he won't."

"A man's good enough for any woman that he loves."

"What!" Laddie almost yelled. "What was that? Kitty, you've turned crazy. I'd as soon see you marry the dago fruit man at the corner!"

Kitty turned on her with yearning eyes.

"Laddie," she replied, "I'd sooner see *you* married to him, than trotting beside some man you're not married to."

"Nonsense! I'm out of the cradle; I'm in earnest about this: we've been together for years! I can't live by myself. I'd die of loneliness. He's not worth breaking up house for, Kitty! Truly he isn't!"

Kitty combed in silence for a time; then she came to Laddie, tilted her face so that their eyes met, and said with sudden tenderness:

"You're young, Laddie. I'm not. Remember that! This city is full of girls who didn't marry or who couldn't. You can tell 'em when you see 'em. A few of them are happy, but most of them are wretched. They slave away till they're too feeble to keep up the mad pace of the younger ones, and then they die without enough money to bury them. If a man loves you and is worth anything at all it's better to marry him, Laddie. You can fight for the best in him, and make something out of him, or else go the other way along with him. Then at least you've done something; you've made an attempt and failed; your life hasn't been work, eat and sleep till you go crazy with the monotony of it,

g that all you mean to the world is six dol-
eek, and you, and a hundred others like you,
p out of existence without the girls on the
or above knowing it. If there's one solitary
out of six million whose heart beats with the
y and pain as yours, Laddie, it makes New
el like a different place."

n you're marrying him because you're afraid
old alone! Choice of two evils, isn't it?"
Laddie, tapping the floor with one bare foot.
didn't need to say that!" muttered Kitty
gly.

ie bit her lip, and her eyes burned with a
g of tears.

l, I feel it," she said slowly with head hung.
ve to find someone else. I can't live alone.
I never thought of your marrying. You're
after me for the men I go round with and I

ting, hands folded, feet kicking, without the vaguest notion of dressing.

"Get dressed, you lazy kid. I suppose you're eating an imaginary breakfast that an imaginary maid has brought you: but you're still a store girl in spite of your millionaire dreams. If you don't work you don't eat. Come on! Move!"

Laddie arose and mechanically slipped into her clothes. She walked quietly about the untidy room, with a lost, self-absorbed air, as though her eyes were searching beyond the four gloomy walls into a grim, uncertain future. Kitty was, for her, the foundation of all human relationship,—the one necessary and unchanging factor in the shifting hopes and disappointments of a department store existence. The million unseeing eyes, and the million uninterested hearts which she encountered on all sides and in which she did not exist, caused her life to be so close to the one soul who shared it, that separation could scarcely be conceived of.

"What'll I do? What'll I do?" she murmured perplexedly, as she finally pinned on her hat.

"You can live with me as long as you want to, dear," Kitty consoled, with a good-natured hug. "We've only been together two years, but it seems as if I'd known you two lifetimes. There's something in a city that makes friends like that; sympathy, I guess, to make up for the extra unhappiness of so many people all together: the more crowds, the more competition; the more competition, the

poverty. Me for the country some day if I
o live in a tent, and peddle vegetables!''
hen are you going to be married?'' demanded
, meditating.
a couple of weeks, when he gets his next
's pay: and you'll be maid of honor, without
nor. It'll be a very quiet wedding.''
ll be a funeral for me,'' answered Laddie.
ordinary weeks went cavorting by in true
York style. Laddie waited, nourishing an
stic belief that something would happen. The
ning came as follows:
as a Saturday morning. A stiff-legged floor-
r passed Laddie's counter at regular inter-
gnorant of the forbidden magazine which her
ast eyes were devouring. She had been idle
veral hours. The hand-embroidered and im-
l lingerie on the fifth floor, found buyers only

"I speak very clearly," replied the customer, eyeing the girl with lofty displeasure.

She was a tall, pompous person, peering with a bored languor through gold lorgnettes at Laddie, who was vaguely speculating at the market value of her gown.

"What is the price of this?" she demanded airily, fingering a dainty creation of Irish lace which the girl had shown her.

"Twelve dollars, mam," Laddie replied casually, letting her glance fall from the woman's face to her diamond-clad breast.

"I like them. Send me half a dozen, size 40. Mrs. J. R. Lindley, 448 Riverside Drive; will you have them there by tonight?"

Laddie's eyes lifted to meet her glance squarely.

"Why—yes, mam—but—how's Horace?"

Then she smiled sweetly as though she were asking, "And how is the dear baby?" of some proud new mother. Of course it was only a chance, but they were rare in New York, so Laddie always took them.

The two words, from their effect, might have been "presto-change." The lorgnettes dropped, the eyes narrowed, the flabby cheeks contracted, and the two scant eyebrows puckered ominously.

"I beg your pardon, girl! Is it possible that you're inquiring after my son's health!"

"I wasn't sure if he was your son, madam. There were so many in the telephone book; but he looked as if he lived on Riverside Drive."

ngered on the last phrase and Mrs. Lind-
e registered horror.
ssible! Yon don't know him, a common
l! I think you're lying!" She darted a
nce into Laddie's eager eyes.
not lying, Mrs. Lindley," she answered
. "I had dinner with him one evening!
his car and made him late getting home,
yed down town."
't believe it!" the indignant mother gasped
. "Did he make love to you?" she asked,
hiver passed through her over-dressed body.
e didn't; that's why I liked him," replied
ith a calmness which belied her throbbing
flushed cheeks.
where did you meet him?" the woman de-
with a fierce glare which said, as plainly

Laddie took the blow calmly, but her cheeks paled and her eyes flashed fire as she exclaimed quietly:

"So low? A rather hasty judgment, isn't it? I'll have them up by six. Thank you, madam."

Then the girl bowed politely and returned the change to her very angry and somewhat bewildered customer: but when she saw the large figure sink out of sight in the elevator her mouth slowly twisted into a grimace.

"Lord, how can he have a mother like that!" she muttered perplexedly.

Two days passed and Laddie began to believe that her "presto change" question had been nothing but a crazy impulse, which could not possibly have helped matters. Lindley was rapidly becoming a memory, and that memory was becoming confused and glorified by a haze of thought pictures which her imaginative mind had built around him. But on the third evening she sat in her accustomed place at Mrs. Olry's, where she had eaten regularly since the memorable stormy night, and was just about to swallow a spoonful of soup when Lindley's figure appeared outside the door, and the soup fell back into the plate. As he came up the aisle, tall, strong, smartly dressed, with his face wearing the same genial, thoughtful smile which she had admired the former evening, he seemed very wonderful to Laddie: and when he stood by her table, removed his hat, and said "Good evening," it was a small far-away voice that answered his greeting. He sat down opposite her and his face sobered instantly.

me here tonight to try to find you, and tell
at a foolish girl you have been," he began

ie flushed and her ears began to buzz horri-
ndley's tone was earnest, almost angry, and
he might she could not lift her eyes to meet
longer she kept her lashes lowered the more
like a scolded child. Lindley paused, and
ed:
on't know what gods of chance conspired
me and led my mother to the fifth floor of
aker's, when she rarely shops there: but I do
is, that your very kind solicitation after my
as put me in most horribly wrong. I would
id that you were possessed of a little more

very sorry," murmured Laddie wretchedly.

means whatever, come between Lindley and his fiancée.

"You deceived me by not telling me," Laddie declared with a terrific attempt at calmness. "I did not suppose that a gentleman such as you seem to be, would care to talk to strange girls if he were engaged to a girl he loved."

Her eyes challenged his with an injured, half-accusing glance and Lindley looked away. He was thoughtful for a moment and his lips moved nervously.

"You know as well as I," he argued, "that our dealings were purely platonic."

"I told her that."

"You did?"

"Yes; she thought I was lying. I wonder if she thinks all store girls are liars. We have a bad rep. with the upper classes, haven't we? They read too much, and know too little about us, I'm afraid. Our names get in the papers when we have gone astray or committed suicide, but the thousand good ones are never mentioned."

"Perhaps so. But listen! What I came to say is this: Neither my mother nor her opinion of me are all that they might be. She thinks I'm a hopeless scapegrace, and that none of me is worth anything except one or two minor characteristics that I get from her. Here's the point! Mother is not going to say anything to Julia about you and me, if you or I can prevent it! I'm sorry this has happened,

and if you will help me out of it, I'll see that
't lose by it."
're very kind!" said Laddie, trying to hide
rness in her tone. It was rather a tragedy
to smooth the path for her hero to travel
tar with another girl.
lia heard anything of this, it would annoy
tly," continued Lindley. "You know what
when she's in love."
ow!" said Laddie understandingly.
, you and I are going to mother and tell
kly the truth, that we had supper together,
d casually for half an hour and parted sup-
forever. Is that not the truth?"
" Laddie agreed meekly, thanking God that
not read her thoughts. "But won't we
tell her about tonight too?"

"If we get together we can make her believe anything," declared the precocious son.

The pair finished their dinner under the malicious gaze of Mamie, who sulked jealously in the rear, and were soon whirling uptown in a taxi: for Lindley declared that there could be no delay, since his ever suspicious mother had reached that peculiar stage of silence and sighs which forestalls a general explosion of feminine emotion. His disagreements with her, he declared, had lately sounded more like the quarrels of married couples than ever before, for they knew each other so horribly well that every scathing sentence sounded old and hackneyed, and every point of difference had been worn threadbare years before.

Laddie sat back in the dark cab, oblivious of the clang of the streets and the lights of Broadway. She was happy to be alone beside Lindley, yet trembling within, at the thought of the scene that was to come. She had decided one thing, that prayers on her knees paid good interest. She had found Lindley again almost by a miracle, and felt strangely sure that she was sailing up Broadway on Wings of Faith, which could not carry her astray.

She listened spell-bound while he talked of himself; of Julia, whom she had learned to hate thoroughly; of travel, of New York, of business, and, last and most, of herself: then the car stopped and Laddie stepped out before a gaily lighted house with a wide piazza around it. For a moment the strangeness of her situation and a sense of unfitness

urroundings made her courage sink, but she
eeth, swallowed three times, and followed
ike hero up to the stately entrance. Inside
brief but dazzling impression of rich furni-
nese screens, and shining silverware: then
ndley saying:
way, Laddie; mother's in the library."
passed through the door, she remembered
ngs on entering the operating room when
her appendix removed. She saw the old
ng by a reading lamp at the center table,
vspaper fallen to the floor, eyebrows scowl-
as they were, and mouth wide with sur-
addie wondered incongruously, whether she
ve looked any fiercer if she were suddenly
nce her engagement to Lindley.
t's this mean, Horace?" she piped shrilly.
are you bring that shopgirl into my house?"

Mrs. Lindley winked several times, pursed her lips spitefully, and addressed Laddie:

"Why don't you stay behind the counter where you belong instead of worming your way into decent society?" she demanded in a moaning tone which was a cross between reproof and condescending advice. Then, turning a shrewd glance on the other member of the rebellious pair, she addressed her son:

"Horace, I've known you twenty-five years," she snapped, "and you can't tell me, after all your tantrums with girls since you put on knickerbockers, that you've suddenly reached the stage when you will force acquaintance with a shopgirl, take her to dinner, and still conduct yourself in a way befitting a man who is engaged to a girl of your fiancée's station in society. If such be the case, it doesn't speak well for your intellect!"

"Nor for mine!" observed Laddie, with whimsical quietness.

"Then you think we are both liars," said Lindley coldly.

"It looks that way," declared Mrs. Lindley raspingly. Then she sniffed stubbornly and picked up her paper, while the pair looked at each other.

"Mr. Lindley, may I have a few words alone with your mother?" Laddie asked suddenly.

"Certainly!" said the son, in puzzled surprise.

He withdrew quietly, and Laddie calmly pulled up a chair and sat down beside the bewildered mother, who, in spite of her austerity, was taken

at the thought of a private interview with
she considered little better than a street-
r: for she was a "poor old rich lady" who
red humanity by its family name and its bank
nt, and for whom the working class were mere-
jects for charity, and long-distance sympathy.
am very sorry your son has taken a fancy to
ut really I couldn't help it," Laddie began

ell?" ejaculated the suspicious listener.
n also sorry that chance let you find us out."
irl's tone was a beautiful imitation of a sincere
sion. "I took a liking to your son the minute
eyes on him in the restaurant. He's a fine-
g man, you know, and I thought he was some
p stuff; so when he asked if he could sit with
l have been a fool to say no, now, wouldn't I?

he was very handsome with the firelight on his face, and his manners were so gentle and considerate of a girl's feelings. He kept asking me if he might kiss me and naturally I was crazy to let him, but it doesn't pay to give in too soon. Of course I finally yielded and let him take me in his arms. You know how young people are, Mrs. Lindley! You were young yourself once and forgot sometimes what the world said you must do, and did as you felt. Now please don't scold him or tell Julia about it, because he couldn't help it any more than I could."

During this charming tale Mrs. Lindley's fat face had been going through such a series of contortions that Laddie had found difficulty in refraining from laughter.

"Tell Julia! How do you know her name?" demanded the exasperated old lady.

"He told me all about her, and said if he had been free and never met Julia he might perhaps—"

"He declared he did not make love to you," she interrupted in a trembling voice.

"Naturally he wouldn't confess it to you, of all people," answered Laddie with an air of superior understanding. "Don't tell him I told you this, will you?" she added.

"Bah!" shrieked the old lady, in a full-fledged explosion. "It's lies, lies! every word of it lies! Horace, Horace, come here, my boy!" she called shrilly.

The son, who had been quietly smoking in the billiard room, hurried to the call, while Laddie arose,

y insulted, and faced him with all the dignity
ured pride of an outraged coquette.
ley cast a hurried glance first at her, then at
her.
race," informed Laddie tartly, "I told your
about the wonderful hours we spent together
little sofa, and she says it's lies. Mind you,
ve of it! Lies!"
l so it is 'lies,' " declared Lindley furiously.
e never been near that girl's house and don't
ven where she lives. I brought her here to
truth and this is what I get for it. Once for
ther, I had no dealings with her beyond an
y conversation. It's my word against hers.
oose, by Heaven, which will you believe?"
ny boy! my boy!! I believe you," wept the
y weakly. "You've got something fair and

"Don't worry, mother; I shan't disgrace either you or myself."

Thus he left the excited old lady with her paper and her thoughts. He found Laddie leaning against the outer door, patiently awaiting him.

"Well, you fooled me all right," he said in a low tone. "What did you tell her?"

She looked up with a queer, pained expression, and gazed earnestly at Lindley's face.

"She would not believe the truth, so I told her lies about you and me—and pretended to try to win her to my side of the question; then she saw I was as common as she thought I was, and became willing and glad to believe that my lies were lies. That's the way you've got to handle a woman like her, Horace, but it's a mean job! She has forgiven you. That is all you needed me for. Good-bye!"

It took all the courage she possessed to extend her hand to him, but she held it there, giving him ample opportunity to leave her for all time.

"You little wonder!" he exclaimed slowly, ignoring her hand. "Yet she thinks you're as low as they come, and I might as well tell her that the sun won't rise in the morning as to try to make her believe otherwise."

His lips curled in a half-tender, half cynical smile as he looked back toward the library.

"What can you do with people like her, Laddie?"

"Nothing except to try and not be like them," said Laddie so seriously that he thought her fine eyes were filling with tears.

e, I'll take you home," he declared with uddenness. Seizing her hand, he pulled her e steps. Before they reached the sidewalk resistance was overcome.

ought to leave me now," she warned as they aiting for a taxi. "You promised your _"

n, child!" he laughed. "Don't advise me. to live my own life, and you're not going one."

e silently blessed him, and resigned herself ree conscience to whatever the future might her.

they halted before her boarding-house reached up without hesitation and paid the Laddie was not slow to take the hint.

not very late; won't you come in? It isn't autiful, but—" she stopped, thankful that

pleasant realities which humanity is too cowardly, too lazy, or too proud to face. It was a normal process, he thought, to measure each being with whom he came in contact, beside the men or women who had climbed the highest toward his own ideal: for Lindley, being one of those unfortunate unbalanced souls who have the insight to see far beyond the point they have the strength to reach, was considered inconsistent, unsettled, and sometimes utterly lawless by some of his more easy-going companions. They could not quite comprehend the intricate mental construction of a man who could lean over the bar, glass in one hand, bottle in the other, and discuss the social evils of his sex with a straight face. And so Lindley, smiling inwardly at himself, a trifle careless of the future, a trifle uncertain of the present, seized the rusty iron railing firmly, and climbed up the steps.

In the tiny hallway she reached and turned up the gas. They unconsciously looked at each other, and laughed. Behind Laddie's bright, tender eyes was the thought, "Kitty, old girl, he's here, dropped out of the millions. Three days! God made pretty good time."

"Hang your hat there," she said quite simply. "Try to forget you're in a ten-dollar boarding-house, and I'll try to help you."

"Why—this is fine—" he exclaimed with an effort.

"So it is, to some people," she murmured, opening the door into a neat, but cheaply furnished, sitting-room. In the fireplace the embers had died to

red glow, which cast vague shadows on the
icture-covered walls. She leaned over and
the fire while Lindley stood motionless in the
ound, and watched her thoughtfully. After
coaxing the flames danced up and she invited
sit by her on a gaily colored, old-fashioned
ith a high back and springs that accurately
ced the slightest shift of weight. He sat
ingerly, folded his arms and stared at the
ggedly.

our mother could only see you now," mused
with a rueful smile, "she'd disown you or
e you treated for insanity."

good to be a little insane sometimes, Laddie.
ne is too rational these days: they run it into
und. The world is over-laden with people
'nice and normal,' and as dull as a London

"You know women are eternally curious," she broke in softly. "Why did you come home with me to-night?"

"Why?" he hesitated. "I guess it was habit. You were a girl—and girls ought not to travel alone at night, in this city. It's sort of second nature to take a girl home, you know."

"But I'm used to going home alone. I can take care of myself," she laughed. "And why did you come in? Was that habit too?"

"No, Laddie, I didn't want to leave you so early, to be quite frank—I wasn't sleepy."

"Oh, that was mean!" she said in a low tone. "You didn't come in because you weren't sleepy, but because I prayed to God that you would."

Lindley darted a careful glance at her averted face and saw that she had spoken earnestly.

"Did you really!" he exclaimed, astonished. "Well, I'm glad I'm here: yet I don't know why I came. I never dreamed of it when I left home. I pitied you at my house. You were brave and suffering and helpless. I was a stranger, and you did more to get me out of trouble than some girls would do for their lovers."

"Not more than I would do—"

She checked herself and he filled in her sentence.

"For mine, you were going to say?"

"Why—yes," she admitted confusedly, turning away.

Lindley studied for a moment, the squatting, shadowy figure beside him, and wondered how such

eing could so completely fill a room for him. drawn her feet up beneath her skirt and ng perched like an Egyptian goddess before flame. He felt that the room, the dusky of picture frames, the monotonous clock in er, and even the squeaky couch which bore ht, had all drifted far into the back of his sness, leaving a shining head, set on a divine k, alone in the foreground.

do you sit that way? It's bad for the cir-" he declared suddenly to break the silence nental soarings and bring them back to

habit!" she retorted briefly, and then ickedly at the annoyed look on his face. talked on while the fire arose to its height, and finally sank into glowing ashes. Each nutes brought Laddie's temperament into

down town to see one of our girls who was sick. She lives all alone in a mean little room with half the paper off the wall. She had had the doctor, and the woman who owned the house was taking care of her. Well, the last time I went there no one answered the bell, so I walked in and went upstairs to Betty's room. I opened the door and saw a man leaning over her bed with his arms about Betty, kissing her. He stood up quickly as I entered. Betty blushed red, and it was the only color I had seen in her cheeks in a month. The man left, mumbling excuses. Betty said he was the doctor who had been so good to her and loaned her money to tide her over her sick spell. Well, I was suspicious right away. I saw some harmless looking pills on the table by her bed. She said they were a headache medicine that he had given her. I took them home with me and paid to have them analyzed. They were morphine, pure and simple, just enough to keep her laid up so that he could make love to her undisturbed. Well, that doctor's in jail now and Betty's well and working. She couldn't afford a good doctor—so you see what girls like us run into. But I'd rather have saved Betty from him than have a ten dollars' raise in my salary."

"That was a good job," Lindley exclaimed. "If I ever did anything like that I'd think I was a hero."

"You would be if you had the chance!" said Laddie worshipfully. "Julia probably wants to marry a hero. Most girls do."

sh you would not speak of her. I have man-
forget her, and I should think you might."
it been such hard work?" she asked, with
e meaning.
ey was silent. This girl knew too much.
n't safe. She was "deliberately friendly":
r, she was infernally pretty just at that
Her surroundings did not touch her any more
leaden setting dulls the brilliance of a dia-
A palace was none too good for her that
Yet what had Mamie said about "any fel-
y time!" Were the two facts reconcilable?
his judgment was better than hers. Be-
irls were fiendishly jealous of a little good
Why not ask her?
the way," he began discreetly, "is Mamie,
at the restaurant, a friend of yours?"
Why?" was her truly feminine answer.

tone. "Well, perhaps it's true! There are few of the men I know that I admire. I go with them because I want a good time, to be quite frank. They don't mean anything to me beyond that. I knew you were different from them at first glance. I saw how cheap their manners and methods were beside yours. I saw a vision of the girls you must know and associate with, and longed to be like them. I was afraid of my clothes, afraid of my English, afraid of my whole self, except my earnest desire to make myself over to meet you on your own level."

Lindley was touched by this tribute so artlessly paid, and felt keenly how little he deserved it. He was trying to conjure up a plausible answer when Laddie, too nervous to sit still, jumped up and stirred the sleeping fire. She was thinking that he would soon be gone, probably forever. Her eye caught the time on the mantel clock. 11.30! How the evening had flown! Still Lindley kept silent. Surely a speech such as that, deserved some reply. Perhaps she hadn't said anything unusual, after all. Perhaps—

But the couch had squeaked and Lindley had arisen unheeded. Laddie felt strong hands on her shoulders. She swayed lightly and then for a few eternal seconds her thin shoes brushed the floor of Paradise while Lindley took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I must go. It's late," he said briefly, on releasing her.

pe we can see each other again,'' ventured
timidly, eyes shining and cheeks aglow.
at moment the door was slowly thrust open
ttie's head and shoulders emerged through
k.
e in, Kittie!'' said Laddie, quickly recovering

intruder came slowly forward, carrying a
per in one hand and staring at the couple
k astonishment.
you're late, kid, aren't you? Who is he?''
uired, absorbing Lindley from head to foot.
s the one I told you about, Kittie. Remem-
Ir. Lindley, I—''
at!'' cried Kittie, stepping back in horrified
. ''Ye gods! what's he doing here? He's
o be married to-morrow.''

"She has been out of town for a short time and returns to-morrow morning."

Kittie looked him up and down and gave a disgusted little sniff at Laddie.

"When I get married to Bill, he won't spend his last evening with any girl unless it's me."

"But she's away—" attempted Laddie, trying to protect Lindley from the scathing criticism which she forsaw in Kittie's tone and manner.

"Any man rich or poor who stays till twelve o'clock at night with one girl, and marries another one the next day, isn't worth much. Read this!"

She thrust the paper into Laddie's passive hands and bounced out of the room.

"What do you think about that, Laddie?" suddenly asked the man in question.

But for the moment Laddie seemed to have lost her tongue. Her jealousy of Julia had been temporarily forgotten under the potent spell of his presence. It came back now with all the impulsiveness of a sensitive girl. He was hopelessly cold-blooded, that was certain: and yet—

"I think you must be a very funny man," she answered at length.

"So I am," he agreed calmly.

"Why didn't you, why didn't your mother tell me you were to be married so soon? It would have saved this—this trouble," she faltered.

"Mother wouldn't tell you anything. She was horrified because you even knew Julia's name: and I—I didn't think it would help matters."

wonder! Do you love her?" demanded the redulously.

much as I can love any one, Laddie."

't talk in riddles. What's that mean?"

means that I need a wife both to hold me nd boost me up: and I know that she will be one."

't that awful!" exclaimed Laddie angrily. e as bad as Kittie. She needs a husband. 'If loves you and is worth anything at all, it's o marry him.' That's what she says."

haps Julia says that too," smiled Lindley .

ddie's heart there was a dead weight,—the aching void left when an ideal is torn out roots. He was no god-like hero after all, a very human man with plenty of money

Then she led him into the hall, gave him his hat, and opened the door.

"Good night, and good luck to you to-morrow and afterwards. Thanks for bringing me home, Horace."

"Good night. I hope you'll meet him some day, Laddie."

They shook hands in the doorway, and as his figure disappeared into the darkness she felt that she had spent the evening with a weird combination of a man and a coward. Then gradually she began to see a certain wild scheme to his nature. He was not altogether without order or reason. He had something of the artist, and something of the cold thinker in him. "Funny man to be getting married!" she mused.

When she returned to the empty parlor to turn out the light, her mind was unconsciously reaching out to follow him home. A voice within kept clamoring through her outward pride for mental recognition, and saying, "You love him: strength, weakness and all." She had built a god out of him and worshipped him at a distance. She had longed for him with that desire for the unattainable which tortures a baby who cries for the moon. Then, when she had him beside her, and felt herself in his arms against the heart that another girl thought was hers alone, there came a strange reaction. He came down from his throne in her mind, and walked with other men. In the beginning he was a gentleman. For that she adored him. But was a gentleman always

"His brain doesn't rule him. He isn't willed or he never would have come home e to-night," she pondered regretfully half- the stairs. It did not seem possible that a ith any self-respect could put his arms about girl, or even be alone with her on the night his marriage; perhaps he just had money and s, with a character that was easy prey for a face or flirting eyes: he was horribly used to hich could easily be seen by his calm, natural of approach in the restaurant. "I may have st amusement for him all the time. Now his turned on me, I may never have existed to erhaps Julia is a good, sweet girl and is de- n him. Perhaps—perhaps lots of things; but entleman and I won't believe them."

these thoughts pouring through her mind,

Mrs. Lindley's words thrown at her from Kittie's lips.

"Now that I'm engaged to Bill, do you think I'd look at another man edgeways? The night before he's married! O Lord! Those society folks are all rotten."

"He's not rotten," shouted Laddie viciously. "He's a gentleman."

"Then give me laborers!" muttered Kittie, jumping into bed.

That night Kittie's maledictions persistently dogged Laddie's brain. They danced in ugly shapes across the dark threshold of her closed eyes. There was truth in them, for otherwise they could not linger. The scorn of a best friend, whether justified or not, was no trivial weapon against any opponent, were it a man or a new hat. Kitty not only did not care for Lindley, she despised him as being utterly inferior. Laddie too began to doubt his sincerity in spite of herself. The meeting, the game she had played, the marriage,—the whole affair seemed so fabulous, that it cast a veil of mistrust over the man himself. Yet he had been very wonderful—a new type, a superman to her, and she hated to acknowledge him a fake. The men that were allotted to her by society or by circumstances were of an infinitely low order. They took all that she would give of her time and of herself, and gingerly paid their tainted money for it. They left scarce room for that reverence born of admiration and love that lets the mind reach beyond the human and

ts object into a half divine thing which fills requirements of a hungry soul.

why should she expect so much of Lindley? ad made no claims for himself. "What men ood fellow and I call a well-dressed dummy," t a very extravagant statement of his worth. honest in spite of his faults. Perhaps it was for him to kiss *her* on the night before he arried and yet be sincere about it. He had espectful to a fault. Never by word or deed let her feel that she was beneath him in the scale: he had weighed her opinions, listened arguments, and conversed as thoughtfully as she were a life-long friend: then he had her as though she were more than that. she fell asleep she determined to go to the g. It was something to see him again, even

lifted her arm to take down her new tailored suit from its hook when the inexorable Kitty, still in bed, demanded where she was going. It was no use hiding facts from Kitty, for she could look straight through Laddie's liquid brown eyes and tell her the minutest details of what was going on behind them.

"To the wedding," said Laddie, trying to be casual.

"Then on a little trip with the bride and groom to Honolulu or Cuba or maybe to the Orient, eh? He doesn't want you at the wedding, dear child! Your very presence will be a nightmare to him, if he should happen to see you in the crowd."

"Why?" demanded Laddie, in nervous perplexity.

"Because even society men have a little code of their own which says that store girls, charming though they may be at night, are not to be cultivated in the day time; and above all must not be seen at weddings lest they recall memories which, at that particular ceremony, would not sit well on the smiling brow of the groom."

"He invited me and I'm going," declared Laddie with final emphasis.

"What shall I tell them at the store?"

"Tell them I'm sick: tell them anything."

Then Laddie, after purchasing new shoes and gloves and making herself as charming as she could, attended the Lindley wedding on Fifth Avenue. When she climbed the wide, low steps, and saw the

g machines and beautifully gowned women
by faultlessly attired men, she felt very
cant. But something akin to socialism
p within her and told her that she was as
they. She marched boldly into the vast sea
. The church was already half full and
ty spaces were rapidly disappearing. The
eemed occupied, so she slipped up unnoticed
k a seat on the aisle where she might get a
ew of the coming sacrifice and feel the full
r her foolish infatuation. She waited pa-
casting furtive glances behind her for a
limpse of the bridegroom. Then she remem-
at the pair would not appear till the last
nd calmed herself with the amazing thought
these fashionable men and women about her
sembled for the man who had spent the
ast evening in her little room. She thought

like a funeral! She had a longing desire to fade away under the seats, unnoticed and unknown.

The wedding march burst the air mightily from the full lungs of a tremendous organ, and drove Laddie's fears down her throat in one big gulp. She cast a hurried glance behind and saw Lindley leading his bride up the aisle, followed by a cavalcade of ushers and bridesmaids. They passed and she caught a brief glimpse of the bride's profile. "Oh, she's glorious!" murmured Laddie softly; and all during the service the picture of a white-veiled angel, beautiful as the dawn, kept flitting before her fanciful eyes. The ceremony progressed in a dead hush of the church. As the moments drew near to the meek but mighty contract, Laddie had an ordinate desire to cry. Some emotion more magnanimous than jealousy made her pity the bride. How could Lindley speak last night as he did of that wonderful girl? How and why could he "manage to forget her," on his last night as a single man? How that lovely face would burn with anger and humiliation if the bride suddenly knew that the man she was swearing to love, honor and obey had last night kissed one of Wanamaker's host of employees! If that girl could not keep Lindley faithful, with beauty, education and money, what hope had Laddie of being more than a passing amusement furnished for the moment by time and place?

The bride was being given away by a tall, venerable gentleman. The ropes were beginning to tighten around the pair and the knot would soon be inevita-

. At last when the faint murmur of assent om both of them, Laddie closed her eyes ted to cry out, "Wait! He's a dummy, a ssed dummy, by his own confession."

s all quickly over. They were coming down e and this time Lindley was on the inside Laddie. Every step of the way her eyes nsfixed on his face. It was calm, handsome, ntly smiling. He was just in front of her eir glances met, held and shifted. Laddie but not a trace of recognition flashed in 's eyes and not a muscle of his face moved. nodded at others as he passed, but Laddie ave been a beggar in the street for all he her.

vas staggered, and a shiver ran the whole f her spine. She drew in a deep breath and Suddenly she became frightened at her

never known till they were crushed. There were no real gentlemen after all. If they were fine on the outside, their characters were pulpy!

She noticed that people were leaving. Some one was trying to get past her into the aisle. She arose and joined the departing throng, determined to give up all faith and take it for granted that each man she met was merely animal flesh and to be treated as such.

The sidewalk was massed. She stood listless and disinterested in the shadow of a pillar, vaguely wondering what she should do next. The gnawing pain would not leave her. It dragged heavily at her heart. The restless uncertainty of it nagged her. All the world seemed vain and useless through one man's contempt for her; all effort, ambition, accomplishment and victory were smothered by the drab curtain of doubt. Kitty was right. If he had even been posing as a man, he would not have gone home with her: yet something beyond reason, in the far recesses where instinct lives, fought for faith with the fierceness of a last resort. There was no halfway in the stress of the moment. He was either all that a man could be in honor, chivalry, and strength, or he was nothing: she was not quite sure which. A fearful curiosity prompted her to try and find out.

* * * * *

She saw the machines leaving. Where were they all going, surely to the reception? Why should she not go? The two ceremonies were branches of the

unction. She had been invited to one; why other? She had no machine, but there were cars.

nething may happen; I can't go away feeling s. I'll never love any man if I do," she pon- then with eager steps and new enthusiasm rted away from the crowd and hastened n to Sixth Avenue. She found the bride's ad- n a drug store phone book and boarded an n car. Within fifteen minutes she stood be- the sheltered entrance of Mrs. Horace 's parental home.

ng line of cars was throbbing impatiently to ge their occupants at the door and whirl Laddie hesitated. She knew that she was to do a crazy deed and with quick-breathed sness she tried to measure whether she were o it. It would take courage and presence of

It was a matter of faith in all mankind, for if the best that she had ever found was nothing but a pretty imitation—a glass diamond—what was the use of virtue, of honesty, of poverty and all that goes to make clean living? If he had refused and been ashamed to speak to her, where was there any reward for fighting to be decent, for everlastingly putting men off, for the sincere desire for refinement—that he had awakened in her?

She weighed the situation carefully and chose the lesser of two evils: it was better to take the chance of shame than to run away and hide with a frightful cynicism that might lead her to a worse fate—that of utter abandon.

She took a firm grip on herself and walked in the doorway. The hall was crowded with a laughing, happy throng of every age, size and appearance. She stood breathless: she was in full view, but no one noticed her. Her hand rested unconsciously on a piece of furniture. It was an overloaded hat-rack. Seeing that they were all without hats and coats, she removed hers. She tried to think what she should do or say should any one speak to her: but thoughts would not come. She only knew that she must see him, cost what it might. After a moment it became evident that he was not in the hall. The receiving line, of course! She moved along the wall as inconspicuously as possible. Her course dislodged several men, and a fat, overdressed woman. Laddie recognized Mrs. Lindley, turned her face to the wall, and almost fainted. She stumbled on.

happened, so she concluded she had not cognized. In the long, stately parlor the was equally confusing. She saw a tiny black ite maid.

here a receiving line?'' she asked in a whis-

maid looked at her with a puzzled smile.
ma'am, at the other end,'' she pointed.
Laddie caught a glimpse of the bridal pair ng a line of some fifteen people with hand and laughter. Others were casually taking ace at one end, and Laddie joined them. How ly slowly the line crawled! She watched the eceive a blushing kiss or a loving embrace, ndley a few feet apart from her, beaming nely, and perfectly at ease. She saw visions uoyancy crumpling, and his smile straighten- erly when his eye should fall on her; but still

"Where were you?" he inquired mildly.

"On the aisle. I looked at you and you looked through me as though you had never seen me before."

"Bless you, Laddie," he laughed, taking her hand in both of his, "I never saw you, dear child. Smile and forgive me!"

"I—I can't smile," said Laddie, after a tragic attempt. "I thought you were ashamed to speak to me."

"I should say not!" he declared fervently, and she did not know that he lied.

Then, taking her by the arm, he led her to the white angel and said:

"Dear, this is Laddie Putnam, a little friend of mine."

The angel withdrew her hand from the reluctant grip of some ardent gentleman and cordially clasped the small, cold hand that Laddie offered.

"How do you do?" she said gently. "I love to meet any of Horace's friends."

Laddie, whose whirling head simply told her that she must say something, answered:

"I hope you'll be a good wife to him."

The pink, white-shrouded face sobered, and the bride answered with frank sweetness, "I'll do my best, dear."

That was all there was to it. The tears flooded Laddie's big eyes and a choking tightness gripped her throat as she blindly pushed through the crowd

caped. Once on the sidewalk she fled away
nseen.
's a man—a real man, after all!" she sobbed,
nfinite relief. "I'll work hard and perhaps
him after a while. He was a gentleman and
God I knew him!"
composed herself and returned peacefully to
mmercial routine, in merciful ignorance that
l given Lindley the worst scare of his life.

Greater Love Hath No Man

By Beatrice Walker
Macalester College

HE WAS a breaker boy and his name was Billy Twist. At least every one had always called him Bill, and a keen eyed tourist who had once noticed the boy as he had held off a derisive mob of fellow breaker boys had added the Twist. And Billy Twist he had remained. For Billy Twist was a hunchback, and his soul — for even breaker boys have souls — was as dwarfed and stunted as his body.

He had been a breaker boy ever since he could remember, and although he was only eleven it seemed to him that he could look back upon a century made up of days just alike — days of climbing up the narrow creaking stairs of the breaker, flight after flight up to the very sky. Day after day of sitting cramped up on the narrow bench, bent hour after hour over the endless chain that swept below him, mechanically picking out the slate from the coal; day after day of this, with only a brief hour at noon snatched for his hard lunch, and back to work. At night, going to the place he called home, to Mark Scanlon's shack, too tired to eat the greasy supper or to pay any attention to the scant remarks that Mark Scanlon and his slatternly wife threw at each other; then going to bed in a corner of the one room — too tired to sleep, his

ody aching in every bone and his mind filled
y a dull listlessness, that in a vague way took
ghostly rustle of the wind around the corner of
ck and the creaking rattle of the machinery of
aker. This sound did not bother him, but the
n of it would have startled him like a clap of
r.

then had come Big Tom McGregor. He was
-haired young giant fresh from a Technical
with a world peopled with beautiful ideals.
wist had first noticed him one noon when, with
er breaker boys, he had hung out of the narrow
windows of the breaker high above the en-
of the mine to watch the men pour out of the
From that height they looked like ants pouring
a hole down which some one had thrust a straw.
e was something different about this tall young
ho towered above the others. Billy watched

the hardening of the eyes when he looked at the sordid little town. For it was sordid and terrible. Billy Twist did not realize how terrible because he had never known anything else.

It was a typical breaker town, well-named, for, as in all villages that bear that name, the breaker towered over all the little shacks that surrounded it. It was like a huge spider, grim, black and sprawling, watching with its dull, smoke-grimed eyes for any chance straggler that it might gather in and mark for its own. Farther and farther it extended its sway. Even beyond the heaps of rubbish and tin cans that marked the end of the straggling street (in winter the filthy snow and in summer the sooty pall blotting out the growth of even the weeds) proclaimed the domain of the breaker.

The sooty pine shacks, clustered around its base, were miniature copies of the breaker itself, for the unpainted pine boards were quick to take on the color of their surroundings.

Billy Twist had noticed strangers' seeming distaste for the conditions and he could not help noticing that Tom McGregor felt the same way. He tried to decide what had made a young man of his type choose such a place in which to begin his engineering experience if he hated it so. It was so evident that he hated it, yet he never seemed to try to avoid the breaker or the town. Duty never called the engineers into the breaker itself with its whirring machinery and flying dust. But this engineer was often to be seen standing about, unnoticed by the workers whose sullen smoke-

eyes could see nothing but the coal by which hole lives were colored.

Billy Twist noticed and wondered. He won- still more when, one noon, he clambered up the tairs to avoid the other breaker boys who made on hour unbearable to him, and found Tom gor on the incline, examining the belts and s. He looked up, nodded casually, and started n the stairs.

other breaker boys soon clattered up, and work as usual. But Billy Twist's thoughts were in lt. No one ever climbed all those steep steps on business, for the cupola was not a pleasant People were wont to come up, stay only as long essary, and go down as soon as possible. No er had ever come up there before, engineers ot paid for that sort of thing. Then it dawned y: This engineer must be paid for it, paid by

with the new engineer. So they slunk off feeling rather more abused than ashamed.

Tom McGregor looked down at the bent little figure before him. He had noticed the boy often before. Billy Twist's shrunken form and old face would make anyone look twice. At first he had merely pitied the boy, but later, after once or twice watching him hold off a crowd of young tormentors, he had begun to feel a certain admiration for the agile mind that must dwell within the big head enabling him to hold his own against the horde of young hoodlums who amused their lunch hour by tormenting him. The queer little waif must have a valiant spirit, he thought, to bear up under his deformity and not be utterly crushed by the jibes, blows and jeers that made up his usual fare. But when he had overheard the remarks by which Billy held off his tormentors, his grudging admiration increased, for the vocabulary of this dwarfed eleven-year-old was such as to make the oldest mule driver or miner blush and give up all hope of achieving. Tom was accustomed to the language of the mining camps, but he had never heard anyone swear with such picturesque force and enthusiasm as this uncanny child. He thought of his own sheltered happy childhood, and shuddered. But then, he thought, how could one judge, the kid had never had a chance and it certainly showed cleverness to use the only weapon he possessed, and the never ending pluck of the queer child fascinated him.

So tonight he welcomed the chance to talk to the

order to find out, if possible, just what went on that queer top-heavy head of his.

Twist was startled. He was startled clear out accustomed self-possession. He had had some defend him for the first time in his eleven years' e experience was so new that he did not know hat to do. The big man grinned down at him. e you going my way, kid?''

experience was as overpowering as the other. l never had anything but jeers and taunts all , and he could not but believe that this was ort of a game to make sport of him in a new But no one should be able to say that he was rd, so he gathered his quick wits together to hatever form the attack might take, and mut- an unintelligible assent, he fell in beside the gineer.

shortened his stride to try to keep pace with the

ing. Good Heavens. Did this child really have second sight? No one except the actual government officials that employed him knew that besides being the new engineer he was also a government employee to report whether or not the mine and breaker were being run according to law and for the safety of its employees instead of the illegitimate profit of its owners.

He looked at the boy with new interest. The child was shrewd all right, it took quick wits to put the right construction on his unusual interest for an engineer in the conditions of the mine and breaker. He had evidently known for some time and had never caused his discharge by telling. The superintendent and owners had never guessed at the reason.

If his mind had had any chance, what a boy he'd be! And then and there started their friendship, the dog-like devotion of the little hideous, starved breaker boy and the brotherly helping love of the big, handsome engineer. They spent every minute of their spare time together.

One day they were eating their lunch in their usual place at the back of the breaker, where on the slopes of the surrounding hills, one could see the green of spring beginning to show, for it takes a few weeks for even a breaker to blot out the coming of spring. The pent-up love of beauty in the child's heart burst its bonds suddenly.

"It's kinda pretty, ain't it, Tom?" he said shyly. Billy was learning fast. But even yet he was abashed at this sudden demonstrativeness, and turned to see what effect it would have on his companion. It needed

look to show Billy that Tom had not heard a
He was not looking at the hills, but was staring
t the drab valley, full of its eternal cloud of
smoke. His mouth was hard, yet his eyes
nder faraway look that told Billy that he saw
its ugly sordidness.

n," he said suddenly, pulling the arm next
what do you think about when you look down
nd kinda grin with your eyes?"

egor looked around with a start.

esitated a moment and then seemed to come to
on and said suddenly, "Kid, you're rather old
r years and maybe you can help me. You see
ave to put yourself in my place. If you loved
st and truest girl in the world and she loved
, would you bring her up here to live in this
saken hole when you wouldn't have anything
o offer her for a good many years, or would

Again Billy's world swam. This radiant creature a girl! He thought over all the drab, slatternly, dull-eyed creatures that he called "girls," and decided silently that they had nothing in common with this bright-eyed angel with dainty features and fluffy hair. But while he did not know much about girls, he did know human nature. He knew that with the coming of this creature, things would not be the same between Tom and him, and that anyone as much in love with a person as Tom McGregor showed himself to be would have very little time to waste on a hunch-backed waif. But while he knew this, he knew better than to say so to Tom. And so the days—the most wonderful of his life for Billy—went on as usual.

One day he was at work high up in the tower of the breaker, as usual, when the machinery suddenly stopped. All the boys knew what had happened, it meant some accident in the mine beneath. They waited a minute, expecting the machinery to start, but when it did not, they hurried to the narrow windows to see what was happening below them.

The lift came up the shaft hurriedly as they watched, unloaded a crowd of excited men, made a quick descent and came up again with another load of choking, gasping humanity. Evidently this was something serious, not one of the ordinary minor accidents that often interrupted the work of the mine. With one accord the crowd of breaker boys turned and clattered down the rickety stairs like a herd of stampeding ponies.

When they reached the entrance of the shaft, a puff

l-smelling, yellow smoke belched out. Men nning dazedly about, shouting hoarse, confused ns, while the lift still kept up its tireless jour- and down, bringing up a load of half uncon- nen, who were hauled out unceremoniously, e lift returned for more.

ey stood there, a hoarse crash followed by a roar seemed to sound from the depths of the There was a shout from below. The last load. heart stood still as the stupefied men tumbled om was not among them. He sidled through vd until he could grasp the sleeve of the su- ident. The man looked down impatiently.

," he gasped, "he didn't come up."

superintendent gave a quick glance around. he shouted above the tumult, "has anyone Tom McGregor?"

bbub of voices answered. "He was on the

weight upon their lungs. They crawled down one passage at the end of which a red gleam was growing more and more ominous.

"No use going any further," choked the boss. "This corridor is all closed up where the timbers fell. The flames are back there. Tom!" he called. "Tom McGregor!"

A crash nearly deafened them, and the red gleam grew blinding.

"We'll have to get out of this," he cried, staggering back. They all turned to make their way back toward the shaft. But with a shrill cry a shadow broke away from the group.

"Who was it?" they all cried, their benumbed senses alert for an instant.

"It was the crooked one, Billee," said a young Italian, "he came down with us."

A blast of hot gas-laden air choked them.

"Come out of this. We can't sacrifice twelve men for one and a half." Hard? No, it was merely the stern stoicism of men to whom the nearness of death is all in the day's work.

Billy plunged forward blindly. He crawled through a small opening in the fallen timbers and came out upon a roaring furnace.

"Tom!" he called. "Tom!"

"Here!" answered a faint voice. Billy dodged around a huge beam the other end of which was already on fire. The red light made the murkiness thick and uncanny. Tom McGregor lay pinned under

beam. "Kid," he cried eagerly, "have you
help?"
y, hurry up, Tom, there's still time to get
way I came in. We'll be in time yet."
you alone?" Tom's voice was dull and life-
You see, I can't move without someone strong
o lift this timber off me, and besides, I guess
done for."
flew at it and tugged with all the frenzied
given him by desperation, but it would have
e combined strength of three men to move the
And in spite of his wiry strength, Billy Twist
eleven.
no use, Boy, hurry back or you'll be shut in
to Alice," he said thickly, "tell her I loved
care of her, kid. I'm not afraid to go."
d be mighty glad to see me if I came back
you, wouldn't she? I'm going to stay here

breaking. "Come here, Kid," went on the weak voice. "Kid, you're a MAN."

And hand in hand they awaited the end.

Five days later after the fire was smothered, when the mine was again unsealed, they brought up the two charred bodies. And the sad-eyed girl from another state, when asked concerning the body of the man she had loved, cried out:

"Oh, let me take them both. Who am I to separate two friends that even death was not strong enough to part?"

Invalided Home

By Catharine M. Wellington
Vassar College

a long time the two rode on in silence. Jack
oked straight ahead as if trying to see far
he coast of Ireland, into the heart of France.
s looking forward too, but every now and
glanced hungrily up at her husband's set
ll the morning they had ridden so, speaking
each knowing the other's thoughts too well
words. The country had never seemed more
l. Spring was in the air, the fields showed
neath a soft gray mist, and here and there

scenes that made him shudder to recall. The horrors of the trenches had been practically crowded out of his mind by the adoring care of his family. His two small sons had regarded their father with ridiculous awe — from the time he had appeared one morning in a wheel chair, his uniform loose about his gaunt frame, his right arm in a sling. Even now that he was strong and well again, their fascinated awe did not disappear. Their father had been in the war — and he was going back again. That fact changed their relations with him to a startling extent. Ever since they had known him, he had been an "officer in the British army," but never before, while they had been alive, had he gone forth to fight. And never before had he stayed away a long, long time — nor come back from a trip with his face so pale and stern. Something had changed in him during the months he had been away, and so the boys must change their attitude. The difference amused Jack, when he began to recognize it, yet at the same time it hurt. Was there anything in life that war had *not* changed? The other members of his family were like the boys. Elsie had changed. Beneath her merry smile and unfailing cheerfulness he recognized a steady ache. She had grown far more than one year older since he had been away. And Peggy, his splendid young sister, had altered in the same way. But most of all his mother had changed, and most of all had she grown older. It was not only the death of his younger brother, killed within two weeks after he had gone to the front, which had aged her.

not only the realization that Jack was home til his wound should heal and his nerves be into a normal state, and then was to go back It was all the sorrow of all mothers and d sisters and children of the world that had his change in his family, and now that he ng again, and soon to go back to the trench- realized more and more what had happened sence. At first he had not grasped it. The being in his own house among his own peo- food, the tubs, the clean linen, and the thing quiet indoors and out, had so relaxed he had been almost in a state of coma. But t the time had come to think of going back, to see beneath the cheerfulness which had nake him forget the suffering he had under- He felt the presence of something universal all. And this morning he had spoken of it

old, bent woman, digging dandelion greens in a field, glanced up as she heard the sound of horses' hoofs. At the sight of Jack's uniform she struggled to her feet and screamed out a curse. Jack and Elsie brought their horses to a stand-still almost involuntarily. The woman shook her fist at them, screaming, letting forth an intelligible flow of words half in Gaelic, half in English. The listeners caught only now and then a word.

"British—oppression—Traitor," and a string of curses were all they could make out. But it was enough for Jack. His nerves were on edge anyway. They had not healed as swiftly as his wound, and this passionate old woman had touched him in a tender spot.

"Damn them!" he cried. "Damn every one of them. It's the Sinn Feiners. They—"

"Jack!" Elsie's voice cut short his words.

"Elsie, I mean it. She cursed me because I serve in the British army. Great God, it's because I'm Irish that I do serve there. Here, when this country had a chance to prove its worth, when it had a chance to show its courage and its strength, its bigness and its honor, those curs held it down. I am ashamed that I am Irish when I think of them!"

"Jack, stop." Once more Elsie's voice rang clear and sharp. "You shall not let yourself go like that. Besides, dear heart, your thoughts belong to me today, —and I am jealous of every one.—Come on, let's race a bit."

Lightly she struck her horse and started on ahead.

alf dazed by this sudden cutting short of his
t, touched the chestnut with his spur, and in
ant was pounding after the fleet little mare
After a few minutes they reined in and went
walk.

nks, Elsie," Jack said briefly. "You caught
in time. I was almost mad for the minute."

now, dear. It startled me too, and I under-
st how you felt. . . . But here we are at the
ads. Shall we go back to Inniscarra or on to
st?"

town, if you don't mind. I want to see how
ntain is coming along."

d. It must be in place by now. I hope we
e the dedication tomorrow as we planned—
ther's birthday—and besides it must come
ou are here."

s face grew stern.

appear when everything was so peaceful? She haunted Elsie as she seemed to be haunting Jack. The poor bent figure, toilworn and harsh with years; rough gray hair combed back from a harsh face; her red cloak in startling contrast to the uniform grayness of her figure. To Elsie there seemed something symbolic and foreboding about the old woman. Could her curse have any effect? The tragedy in her voice—the loneliness in her life. Was she a phase of Ireland—why was she so bitter? Had she sons to give to Ireland, or was she alone in her old age? Why couldn't she see things more gently, or as Jack saw them?

Then looking up at her husband, Elsie knew why the old woman could not see things as "Jack saw them,"—because Jack would not in his turn look at things from the old crone's point of view. He had been educated in England, imbued with the British attitude. The old woman had probably never been educated at all, and living in Ireland, close to the misery of so many of its people, had felt and understood their point of view. Yet both Jack and the woman were Irish—both of them professed a love for Ireland that rose above most other things in their lives. What was wrong? How could this big husband of hers be fighting for Ireland if at the same time the Sinn Feiners were fighting for Ireland? If they would only look at things from each other's point of view.

It was typical of the great war. . . . And why, why had this had to happen this one morning out of all the year? Jack's nerves were strained to the

g point—and then to have that shrill cry dis-
e peace that had come to them through their
understanding. Her husband had laid bare
t heart to her—and she knew it had taken an
They needed the silence to soothe them to the
place from a moment so sacred and aching
utiful that it had shaken them to their very
And that blessed silence had been shattered
tter cry—no wonder Jack's nerves had given
No wonder—
e we are."
looked up, startled. There they were before
ntain in the center of the public square. The
touched his hat respectfully and came up to

d-morning, Major York. Good-morning,
'

sharp, cutting into her husband's words. He stopped short.

"I'm sorry—I beg your pardon, Pat—" The workman's eyes blazed, but he nodded respectfully.

"You don't understand. Sure, and you never will! But don't let them hear you saying such things, Major, for their blood's up, and it's a dangerous time, I'm thinking. We'll try to fix the fountain up, but it's little they want with such things, now their minds are fixed on bigger ones."

"Thank you, Pat," said Elsie quickly. "Come, Jack, we must be getting back to the house."

Quickly she trotted forward and Touchstone, Jack's mount, without waiting for the spur, dashed after her. Breathless after ten minutes' wild pounding along the road, they reached the gates of Inniscarra House.

"I'm all right now—and you're a dear."

Jack looked gravely at Elsie as he spoke—and she flashed back a smile through tears that sprang in spite of her to her eyes.

"Here comes Peggy." And they were glad of the interruption for the tenseness of the morning was telling on them both.

Peggy came down the drive, waving a letter and calling to Jack.

"Captain O'Keefe rode over this morning, Jack, and left you this message. He explained to mother and me that it's to ask you to do guard duty at the gaol for three nights a week. They're expecting a Sinn Fein uprising, and some of the regular guards are doing police duty on the streets. What's the

?'' she asked as she saw Elsie's face. ''Don't
ant him to do it?''
e answered in a low voice while Jack read the

, I don't think he's fit yet. His nerves are in
state, and we need him here. But don't let's
bout it now.—Here's Jim for the horses—and
s my fat baby. Come, Jack.''
groom led the horse away as Elsie ran up the
Jack Junior threw his arms about his mother's

ke me next time, will you, Mum?'' Elsie bent
issed him.
es, my Jack—and Daddy will take Roger.
is your brud?''
nd pile,'' replied her son laconically, his atten-
istracted for the moment by an ant which was
rling to carry a huge crumb across the veran-

away. As Peggy walked over and deposited Jack Junior in his arms, he brought himself back with a start.

"What's that?—'Most time for luncheon? Well! Mother and I must go up and change. Come Elsie. Here, Peggy, take back this bag o' meal."

He tossed the child in the air and down into Peggy's arms, then drew Elsie into the hall.

"It's as Peggy said," he explained as they went upstairs. "O'Keefe wants me to do guard duty at the gaol three nights a week from 6 P. M. until 6 A. M. — beginning tomorrow."

"You won't do it, will you?"

"Of course. I'm perfectly well, and if I can be of service this way I'd feel much better doing it than just sitting around here. I ought to be going back to the front—and would be there now if you weren't so sure my nerves were all frazzled and frayed! So this will be a splendid compromise."

"Very well.— You know best, and I'm so thankful to keep you here that I'd let you do most anything. But, oh Jack, I wish you didn't have to do it.—"

At luncheon Jack's new office was the chief topic of conversation, Peggy half mocking at the great honor come upon him, her mother disturbed at the thought of his being on duty all night,—and Elsie silent and worried. It was a relief to her when dessert was served, for she did not want to burden the others with her depression, yet could not have stood the strain much longer. After Mrs. York had gone to nap and Jack had gone to his study to work on

apers, Peggy started out to see some tenants,
sie walked wearily to her room. All the
on she lay on the window seat, thinking and
g. The picture of the old woman desolate in
ds haunted her now as it had in the morning.
at's face and words bothered her too. Why
it be? Two such mighty patriotisms, two such
ving loyalties. Which was right? . . . She
lpless before the questions; but she could not
mind of them. . . .
ime found her almost crushed by the tragedy
whole matter. Today had simply been the
ation of weeks of anxious thought on the sub-
owing as she did the growing feeling all over
against England's oppression; and at the
me seeing with Jack's eyes the ignorance and
ness of these who counselled rebellion. As
ered the drawing-room, Elsie wondered why

cross-legged in a cushioned chair, watching the children half-abstractedly, a frown showing the seriousness of her thoughts. Mrs. York pouring tea from the great silver service which had borne the York crest for some hundreds of years, smiled sympathetically as Elsie drew near.

"We wondered where you were, dear," she said gently. "Where's Jack?"

"I don't know. He'll probably be in soon. I've been upstairs."

She sat down on the rug beside the boys, pulling Jack Junior up on her lap and hugging him fiercely as if his warm, yielding little body could relieve the heavy weight which had oppressed her since morning. The boy wriggled uncomfortably a minute and then asked plaintively,

"Why?"

"Why what, darling?"

"Why do you squeeze me?"

"Because I love you so much!"

"But it hurts."

"I'm sorry—it often does hurt when you love a person too much. But I'll let you go.—Roger, dear heart, will you bring mother a cup of tea?"

The older boy went to the table obediently.

"Careful," warned his grandmother as she handed him the fragile cup; and careful he was, proud to be of service. The trip across the rug safely made, he gave his mother the precious burden, heaving a great sigh of relief. A maid appeared at that moment with muffins, so that further effort on Roger's part

needed. He and Jack returned to their
ying no attention to their elders. Tea was
vn-ups. They had no interest in it as long
could play their private game before the
r a long time their chuckles and the snap-
the fire were the only breaks in a calm
Then Peggy glanced around restlessly.
leen, please tell Major York that we're
ea."
Miss Peggy."
maid slipped out of the room Peggy's
rew deeper.
ner, I'm awfully worried about the tenants."
, dear? What's the matter now?"
the Sinn Feiners. They've been stirring
up. Con Connors and Pat McCrowan are
using to work. They were at a meeting in
nen I was at the cottages just now. Mrs.

gaily, "and I dare say that was just what happened. But I was glad enough to see Kathleen when she appeared."

Mrs. York looked worshipfully at this eldest son of hers. He was so big and fine and clean. All her love for her younger son had flowed into her love for Jack when Roger had been killed. She resolutely kept from thinking of the time, now so crushingly near, when he would have to go away again. Instead she glorified every minute of his stay.

"Here, Jack"—

"Thank you, mother." He kissed her as he took the tea, reading her thoughts instinctively.

"And what are my two sons John doing?"

"Playing," they responded with one accord.

"Playing what?"

"Game."

"Well, you are communicative." He laughed and glanced amusedly at Elsie.

"Why are these grown-ups so solemn and so still?"

No one answered his question this time, but Elsie got up and came over to sit beside him on the sofa. She looked very young and frail in her black gown, her fair hair low on her neck. Jack glanced from her to his mother also clad in black, but looking very old and frail, as the firelight played about her face and snow-white hair, casting shadows that emphasized at once the lines of suffering and the expression of calm that she had won through force of will. How peaceful everything seemed in

dark room. Why should the shadow of war
heavily over them? But in the end, every-
vas as it should be. They would not have
y back any more than he would stay, so long
ountry needed him. He only wished his boys
ld enough to do their share—and yet. . . .
ked at them as they played, unconscious of
sence of their elders—Roger, tall and straight
ndsome, proud of his seven years of living,
and more serious than his fat little brother,
four years seemed to have been one grand
e judging from his merry face.

ne here and daddy will tell you a story."
lt a great desire to hug these two children,
y, always ready to hear their father tell of
in and Conchobar, stopped their "private
and climbed up on the sofa.

v aren't we comfortable?" smiled Jack as

"Beg pardon, sir, but there are several men to see you, Major York."

Kathleen had come in unnoticed and her announcement broke rudely into the story.

"Who are they, Kathleen?"

"Men from town, sir. They didn't give their names, but there are a dozen or more, and they says 'tis important they should see you. They're in the Hall, sir, waiting."

"Very well—I'll go out. We'll finish the story later, Roger. I'll be back soon."

Jack rose somewhat impatiently and went out into the Hall. There stood some twelve or fifteen men as Kathleen had said—most of them men who worked hard for a living. All had strong, intelligent faces, and all had the same set, almost defiant expression. Some of them seemed out of place in the great entrance hall, but as a whole they were oblivious to their surroundings.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Good day, Major York."

One of the men—one with a particularly strong face and startlingly luminous eyes, stepped forward as spokesman.

"I want to explain why we came. We've just been having a Sinn Fein meeting and were sent to you to—"

Jack's face darkened at the word Sinn Fein, and he started to interrupt the speaker.

"Just a minute, Major York. I don't think many people realize how serious the situation is. An up-

s been planned for some time, as you know.
us, while we feel strongly that there must be
, do not counsel violence—I among them.
realize England's position in the war, but
untry which has treated the Irish as if they
orant, helpless children, as the country that
Ireland for two hundred years of all she
ive, and as the country that has stunted a
life as big and fine as any in the world, we
urt her till she realizes our position and the
f our demands. Just one minute more. We
-day that you think we have no right to
That remark destroyed all that we who do
t rebellion had said to impress the others.
ly compromised with this delegation, to ask
you made that remark, whether you still
— and whether or not you are to do guard
he gaol."

ther. It is useless to explain to you our views. We are ready to give our lives and our children's lives for Ireland. We will fight to the last drop of blood in us for her freedom. But we are not England's puppets and we will no longer act as such. I and some of my friends have done our utmost to prevent an uprising. Knowing the futility of bloodshed we have worked for a peaceful settlement for a year. Things have gone beyond our control now. You have undone the work of months. These gentlemen came under protest, for they thought they knew your views already. I think you will grant that they have shown admirable self-control beneath unforgettable insults. You had a chance to do great service to your country.—Now I will not answer for the consequences of your words. I fear arbitration is no longer possible. Come, gentlemen—"

"Yes, go!" Jack, blind with passion, pointed to the door. "Go, and tell your people what I said. Tell your people that they're mad—and—"

The great door shut on his words. From the driveway he heard voices raised in anger. Slowly they died away. The men were going on—going back to town as they had come.—No—not as they had come—he had done something to make them different. They had walked out here—eight miles—to see him—why? Jack sank, trembling into a chair. Why? To insult Ireland and to insult him—No, they had come to ask him . . . What had they asked him? How he stood on this bitter question. Good God, how could he feel, knowing England and

as he did? How could any one feel who all that is good for Ireland? Why were nen so blind? Could anything but death he country of their presence? Could Ireland

entle hand touched him on the shoulder. dear," Elsie's voice was very tender. "Jack, me. I understand how you are feeling,—but ok like that! You're killing me.—You have t to think those thoughts or look that way." nan's face did not change.

ou had heard them, Elsie—"

d. I was in the doorway, and I heard you them. Oh, Jack, how could you talk that What will happen now?"

laughed shortly. "I don't know. Probably . They're afraid to fight. Come—let's go Or no,—I cannot, after this. I must walk

riding about the place. Mrs. York did not come down until later on, so the two had the breakfast room all to themselves.

"Shall we ride this morning?" asked Elsie.

"I can't. Sorry. I must look over some papers before luncheon, and right afterwards I am going to town. O'Keefe wants me to report at three—working from three in the afternoon until three in the morning this one time, instead of from six till six."

"Must you do it, Jack?"

"Yes, they need extra men—I'm an officer in the British army, therefore subject to call for his Majesty's service any place—and I'm perfectly able-bodied. Besides, feeling as I do about the Sinn Feiners, I can't consistently lean back and do nothing while they make trouble."

"Very well. I don't know why I feel so strongly about it."

"And Elsie, I heard from the war office by this morning's post. They want me to report May 1st. That gives me three weeks longer with you all. You'll be ashamed of having a grown man around all that time."

Elsie looked at him bravely.

"I wouldn't have you stay after you are really strong and well. But, Jack—I wish I could go too."

"And what would the poor kiddies do then, poor things? They need you, Elsie, and so do mother and Peggy."

His wife did not trust herself to speak. She rose

ogether they went out of the room. At his door she left him.

on't work too hard," she cautioned and he l with a kiss set squarely on her lips.

uncheon he appeared in his uniform, his horse g been ordered for two-thirty. The children much impressed, watching this soldier, round- and awed. Later on, as they stood on the waiting for Jim to bring Touchstone around, asked wonderingly, "Is father going back war?"

ot to the front, dear heart," answered his r.

o, son, I'm just going to town to do a little e near home. I'll be back tomorrow morning. ne a kiss."

bent down to the boy's upturned face, then to Jack Junior comfortably settled in his

had swung shut after him. Then Elsie turned to her mother-in-law.

"I'm going upstairs now, but I'll be down for tea. Alice may come over with Hartley." Swiftly she entered the house and went to her room. Another wrenching afternoon to pass, this time with something tangible to worry over. An uprising of Sinn Feiners was imminent—and she wished Jack were well out of the danger zone. She tried to read; she tried to write; but her thoughts would not be directed. With a feeling of relief she heard the clock strike four. Once again she dressed hurriedly and went downstairs. Alice Loring and her husband had driven over for tea as had been planned.

"How's Jack?" they queried immediately, and Elsie told them of his new position, of the notice from the war office, and his plans to go back to the front so soon. As they sat down before the fire, Kathleen came in with the tea.

"The delivery boy has just been here," she announced excitedly—"and there's been an uprising all around here. There's a hundred been killed and wounded in town, and some of the Sinn Feiners arrested."

"Where is the boy?" questioned Elsie sharply.

"He's gone, ma'am. But he said none of the gaol guards was hurt. 'Twas the town people and one policeman and several wimmen who joined in the fight. Lots is in the gaol."

"Thank you, Kathleen. That will do." They all

lent for a few minutes, then Peggy said de-
y.
the delivery boy said a hundred, we may safe-
clude that ten were injured—possibly killed.
's a serious business. However, we needn't
right away."
tea seemed a thing of small importance. Alice
Hartley rose soon, eager to get home to see
er the rebellion had reached their estate.
forthwith announced her intention of taking
k. She could not stand just sitting around any
.
m going to put the children to bed," replied
"And I think if you don't mind, I'll have
r with them."
good plan, my dear," said Mrs. York, and
smiled gratefully at the speaker as she hurried
rs.

and jam as they did,—and she didn't scold when Jack absent-mindedly laid his slice of bread and jam downwards on the table cloth. She had a much better understanding than nurse, for instead of fussing about the clean cloth she sympathized at the loss of the jam, offering Jack part of her share to make up for what had stuck to the table linen. Then after supper, she sat down with them before the fire and told them stories until twenty minutes past their bedtime. At last she said it was time for the sandman, so she would hear their prayers and tuck them in. Finally teeth brushed, hands and face washed, prayers said, they scrambled into bed and Elsie tucked in the covers. Jack was asleep before she turned out the light, but Roger opened his great, dark eyes to ask vaguely, "Am I taking care of you, mother?"

"Yes, my precious," his mother answered. "You're taking care of me better than any one else could do. And father will be so glad to know it in the morning.—Sweet dreams, darling."

"Sweet dr—" Roger was asleep too.

In her own room Elsie found that sleep did not come as swiftly as it did in the nursery. For hours she lay awake, longing for morning, wondering what she could say to Jack to persuade him to stay at Inniscara until he had to go back to the front. Soon after one she fell asleep for a little while; but waked again at three. Jack should be getting home now, she thought. The time dragged on, for eternities it seemed. Once more the old clock boomed the

Four o'clock. But where was Jack? Ah—were horses' hoofs on the drive. At last he ome and she would not let him go again. Her icable dread had been proved foolish, but uld not go through the torture a second time. nly she realized that there would be no one her husband in. The servants would not be Anyway, she wanted to be the first to greet him his night's vigil. Hastily she slipped on a ng gown, and stole softly downstairs. He was g nearer and nearer. She could hear the hoof plainly. At last they ceased, and she felt the a man stepping heavily across the porch. Just n she would let him knock. Quietly she drew he bolt, and just as he let the knocker fall she pen the great door.

ck!'' she cried, exultant—then stopped, d. It was not Jack who stood there shivering

Could she read it? She felt sick. This was no way to act. Perhaps Jack had been hurt and needed help. At that thought she broke the seal and read the message. It was very brief—no formal opening —signed curtly with the Captain's name. Yet she could not grasp it.

"Major York, acting as gaol guard from three yesterday until three this morning, at two A. M. took three Sinn Fein prisoners out of their cells and shot them, without a trial—without a reason. No one knows whether he was insane for the moment or whether he did it deliberately. To make a bad matter worse, the three men he picked out were editors, one a pacifist. York is now in gaol, in a comatose state. His trial will be held day after tomorrow. This official notice is sent to General Burke, the County Judge, and Mrs. York.

Signed, Captain Dennis O'Keefe."

Elsie must read it again.—It was a very strange note. . . . What could it mean? . . . Perhaps if she read it aloud. . . .

"Major York, acting as gaol guard . . . " What was the matter with the words—they jumped around so. Still, it was better to read aloud—"took three Sinn Fein prisoners out of—" She seemed to hear a red-cloaked old woman cursing her. . . . Then a great peace stole over her. . . . She knew she was falling, but it didn't matter. The floor rose up suddenly to catch her, and she lay very still.

A little later she opened her eyes to find herself in her own room. Peggy was sitting by the bed,

ung face haggard. Elsie watched her puz-
After a little she remembered that something
ppened.

ajor York, acting as gaol guard,'" she re-
mechanically. "What came next, Peggy?
came next, Peggy? What did it mean?"

ie, you mustn't look that way! You've got
ize what has happened, because of the child-
t isn't safe for them or us to stay here any
Listen to me carefully. Jack took three
rs out of gaol last night, lined them up against
son wall, and shot them, without giving them
ghtest pretence of a trial. You read the note
his morning. Then you must have fainted,
thleen found you lying in the hall when she
lown at seven.—Do you understand?"

voice was hard and dry. For two hours she
atched by Elsie's bed, crushed by the realiza-

from her, Peggy shook her violently. The physical shock seemed to be what was needed, for the blank look in Elsie's eyes gave way to one of comprehension. Suddenly she sat up in her bed and felt around for her slippers.

"Thank you, Peggy—I understand now. Where is Jack? I must go to him."

Peggy's face grew ashen.

"No one can see him until after the trial. Don't you understand—Jack wouldn't know you, dear. Something has happened to his mind. But don't think of that now—we must look out for mother and the children. Captain O'Keefe will not be responsible for our safety after tonight. He advises us to leave as soon as it gets dark. We can go to the London house. It's for the children's sake . . . "

Elsie scarcely heard her after the first few words. Not see Jack? Why, that was all there was left in the world—and he needing her so sorely. Why had he done this thing? No one would understand. She shook herself angrily. All her senses seemed numbed. Why wasn't she sobbing? What made her feel so like a machine with a crushing weight on her chest?

"But Peggy, don't you see I must go to Jack? I feared something would happen. And he's all alone there—Besides, I must see the wives of those men."

She had not thought of this before. Were these women feeling the way she was? Probably very angry. She would have to see them, and explain

ack. What about their children? . . . But were her own children? What was that had said—that they must go to London that

r thoughts ran on. If she could only sit nd puzzle the whole thing out. But Peggy not let her sit down. That strong young rced to put on her clothes. Finally she was Then Peggy went over to where Elsie stood, her arms around her. The dumb anguish latter's face was reflected in the younger yes, and mingled with it shone an infinite he held Elsie close for several seconds.

dear, it's all our sorrow. We must help each You couldn't see Jack until after the trial. lirious now, when he comes out of his stupor h Elsie darling—they don't think he will like himself again."

to her mother, Elsie to her children. All day they worked, giving orders to the servants about the closing of the house, seeing that trunks and bags were properly packed, writing out directions for the care of various things, never daring to stop for a minute. Finally everything seemed ready. The motor was to come for them at eight. They could get an eleven o'clock boat for England. O'Keefe had sent word that they would be notified immediately of the results of the trial. He advised Elsie not to come back for it. The town was thoroughly aroused by the deed, and might go to any lengths. The memorial fountain had already been torn down. Jack was still practically unconscious. He had walked back into the gaol after shooting the men, and told his fellow guard that he had got rid of three deserters. There were more than that in gaol, but he had picked these three. Then he had laughed, a horrible laugh, the guard said, and had fainted. Since then he had been delirious when he was not in a stupor. No one but the prison officials and the doctor would be allowed to see him.

No—he would not advise Mrs. York to try to see the dead men's wives. One of the editors hadn't been married. The second's wife had been bedridden for years. The third, a man who had tried his utmost to prevent open rebellion, had a very young wife, who was almost crazed by the shock. It would only do harm to see her. She wouldn't understand.—If there was anything he, O'Keefe, could do—

And then he had gone—and Elsie had time to

For an hour she walked back and forth the drawing-room, her hands clenched until ils dug deep into the palms. Why had Jack his ghastly thing? He must have been insane time—but how was he now? Why couldn't him? Yesterday she had sat by him on this ofa. Life had seemed very wonderful then. ly Jack realized now what he had done—and lization would kill him. Then the trial—she t dare to think of that. And that other poor wife—would she go mad? Perhaps Elsie go mad, too. But no, she had the children to —and Peggy and Mrs. York needed her. It eless to think ahead until after the trial. . . . would they do to Jack? Why had he done e knew.—He had been mad at the moment, was the white heat of his love for his country d fired him to insanity. But would the judge

Peggy took her mother's arm—Mrs. York seemed very feeble. The children grabbed Elsie by the hand and dragged her toward the door. She went as in a dream. Seated in the motor, she felt the night air cool against her cheeks. The motion of the car was soothing. If only that heavy ache would go away. It made everything outside herself seem unreal, shadowy. Would this strange, dream-like feeling stay with her always? Would she always feel as if a cold hand were crushing her? Perhaps it would be better if she should live mechanically. Things wouldn't hurt as much. But deep down inside of her she knew it could not go on this way forever. She knew that very soon she would begin to think clearly and steadily—and then the life-long torture would begin. Then the sluggishness in her veins would turn to liquid fire. But she would not think of that part now.

They were at the wharf now, and Peggy was speaking. Finally they reached their cabins. Peggy and Mrs. York in one, Elsie across the hall, next to the children and nurse. Their good-nights were brief. There was little to say, and none of them dared trust herself to speak. Elsie flung herself down, fully dressed. She lacked volition even to take off her boots. Hour after hour she lay there, eyes wide open, but seeing nothing, living over the past few weeks, and facing the future with a tragic realization of what life would henceforth mean. . . .

Two days later the trial was held at Inniscarra. The court house was packed with a tense, grim audi-

ever before had the town been so shaken by
t. Never had the results of any deed been
aching. Sympathy with the Sinn Feiners
pt away every hesitation as to the wisdom
plan of procedure. Now a whole Sinn Fein
on had come to see justice done. When the
for the defense arose, a hiss greeted him.
ge rapped sharply for order. Sir Oliver
did not speak long, nor did he plead for
The prisoner was as yet unable to give a
account of what had led him to shoot the
robably no one would ever know for sure.
Sir Oliver, knew, as did everyone who had
e in contact with the prisoner, that a great
untry had been the impelling motive. It was
e idealized Ireland so—because he wanted the
her, that he had felt so bitterly against the
ners. They were doing the very things he

The next afternoon Sir Oliver Coverly called on Mrs. York at the London house. Elsie did not wait for formalities, as she entered the drawing-room. She was deadly pale, and her voice was low when she spoke.

"What is the sentence? I can bear anything—but tell me quickly."

"Please sit down first. Mrs. York, Jack was judged guilty of manslaughter—and sentenced to the Kilgerry Asylum for the criminally insane. We tried to change the sentence—but Jack has not been himself since that night. It was either the asylum or death. As soon as there is the slightest change in his condition, you will be notified. He would not know you if you went to see him now—but you will be allowed to visit him later. That is the most we could do—"

"Thank you, Sir Oliver. I am sorry you should have had the burden of telling me this. Now would you go? I must be alone."

Sir Oliver bowed and went out, knowing full well that it was no time for words. Elsie stood quite still until the door banged shut. Then with a choking cry she sank down on her knees. Sir Oliver's words had killed something in her—and the look in her eyes was that of a haunted creature. How long she knelt there she did not know, but in those minutes she lived a hundred years. . . . After a while, great choking sobs shook her slight figure. Relief had come. As the wrenching sobs grew quieter she

er face like a little child, and spoke quite

God, we need Thee so. Stay Thou near by.
owest, as I know, that he did this thing for
he bore toward Ireland. Make him strong
life now."

* * * * *

back in Inniscarra an old priest stood with
ead beside three newmade graves. A little
f mourners knelt near by. The father's
s very tender as he prayed:

Father, bless Thou the souls of these three
less unto us their memory. Thou knowest
y died more truly for their country than the
on the battlefields. Make them unto us an
of Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ—and
ose who mourn their going, strong to live as
uldst have them live. . . ."

Verdict Rendered

By Louise F. Windle
Radcliffe College

THE firm of McNab, Styles, Evans & Jones, Inc., had been flourishing for at least six days. It was McNab's idea. Whenever his luck sent him behind the lines into rest billets he immediately started a general store, a sort of clearing house for anything with a marketable value that came his way. His scheme was simple. He ransacked each village and bought everything he could persuade the villagers to sell him at what he called a reasonable price. Then he hoarded his goods in some deserted cottage or barn and retailed them to the souvenir-seeking Tommies, again at what he called a reasonable price, which meant at a gain to him of from fifty per cent upwards. His stock was usually large and varied, for he found that the Tommies would purchase anything they could send home to the girls in Blighty as mementoes of the great fight, and after the first day or two his business grew to such dimensions that he could not handle it conveniently by himself and he found it advantageous to take in a few partners. On this occasion he had conferred the honor upon Privates Styles and Evans of His Majesty's Army and upon Private Jones from America.

had a particular reason for desiring com-
s this time. In his tour of the village he had
ross an old man who had two bales of cotton
away in the corner of his shed. McNab
l those bales, but the stubborn possessor of
ad refused to sell at the price he named, and
er to procure them he found it necessary to
on the resources of his partners. Moreover,
a little uneasy about the adventure. He had
that the American Red Cross Hospital just
the town was short of cotton and, judging
is past experiences with American women, he
clined to think the woman in charge of this
l would pay a good price for these bales—
drew no distinctions between surgical cot-
l raw cotton in the bale; but if the American
id not fulfil his expectations he did not care
er the whole burden of the loss himself.

by a resemblance to his own cat in Blighty, promptly named it Minerva, whereat Styles snorted and called it Daisy, and McNab, heartily disagreeing with both of them, dubbed it Nancibel, while Jones was content with Pussy. They all stubbornly refused to give in to each other, and consequently the poor beast went by a different name to each man. Then one of them discovered that the number of the cat's legs was exactly equal to the number of her possessors, and they agreed that each should own a particular leg, and each adorned with bits of ribbon and string the leg thus apportioned to him.

A few days later, while the partners were still awaiting an opportunity to advertise their wares, the cat became involved in her decorations and injured one of her legs. It was McNab's leg, and he wound around it a rag soaked in oil. Unfortunately it was the cat's habit to hunt for stray bits of food around the field kitchen, and, wandering too near the stove, she set her oiled rag on fire. In terror and pain she rushed in among the bales of cotton and the cotton took fire and was burned up.

The conflagration was followed by a battle of words, with McNab ranged against his three partners. It raged long and furiously. The partners hurled what they felt to be unanswerable arguments against what they considered the wholly untenable arguments of McNab, but McNab stubbornly held his ground, until the noise of the conflict drew the attention of the Top-Sergeant, who effected a temporary cessation in hostilities by urging that the

in question be referred to a fifth person, an
d outsider, whose decision in the affair should
ing on all parties. He suggested further that
self was undoubtedly well qualified for the
king, and intimated that if the members of
n would bring their grievances to him, he
pass judgment on them impartially. After
aranguing the partners agreed to do this, and
for the trial was set forthwith.

next evening the case of Styles versus McNab
ought before the court. During the day
and Jones had decided that neither of them
ghly gifted in logic or in persuasive power
d therefore determined to leave the presenta-
their side entirely in the hands of Styles,
s not afflicted with any misgivings concerning
torical ability. Hence it was that the case
s Styles versus McNab. Styles looked for-

empty box with a rickety barrel for a desk and the broken butt of a rifle for a mallet. McNab and Styles perched upon two boxes in front of him, McNab to the right and Styles to the left, and behind them in a circle stood Evans and Jones and a crowd of spectators in noisy anticipation.

O'Reilly opened proceedings with a businesslike, "The court will come to ordher, ahem, ah-ahem, an' I'll be tellin' ye fwhat the business av this meetin' might be. As I ondersthand it, Private McNab there bought some cotton—"

"I didna buy it by ma sel," the Scotchman broke in. "Ye ken 't was Styles, Evans, and Jones bought a fourth each too."

"It makes no difference which one av ye did ut. Ye had the cotton anyway, no matther if 'twas wan of ye or the four of ye as bought it. An' ye had loikewise a cat to kape the rats off, a cat be the name av—"

"Nancibel," McNab supplied.

"By name o' Daisy," Styles contradicted, and from the circle behind came shouts of "Minerva" and "Pussy," until it was necessary for O'Reilly to call order again.

"The gallery will kape their mouths shut. As I was sayin' the firm of McNab, Styles, Evans, and Jones was the sole possessors of a cat be the name av—"

The sergeant was again interrupted by shout of "Daisy," "Minerva," "Nancibel," "Pussy."

"Will ye be quiet? Ivery wan of ye will lave the

m if I hear another wurrd." When quiet ored he continued. "The firm was in pos- of a cat—which shall be nameless," he has- ded and threw the crowd a threatening "And this cat was cut on her leg—"

ab's leg," Styles interrupted.

cut on her leg, and thin she was bandaged pace av cloth dipped in oil—"

ab's oil," from Styles again.

ye be plazed to keep shtill, Private Styles? say all ye've a mind to whin your turn which is not now. The pace av rag tuk fire cat ran to the cotton and thereby the cotton and was burned up."

as that!"

it appears that three members av the firm ing the blame for it on the other member, ake, plainer, that Styles, Evans, and Jones

"'Ere, 'ere," from the circle. "That's reasonable, ain't it?"

Encouraged by this support, Styles repeated his case. "What I sez is that McNab's leg was the one as put fire to the cotton and McNab is to blame and 'e should pay the rest of us for the loss of two bales. You won't deny as 'ow that leg was yours, will you, McNab?"

"I'm no denying it, but—"

"There, you see? 'E don't deny it 'cause 'e knows 'e can't. 'E sez right hout it was 'is leg. 'E admits 'is guilt."

"I'm no denyin' it was my leg, but I'm no admittin' ma guilt naether."

"Didn't you say it was your leg?"

"I did, but—"

O'Reilly thought it time to remind them that he was playing the important rôle of judge and therefore merited some attention.

"Ye'll address your wurrds to the court and not to wan another. Styles has stated his case, which is that, as the rag was on the leg that belonged to McNab, he holds McNab responsible for the fire and sez McNab must pay for the loss to the three other partners. That is your case, ain't it, Private Styles?"

"It is, your 'onor."

"Thin, Private McNab, have ye anythin' to say in self-defense loike before we proceed with the trial?"

McNab had wilted dismally during Styles' oration

now that it was useless to try to refute
nent's words, yet he did not intend to die
a struggle.
na deny 'twas ma ain leg caught fire, and I
ny 'twas ma leg set fire to the cotton, but—

e telling arguments he had used the day
leserted him. There seemed to be nothing
o that "but."
was quick to seize upon the embarrassment
oor Scotchman. "You see, 'e ain't got
to say. Can't up'old 'is side no 'ow. Just
t down, 'e does."
es, will ye be shtill and give the man a
It's a fair trial we'll be havin' with your
cNab, ye was sayin' ye admitted 'twas your
—?"
—but—I've naethin' mair to say," he con-

his own defense. Now thin, ye are all agreed to accept the decision of the judge as bindin' absolutely?"

"We are that!" Styles fancied he could already hear that decision. He began to compute a fourth of the price of two bales of cotton to see just how much the unfortunate McNab would have to pay him.

"Are ye acceptin' the decision loikewise, McNab?"

"I'm no sayin' I will not."

"Thin this is ut. Wan leg of the cat belonged to McNab, and that leg tuk fire." The spectators pressed forward that they might miss none of McNab's defeat.

"That leg was hurt, and by reason av it's bein' hurt, the cat could not walk on it. The cat held up the leg that was hurt, McNab's leg, and ran with the other three legs that was not hurt, the legs av Styles, Evans and Jones."

Bewilderment crept over the listeners. Suspicion came into Styles' eyes, and McNab's gloom flickered and began to go out.

"The cat held up the leg av McNab and ran with the three other legs, and therefore"—a dramatic pause—"and therefore the three legs what was not hurt carried the fire to the cotton, and 'tis those three legs that are to blame. The leg av McNab is not guilty, for the cat could not walk with it. The three partners who owned the good legs will each wan pay wan quarter av the value of the bales to Private McNab. That is the decision of the court."

til Tomorrow, or in the Land of Manana*

By Leonard Wood, Jr.
Cornell University

I

A CARIDAD MARTINEZ y TORRES, bal-ncing a bundle of soiled clothes on her head, majestically on the edge of a bank of the n River. Haughtily and distastefully, she lown at some acquaintances of hers, who natting around on rocks and washing clothes Filipino style; which is, to be explicit, a undertaking and consists in pounding the with huge clubs. That she, who was one-

"Jesus, Maria y Jose! Look! Dona Caridad with clothes to wash!"

The others quickly looked up, and Caridad was positive she saw a gleam of jealous satisfaction in their eyes. She, the haughty one, with clothes to wash!

"Buenos dias!" said Caridad coolly, as she kicked off her slippers. "Is something amiss with my attire that you gawk so?" And off came the butterfly-waist of filmy *pina* with a jerk that made something tear.

"We are so surprised to see you!" chirped Luisa.

"Si! What does it mean?" questioned Pepita.

"Well," said Caridad, as calmly as she could, "when one's husband is a poor judge of game-cocks, his wife has to suffer." Whereupon she waded out into the shallow river and over to a certain big rock in the cool shade of a bamboo tree. It was only justice to her Spanish blood that she kept as white as she could. "His black rooster," she continued, "was killed at Zamboanga the Sunday before last, and his red one turned coward and fled during a recent match."

"Ah, too bad," sympathized Luisa, "but such is the way of the world!"

"Perhaps," said Caridad, endeavoring to adjust herself comfortably on the rock, "but Pedro, with a wife, four children and Clarita, an orphan niece, who now that Isabella, her guardian, has gone to her Father above, must live with us, relies upon birds for his rice and fish!"

n are lazy," philosophised Pepita.
now," continued Caridad, "I not only have my own washing, but that of others!"
vat! Swat! Swat!" sounded Caridad's club.
r whom are you working?" ventured Carmen, a slight pause, having hoped that she would eer the news.
idad did not answer immediately. She contin- beat those clothes with what seemed a ven-. Finally she paused to say:
r Senor Wallace, the young American planter wns the hemp plantation over yonder. My Benito sells him eggs, and he got me this without my husband Pedro knowing it. It kill him to know that I am forced to wash for ers."
h, *Dios!*" sighed Pepita, "it must be wonderful e a husband who would regret his wife's work-

dressed in a starched native waist with big butterfly sleeves, while a modern skirt of the type the better class Filipinos wear clung becomingly to her. Around her throat was a necklace of red flowers, while behind one ear rested a cigarette; and hidden away in the knot of her coal black hair on the top of her head was a box of matches.

"*Ay, hijita,*" said Caridad, holding out the clean clothes, "you're as slow as a man! Here, take these."

In a jiffy, she had kicked off her slippers and daintily lifting her skirt up to her knees, splashed out into the shallow river water. The other women watched interestedly.

"Carmen, Luisa and Pepita," introduced Caridad, "this is my niece, Clarita de la Cruz y Torres."

Clarita smiled sweetly to the nodding women; then taking the clothing from her aunt, splashed back to shore. There she carefully laid down the two shirts in a safe place, but looked longingly at the pink one. It had completely captured her fancy.

"Hasten, Clarita, to make ready to come out here and help me," shrilled her aunt, recommencing her washing.

But Clarita did not hear her. She had picked up the shirt in admiration. Her next skirt would have to be of that color, she was positive.

"Leave that alone, Clarita," commanded Caridad, angrily.

"Oh, but how beautiful!" she enthused. "Pink like the roses! Have you ever seen him wear it, *Tia* Caridad?"

! Put it down before you soil it, *chiquilla!*"
ita reluctantly obeyed. She backed away gaz-
lfully at it. She wondered how she would look
l in that color. She wondered again. A quick
at her aunt showed her that venerable lady
g like a Trojan. Neatly she snatched up the
nd rushed off behind some bushes. . . . Cari-
ways got over her anger quickly!
rtly, Clarita, like a naughty child realizing pun-
t is only a few minutes away, strolled into
he pink shirt extending below her knees. Car-
as the first to see her and broke forth into peals
ghter, in which all joined except Dona Caridad.
tter scowled, whipped some perspiration from
brow with the back of her hand, called upon
nd all the saints to give her patience and was
about to speak, when Clarita timidly asked:
w do I look in this pretty *camisa, tia querida?*"

"Ah Senor Wallace, this is most embarrassing," said Caridad, obviously confused.

"Never mind! She is so pretty in it," he said rather slowly in his best Spanish, as he came down Clarita's side of the bank, "that by rights it is hers."

"Gracias! Gracias!" cried Clarita, clapping her hands.

"Ah, no, Senor Wallace!" still protested Dona Caridad.

"I tank you," said Clarita, in English, as she happily fluttered a few steps towards him, *"Usted* have much the butiful heart, senor."

"So you speak English," he laughed.

"For one year me go to school *en* Zamboanga—*americano* school. *Ingles mucho* big job," she told him, her eyes all the while fascinated by his light hair and blue eyes. She had always wanted to know an American, and feeling especially like knowing this one, she continued, but now in Spanish: "You, *senor,* speak pretty good *espanol."*

"Senorita, I think you are joshing. I've never studied it much," he said lightly, noticing what a pretty picture she made against the bamboo background.

"Porque?" she asked.

"Because there is no one out here to teach me! I must pick it up, for the most part." This was said with much effort on his part, but correctly.

"Butiful! Butiful! *Bueno!"* she cried childishly, and then, picking a big red flower from a nearby

she ventured naively: "What you say? I be *profesor, usted* be *mi profesor* — eh, *ameri-*
,"

was sudden!

rhaps," he chuckled, amused by her frank stration of her approval of him.

e—*nosotros*—make the cool job of it," she con-, deftly arranging the flower in her hair. t you say?"

sometime," he replied, not taking her words ly.

nana?" she queried eagerly.

eno!"

with that she danced down to the verge of the where there was a deep, placid pool. She down and looked for several moments at her ion. She readjusted the flower; then called to

the buttonhole in the lapel of Richard Wallace's coat, all the while looking fascinatedly into his blue eyes.

And the latter gave one of those embarrassed, foolish smiles that are so often the first rays on the horizon of the dawn of love!

II

Perched on the center table of the living-room and busily trimming a lamp was Clarita—now Clarita Wallace. Every now and then she would pause in her work and look out at the Sulu Sea for signs of her husband's motorboat. He had made his weekly trip to Zamboanga that morning for the mail and provisions and he was late getting back. For already the sun was setting and the bonfire glare shone prettily among the fronds of the cocoanut trees on the shore. From the Moro village down the beach came the nightly thud-thudding of the tom-toms; in the kitchen old Petrona, who had had three husbands, was singing a melodious native love song. And although Clarita had much on her mind to worry her —Caridad had not brought her two-year-old little son back, for instance—she began to sing.

The song was "No te Vayas de Zamboanga,"—a sweetheart's plea to her lover not to go away and leave her. Half way through the song she stopped and chuckled contentedly. How silly of her to sing that sort of song! She should be happy, she argued. For a Filipino she had a luxurious home, an American husband, and a little son,—a link that would

eep the former by her side. Yes, she felt it quite worth being made to dress like an Ameri-man—to wear shoes and stockings! It was not joshing with the workmen on the place and rribly dull books and grammars he made her And besides, each week didn't she have her , when he would go into Zamboanga? On ccasions she dressed as was the *costumbre* of ople.

y she had had a perfectly wonderful time. All ends whom her husband couldn't stand had t at the plantation; her uncles and aunts and had lorded it all over Buena Ventura, as the as called. And little Ricardito had been sent proud Caridad to be admired by some second in a neighboring village. This was against e's instructions, but then he would never know. d always got back in plenty of time—except

loved him for his worldly goods and the prestige it gave her for being an *americano's* wife. His having cabled his mother not to come out had angered her, not hurt her: she wasn't capable of grasping the real motive for his doing so, and she had so wanted to walk through the village with her white and refined mother-in-law.

"Petrona!" she suddenly shrilled. No answer. "Petrona!" she shrieked nasally, and jumped down from the table. The lamp was lighted.

"*Si,* senora!" was nasalled back from the kitchen.

"Where did Caridad go with Ricardito—which cousins?"

"*Dios,* child! How should I know?" And the love song was renewed.

Clarita was furious. Petrona was so stupid! Accordingly she shrieked her opinion of old Petrona, who respectfully yelled back to her to go to a certain well-known—well-known by hearsay only—place. Clarita then, at the top of her lungs, called her the vilest name she could think of and went out on the porch. With the master of the house away such ladylike long distance little chats were frequently indulged in. They saved the hot work of walking a few steps.

But what was her dismay, upon stepping out on the porch, to see the launch quickly approaching the little dock.

"Oh, why doesn't Caridad return with the child!" she whimpered. "Ricardo will be furious if he finds out!" Then she called: "Jose! Tomaso! *ven aca!*"

ilipinos who were building mosquito-fires near-
ried to her, and were immediately dispatched in
of Dona Caridad and the baby, with full in-
ons to return quietly by the kitchen.
ediately she hurried within to put on her stock-
nd American slippers. Twenty years, almost,
ing gone barefoot, except for loose-fitting slip-
n Sunday and fiesta occasions, had made these
ions of civilization a most uncomfortable nuis-

hite husband, strange to say, did not make life
k and honey!
was setting the table for dinner when he ar-
He walked heavily into the room.
la, chiquita!'' he said.
ur poor little Clarita has been so lonely!'' she
, hoping he would come over and kiss her. But
ontinued towards his study, she ran up to him

down in it. There! He swore—not angrily, but bitterly. Something in her sent the blood shooting through her veins. Cautiously she crept to the door and looked in. He was reading a letter.

"Ricardo," she asked, childishly in her directness, "the letters, they are of course from America?"

"Yes!" he snapped.

"From your mama?" she questioned, entering the room.

He nodded.

"She again want you go home?"

He stopped reading the letter to say: "She's learned from Drexel in Zamboanga that I was fooled into buying bad hemp land! So of course, she says come home!"

There followed a long pause, during which Wallace finished his letter. He arose to brush up for dinner, but the expression on the little woman's face made him stop to ask:

"What's the matter now, Clarita? Want some more money for your sick second cousin's godchild?"

She went over to him, and taking hold of the lapels of his coat, said: "That man Drexel, he no mention Clarita to your *madre?*"

The question surprised Wallace. "Why evidently not," he said kindly.

"Why not?" she persisted. "Why no you tell your mother, too, about Clarita?"

That was just the question he had asked himself time and again. At first he had intended to. It was all to have been so wonderful: He was going to edu-

little brown butterfly; he was going to make success of the plantation; and the success of ans was to be the big surprise for his mother er. And now he realized that they were mere f yesterday. At times there seemed to him an ountable wall between him and the future!

rita," he said in a low voice, "why do you that? She will know some day." And then kly change the subject: "And where's Ricard-

ta had completely forgotten him. "Ricard- he cooed, questioningly. "Why didn't you *ni querido,* that like the little *americano ninos* t be in bed by seven o'clock?"

ly for you, Clarita," he said, and left the bit eagerly.

ta, of course, had lied to him. That was a detail to her. If by taking chances she could

Scattered out on the floor in front of his bed were all of his shoes.

"Some damn relative been trying on my shoes again, forgetting to put them back," he muttered. This had happened numerous times before: once even his clothes had been tried on during his absence. The first time anything like this had happened, he managed to see the funny side to it. But now it just filled him with a feeling of hopelessness towards Clarita. She had promised time and again as his wife to see that his property was respected. And time and again she had broken her word. The minute his back was turned she joined the others in their schemes against him. She refused all opportunities to stand on the same plane with him.

As he brushed up a bit for dinner, he thought of the lie Clarita had just told him: the story of her lonely day and the hypocrisy of her attitude. He felt that, if he were meeting business-success, he might be able to put up with the underhand tricks of Clarita. But his plantation was a rank failure. Nearly all the money he had was invested in it; what he could sell it for wouldn't have netted him enough to start out again somewhere else. His love for Clarita had about been worn out and so he did not have the necessary courage to take a brown wife back to a white man's land. He was known in Zamboanga as the "Squawman." It was known there of his complete collapse a year before from drinking the native *tuba,* and he could easily tell from random remarks and little incidents that his acquaintances in Zamboanga were shaking

eads over him. It all made things just so
arder for him.
is way back to his study he passed through the
room. He noticed how discerningly Clarita
t him for a moment and the forced smile that
l. He wanted to stop and scold her, but
imself what would be the use? She would
rst forth into tears and forget it all within an
Entering his study, he slammed the door after

, he lounged dejectedly back in a big bamboo
r. He was tired and weary through and
. The distant beating of the tom-toms got
nerves, and he closed the window, regardless
ensuing heat. Settled down once again, he
t from his inside pocket his mother's letter.
read that through several times, but what he
was the enclosed newspaper clipping. With

of some one's presence in the room. Looking around quickly, he saw Clarita standing in the doorway, with a fixed—ghastly in a way—expression upon her face. Her eyes were on the picture in his hand.

"What do you want?" he demanded, angry because she had been spying on him. "Why didn't you let me know you were in the room?"

She moved slowly back out of the doorway, and, as if waking from a trance, said: "*La comida* is now ready."

He dropped the picture back into the trunk, and nervously destroyed the clipping.

"Petrona's paternal aunt, Josefina Rodriguez y Fuentes, is ill, so I let her go," informed Clarita as Wallace sat down at the table. The truth being, she had sent Petrona out also on the trail of her aunt. "And, *Ricardo querido,* I myself have cooked the dinner for you!"

He merely nodded noncommittally. He didn't want her in the kitchen, for whenever she got among the plantation hands she became one of them.

Presently she returned with a tray full of things. "Oh, Ricardo," she chirped, "just see! I've something here you haven't had for such a long time! The foolish doctors have forbidden you to—"

"What's in that bottle?" he quickly asked, pointing at a big brown bottle on the tray.

"Look," she replied, pouring some of its contents into a glass.

It was *tuba!* Of all the native drinks that make

man forget and degrade him, it is the worst!
her tutelage he had taken it before.
eized her hand as she was about to offer him
ss, and his voice shook with suppressed rage
ntempt, as he said: "You little fool! Don't
ppose I know?"
hat?" she whimpered, frightened.
y, your damnable purpose for giving me this!"
As a *refresco*: you're tired, Ricardo."
sugared scheming of her words made him con-
iously throw her hand to her side. "I'll tell
ur real motive!" he bellowed.
t there is no other reason!" she cried.
ere isn't!" he scoffed. "Hm! You've seen
ting more and more worried and disgusted each
! You fear I'm going to desert you. To keep
u decide—as you did some months ago!—to
a drunkard out of me; to make me love and
this *tuba* the way some white wrecks out here

and jumped to her feet. Again the sobbing and the sound of voices. "Caridad!" she exclaimed, and dashed out of the room.

"Thank God, the old witch is crying!" muttered Wallace. He could hear them outside at the foot of the veranda steps. Petrona was endeavoring to hush Caridad. From long experience he had learned that whenever any hushing was done around the house, it was because there was something that might anger him if he knew. Consequently, he had found out it paid to play the eavesdropper when every one more or less conspired against him. But just now he didn't care what might be brewing. Clarita now held no place in his heart, and as for her family's tears—they could flow on in the future forever, for all he cared. But nevertheless he couldn't help overhearing the conversation outside!

"Ay, Caridad! *Por Dios!*" pleaded Petrona tearfully. "Don't weep so loud. He may come out to see what's the matter!"

"Ah, Clarita, *pobrecita hijita,*" broke forth Caridad in a still louder wail.

"What has happened?" demanded Clarita. "Ssh, *Tia* Caridad, he may hear you! Where—where is Ricardito?"

Both Petrona and Caridad were heard to burst forth into hysterical crying at that question. An awful suspicion swept suddenly through Wallace's mind. He arose and went directly to Clarita's room. She had told him the baby was asleep. . . . He found

le crib vacant! Clarita in his mind's eye took
m of a brilliantly colored and poisonous snake.
he could kill her. The little half-white son
n all that had made life endurable!
ft the room viciously to find out what had hap-
Passing back through the dining-room he
Caridad weeping her story. His boy's name
him short and he listened:
ad Ricardito over at my sister-in-law's. . . .
a! . . . She had raised nine out of her four-
ildren. . . . She fed it some banana and
. . And a little later—Ricardito became sick
ains like the cholera . . . Clarita, I can't tell
rest! *Ay, hija!*....."
ardito is dead?" Wallace heard Clarita fran-
ask.
lad wailed, but Petrona mumbled: "Yes,

IV

An hour later found him in his study making ready for an immediate departure. The parting of the ways had come. He would leave Clarita the plantation. He never wanted to see her again, or hear of her. Perhaps there was a future for him back in the States.

Juan, one of the plantation boys, took his things down to the launch. Frightened by his master's somber appearance, he asked no questions. On his way back, Juan planned to stop in at the plantation house, have a bite to eat and hear all about it. But just as Wallace shoved off from the dock, Juan's curiosity got the best of him, and he questioned:

"When are you coming back, *senor?*"

"Oh, *manana,*" he lied, listlessly.

"Until tomorrow then, *senor. Adios!*"

The Philippines, like other places in the tropics, is said to be the land of tomorrow; and as yet Wallace has not returned. . . . Perhaps tomorrow.

V

In Benton, Massachusetts, the mothers of marriageable daughters all agree that the greatest "catch" in town is one Richard Wallace, the young man who came so mysteriously from the Middle West two years previous, to work in his uncle's silk mill, and who, now that his uncle is dead, sits in the President's chair. But this young man is also a great source of

ation. He is pleasant and kind to all, but he
o further, he never has an affair!
veritable puzzle, he is," said a dear old New
nd lady to her niece.
hould call him a woman-hater," said the young
if he were not so frightfully handsome!"
then, the little City of Benton does not know
ch about Richard Wallace as we do.

Somewhere in France

By Marguerite A. Woodworth
Acadia University

As consciousness returned to Martin he slowly reviewed the events of the night before. He thought of the sodden trench where he and his comrades had fought for hours hemmed in by the enemy; then followed the command at nightfall to charge the German trench only thirty yards away. The Canadian line had never wavered, though the Germans had opened a murderous fire, and in the midst of this seething, fighting mass of humanity, Martin had fallen.

Now he raised himself painfully on one elbow, and in the early morning light contemplated the scene before him. It was the typical sight after an engagement upon which men look at first with growing horror and faintness, later with hardness and indifference. Beside him lay three motionless Germans. Martin murmured reminiscently, "Those must be the three fellows I did for last night. Well, one of them nearly did for me—both my legs are perfectly useless. I wonder," he went on grimly, "if Madge would mind marrying a cripple." He fumbled at his pocket and presently drew forth the picture of a fair-haired girl with laughing eyes.

ess I'll just keep you out here for company,
," he said.
eyes of the nearest German had opened and
ixed intently upon him. Perceiving that the
ade a sudden movement, Martin reached hur-
for his revolver.
y, hello, Fritz, I thought you were dead long

n he saw how grievously the man was wounded
replaced his weapon with an ashamed look.
, I say. I didn't know!"
German continued gazing at the young man
ent, and with just a ghost of a smile on his
e said slowly in English:
it that we postpone hostilities for a little
"
t's; you've got an awful hole in you, and I
tand, so we'll make the best of it till someone

face; "I too love. I shall wed my Lottchen when I return victorious to the Fatherland. I have with me her likeness also." His clumsy fingers opened a little gold locket that hung about his neck, and revealed the miniature of a very pretty girl who gave the impression of health and robustness. "Ach, I think of the small, pretty house we shall have on the green banks of the Rhine—and the vineyard. We shall be happy, yes."

The Canadian nodded. "She looks like a mighty fine girl—oh, I say! What's up?"

His companion's head had fallen lower and an ominous dark stream gushed from his mouth. But he was not dead, and Martin was relieved to hear the faint voice again. "It is nothing; but I am very tired."

Martin pulled himself up by his hands to a sitting position. "Look here, I think you'd be a heap more comfortable if you had your head a bit higher," and he pillowed the German's head in his arms.

"Feel better?" he asked cheerily.

"You are very kind to a prisoner," was the reply.

"Prisoner? Nonsense! We're both perfectly helpless."

"I am weary and would sleep but a little while to dream of Lottchen," and the voice trailed off into nothingness.

"Do the poor chap good to get a nap," said Martin aloud. His mind was becoming clouded again; he hated the awful stillness only broken now and then by the distant rumble of artillery.

hours wore on, and in the gathering darkness,
's took strange forms. He fancied that it was
who came to him through the mist and that
ed her in his arms. Then he seemed to sink in
dows that enveloped them.

* * * * * * *

yn, the surgeon, was speaking to an orderly:
how do you suppose we found him? Uncon-
and holding in his arms as tenderly as a
, a dead German. What? Oh, yes, he'll pull
h all right."

Part II

Other Stories of Distinction



Other Stories of Distinction

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

An April Day — *Marjorie Harrington*

AMHERST COLLEGE

The Answered Call — *A. J. Beckhard*
The Light — *A. J. Beckhard*

BELOIT COLLEGE

One of Life's Ironies — *Orpha C. Thompson*

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

The Philosopher Argues — *A. E. Longueil*
The One Who Understood — *Dorothy Stark Smyth*

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

Between the Tides — *Morris Atkins*
Marie—or—The Dog — *H. T. Mooers*
A Path in a Dark Wood — *H. T. Mooers*

BRYN MAWR

A Labor of Love — *Monica Barry O'Shea*

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

The Scarlet Doom — *Alex Lipinsky*
The Wooden Necklace — *Abraham M. Schultz*
The Man Who Couldn't — *Abraham M. Schultz*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Forbidden Sweets — *Otis Peabody Swift*

OTHER STORIES OF DISTINCTION

Converse College

srael's Benefit	*Sarah E. Glass*
st of the Story	*Hallie Mathewes*
Like That	*Mary Moore*
r. Alligator Out-does	*Alice W. Page*
tters of An Old Maid	*Reva See Read*
ft of Myrrh	*Kathryn Worth*

Cooper College

mance	*Dixie Sarrasin*

Cornell University

l Through the Window	*Rena C. Gibbs*
	Leonard Wood, Jr.

George Washington University

ngest of the Three	*C. T. Ryan*

Goucher College

OTHER STORIES OF DISTINCTION

Lake Erie College

The One Thing — *Helen M. Elliott*
The Sleep Stealer — *Helen M. Elliott*

Macalester College

The Marauder — *O. C. Brown*
The Joy of the Day — *Adah Newcombe*

Marietta College

The Test — *J. S. Scott*

Michigan Agricultural College

For France — *Erma E. Preston*

Mt. Holyoke College

Mine Enemy — *Mary Alpin*
Second Choice — *Ortha L. Wilner*

Pennsylvania College

A Patriot — *Helene Blattner*

Princeton University

Merci — *Charles Bayly, Jr.*

Radcliffe College

An Unfinished Narrative — *Romona Osburn*
A Point of Honor — *Virginia Vaughn*

Rutgers College

A Bachelor's Day of Days — *D. Hudson Bowman*

Smith College

Minions of the Moon — *Dorothy Homans*

OTHER STORIES OF DISTINCTION

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Forest Elves — *Whittier Wellman*
of Spanish Town — *Whittier Wellman*

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

s No Death — *Giannina Bertorotta*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

olson Phophesies — *Reginald Sweetland*

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

the Realist — *Delmar Edmondson*

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

de Awakening — *Mary Lehr*

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

n Cross — *Clifford F. Gessler*
ing Mary Ella — *Helen S. Knowlton*

VASSAR COLLEGE

Part III

The Editor's Attitude Toward the Young Author

A Symposium by Fifty-Nine Magazine Editors



The Editor's Attitude Toward the Young Author

Adventure

I fear the answers to your two questions, if adequate, would entail the writing of a small volume. Generalization is rather futile unless its statements be taken as subject to hundreds of modifying influences.

In the first place, the attitude of magazine editors is not one attitude but almost as many as there are editors and magazines. (The same editor serving on three magazines will have a different attitude on each of them, since he must greatly adapt his own to that of the magazine. The same magazine under three successive editors will vary in attitude, generally in smaller degree, as each new editor takes hold.)

Perhaps the general answers to your two questions reduce to the following fundamentals:—

Attitude of magazine editors toward Mss. of unknown authors? The most comprehensive answer is that all authors were once unknown and could have become known only through editorial recognition of unknown authors.

In a general way editors (or perhaps more exactly, magazines) divide into two general camps. One puts more trust in the circulation-getting value of "big names," of authors already well known, each bringing to the magazine his own particular following of readers. Also the mere display of a list of "big names" brings a kind of general prestige and standing.

The other camp ignores "big names," generally because they cost too much, sometimes through free intention. This camp weighs stories solely on their merits.

camps, of course, weigh stories not by their intrin-
t alone but also by their adaptation to the charac-
needs of the magazine in question.

f which is well enough as a generalization, but the
zation is subject to numerous things. As a single
, the second camp often publishes "big names":—
s" or "thirds," rejected by the usual buyers of "big
firsts unadapted to particular character or tem-
needs of those other magazines; firsts, sent to a
ne of Camp No. 2 through some choice of the au-
rsts, seconds or thirds deliberately bought by Camp
s result of decision to compromise between the two
first, seconds or thirds bought by Camp No. 2 be-
author got his "big name" and held by accident or
based on belief in his future.

Camp No. 1 often use stories by unknown — need
od; forced by the excellence of the story, etc., etc.
zines might be divided into two classes on another
One class makes all "unknown" Mss. work their
to the editor through a staff of assistants, the as-
of least experience reading first. The natural
of "efficiency" but it means that a green hand can

key to the situation is that each issue of any magazine is a carefully rounded out product of balanced interests, an organic whole, not a haphazard collection. It follows that a magazine must keep on hand a sufficient supply of each element in the balance at which it aims — humor, pathos, tragedy, love, adventure, psychology; variety in geographical settings, classes of people, human activities; short, medium and long lengths; description, appeal, problems, narrative; etc., etc. ad infinitum. It follows that when the inventory runs low in certain types that particular magazine becomes very eager for these types and less eager for the types with which it is well supplied. In a month or two its needs may be exactly reversed.

As to your second question: "Why do editors reject Mss?" Because 90% of them are so damned bad. Also because no magazine has room for many stories. *Adventure*, for example, appearing 24 times a year, prints about 250 short and long stories; it receives about 5,000. That is only 5%; magazines publishing fewer stories per year will average closer to 2%.

ARTHUR S. HOFFMAN.

Ainslee's Magazine

As Mr. Whiting's successor I take pleasure in making the following brief statement in answer to your letter of June 12th:

It is literally true that an editor is never better pleased than when he discovers talent in the work of an obscure author. He needs new ideas and freshness of style, if his magazine is to remain vital. Consequently, his attitude toward manuscripts signed with unknown names is receptive, sympathetic and hopeful. The other day, I accepted a short story mailed from France by a girl whose name was new to me. It was an excellent story which I should have been glad to get under any circumstances. But my satisfaction at obtaining it was greatly increased when I learned

he author that it was the first piece of fiction she had
ad accepted. I felt that launching this new writer
benefit the magazine, besides being helpful to her.
er, there is another side to the question. Manu-
submitted by beginners usually are so amateurish
would not be worth the editor's while to send per-
etters encouraging the aspirants to submit something
In the overwhelming majority of cases, the printed
on slip is the logical answer. A genuine "discovery"
and the editor is obliged to depend upon experienced
for a steady supply of available material.

W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS,
Editor.

All-Story Magazine*

ty per cent. of the manuscripts submitted to the
nes are rejected because they are not interesting.
true that a great many unsuccessful writers are
the impression that a magazine office is a secret
in which the editor is the arch conspirator, and

nacle they step into the serenity of Heaven, which is the abode of knowledge.

There is another class of writers who regard the rejection of a manuscript as a personal assault at the hands of an editor whom they classify so incompetent. If several editors reject their manuscripts they conclude that literature is at a low ebb and the business has fallen into evil ways. If all editors reject their manuscripts, they spread the dire news that a cabal has been formed against them and that an editorial clique exists, through which only glib men and beautiful women can break and bask in the sunshine of the cashier's department.

If the truth were known, we editors are infinitely more exhilarated at the sight of a new writer than any writer could possibly be upon discovering a so-called friendly editor.

It is not often that a great writer is conscious of his gifts until some editorial scoundrel sits down and points out to him the reasons for his greatness. I have seen authors blush and fall into hesitating speech at the advent of approval. To be sure they emerge from this bashful stage; but in the embryo it is a delightful phase and one not infrequently encountered among the beginners.

It is a waste of space to deal here with manuscripts out of tune with the policy of a publication; or fiction along lines that have been done to death; or special articles that are already in hand, or manuscripts perishable because of their untimeliness. The contributing public cannot possibly keep in such close touch with the fiction and the trend in magazine events as do the editors. Many therefore are misinformed as to the value of their contributions. A story that would have been tremendously valuable a year ago could easily be worthless today. A type of novel that, moving in its cycle, would have interested the entire community five years ago, could not be sold on push carts today for a nickel a copy. Editors and publishers know this. Authors do not.

fabulous revenues paid certain writers for a type
that is essentially low-grade, has served to unseat
on of a number of other writers capable of equally
k.

e approval is a peculiar thing. There are Charlie
tendencies toward books the same as in films. The
y with which the book-buyers flop from one type
n to another, keeps the authors more or less in the
g with the editors. None of us is perfect—unless
se who cannot sell their manuscripts.

easons that I have never been able to fathom, a
rcentage of the writing gentry are under the im-
that no previous experience is required in the
on of letters. Temporarily embarrassed society
lawyers without much practice; doctors who have
ne than patien-(ts—ce)—take your choice in the
—and young college men with fine athletic records.
nothing of a large number of people who do not
kind of work, rush into literature.

is yet another set of desperadoes who have been
d by their friends that they are brilliant letter-
scintillant conversationalists, and, incidentally, born

When these manuscripts become battered and soiled and mutilated, they are re-typed, a few details changed, hurriedly brought up to date and thrust out into the world again. Peradventure one of these tourists finds a resting place and a cheque is sent to the author. Does he regard himself as a peculiarly fortunate young man? No. He makes it the basis for a wholesale denunciation of all the other editors in the world.

The writer has received many manuscripts from beginners, occasionally accompanied by the request for an honest criticism. "Tell me frankly what you think of my story. What it lacks, wherein lies its weakness." In most instances a cordial correspondence has grown out of such requests, but occasionally a writer asking for an honest opinion, upon receiving it, returns to the fray with violence and would, if conditions were apropos, establish a Hatfield-McCoy feud that would terminate only with the death of all concerned.

"Why are manuscripts rejected?" is a nation-wide cry. Those who have succeeded know the cost of success. The failures seem to be unaware of the causes that contribute to their down-fall.

One might as well expect to become a great musical virtuoso because he has heard all the good music. Some people think they can write because they have read all the good books.

It will surprise some of you to know that the late O. Henry went to his grave marvelling at his popularity.

"Do you suppose it is wise," said he, for me to go on writing short stories? When I see them in cold type they seem awfully slight and thin and feeble."

Montague Glass, as far back as 1906, told a friend that he thought of giving literature up because he couldn't make it pay.

"I don't seem to be able to sell enough manuscripts It is very discouraging."

The author of *Potash and Perlmutter* was quite serious

is retirement. An editor who believed in him urged
e and even went so far as to offer him some special
along with sincere encouragement. Well, Glass
and now he hates to take the money.

te as February, 1914, I had the pleasure of intro-
Joseph Conrad to Sir Gilbert Parker in the Hotel
n London. To their eternal credit both men greeted
ner with a kind of homage that startled me.

next day Conrad told me that Parker's approbation
work reminded him of the first time the late E. W.
offered him a helping hand. "I was quite over-
l," said this superman.

modesty is becoming. I sometimes believe it is
of greatness.

Cobb once told W. W. Jacobs in London that he
s stories. The author of *Dialstone Lane* and *Many*
actually blushed and lost his appetite. He thought
at American humorist was "spoofing" him.

ony Hope told me with his own lips that he wrote
isoner of Zenda more or less as a joke. Its re-
at the hands of the reading public paralyzed its
and to this day he cannot see why it should have

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

I don't suppose Irvin Cobb will forgive me for this, but I once asked him why he turned out fiction so rapidly.

"My boy," said the Paducah marvel, lifting all embargoes on confidence, "the public is going to wake up some day and dismiss me. This is too good to be true. I propose to take it while they are not looking. It's now or never."

Mary Roberts Rinehart, after having written several excellent short stories, was driven by her friends into writing a novel. Later she contemplated giving up her writing altogether. The public wouldn't permit it.

Fanny Hurst, after selling a few manuscripts to New York editors, seriously contemplated returning to St. Louis and the journalistic life. Destiny upset that plan.

Edwin Lefevre, with whom I am fairly friendly, told me that every time he saw one of his manuscripts in cold type he was sorry he hadn't re-written it. Is he modest? Well, no. Intelligent? Yes.

Rex Beach some day expects to revise his novels and bring out a corrected edition. That's what he says.

Whenever George Barr McCutcheon hands out a copy of any of his books he apologizes for the mistakes it contains.

James Lane Allen, at whose feet no man may sit without gleaning something of great value, once remarked to the writer:

"Many people confuse imaginative power with the creative faculty. For example: One may imagine a great picture or a great story; but he who creates the great picture or the great story, thus giving it existence, is greater than he who only imagines it."

In private ears I have frequently breathed this doctrine as mine own, but for the public eye I herewith acknowledge it to be the conclusions of James Lane Allen.

There never has been such a market for good fiction as there is today. This is the golden age for writers. Any man or women with an original idea or even an original

handling an old idea, can sell their manuscripts as they can turn them out.

e one has said that there are only seven plots. Rot! are only eight notes in music, but whoever said there y eight tunes?

habitat of fiction has been pretty hard hit. Jules went up in the air as far as anybody could go, as under the sea. Wells went into the pseudo-scientific o the limit. Flying machines, occultism, phenomena ure, thinking machines, wireless telegraphy, and grations have been done without reserve.

e still remains that immortal trinity without which on can possibly survive—life, and love and death. elements can be injected into any walk of life; used without paraphernalia, and are guaranteed to sur- any climate.

e isn't a magazine editor in New York City who is ding all his energies in search of new material. No hat possesses a single gleam of quality is permitted pe. The bad manuscripts will continue to go back s—that is as it should be. The pure blue flame of

vinced that most of this latent talent will remain inert and unsung so long as the majority of editors in this country maintain their present attitude which is more businesslike than it is encouraging. According to my version, there should be more of the soulful, hearty conduct on the part of editors in dealing with unknown aspirants to literary, musical or artistic laurels. I am in favor of the total abolition of the stock rejection slip. I think every editor or some member of his editorial staff should write a personal letter to every person, deluded or otherwise, who submits a manuscript and that the letter should contain information, advice and kind candor. Thus many unknown authors would be enabled to determine why their manuscripts are rejected and also thereby would the vast army of would-do-wells be gradually educated as to the requisites to achieving success in the editorial sanctums of the country. My advice to every man or woman, young or old, possessing a definite ambition is to practice the utmost perseverance until a status quo can be established. Every human being must submit to the acid test of a competent judge's opinion in order to gain the knowledge necessary to appraise the value or possibility of an aspiration. Obviously, if those who are in a position to act as the judges in this case — the editors — are not prone to contribute time and thought gratuitously to enlightening unknowns as to their chances of becoming known, it will continue to be a difficult struggle against greater odds for them all. Meanwhile, the grim necessity of ameliorating a mass of multifarious conditions will suffer for the want of recruits who can only be found in the ranks of the obscure. I am a devotee to the creed of helping the other fellow, and I am idealistic enough to wish that all editors would throw cold business principles to the four winds when dealing with strugglers who need to feel the potential influence of a fellowman's soul and who are not interested in any crudely mercenary motives.

DELBERT ESSEX DAVENPORT,
Editor and Owner, American Ambition,
Editor, Photo-Play Journal.

The American Magazine

only too glad to answer the two queries you put to
our letter of the 12th inst., so far as the attitude of
azine is concerned.

manuscript that comes into this office whether it
unknown or a known writer is given a very careful
It is not possible, however, for us to give individ-
cism, although many requests accompany the man-
asking that the weak points be pointed out, etc.,
that we state just why the story or article is not
the needs of the magazine. To do this we should
have a large corps of readers and stenographers at
the time for a very large number of manuscripts
ough our hands daily. If, however, the writer shows
ity (so many people can write just fairly) no mat-
her the material is our type or not, we encourage
her to do better work, to study the magazine, sug-
ere he or she falls downs, and if we think the ma-
arketable as it stands we suggest a likely place for
are always pleased to see the work of new writers
chase quite a good deal of material from them and

In closing I should like to warn young writers not to be too anxious to burst into print, but thoroughly to go over their work before submitting it for publication and try and judge it themselves from the viewpoint and standard of the magazine to which they propose to send it. There is no doubt whatever but that good work is recognized; editors are on the watch all the time for it so that new writers can be sure if they show real ability they will eventually find their market and make a name for themselves.

JOHN M. SIDDALL.

Argosy

In reply to your queries of June 12, my attitude toward manuscripts from unknown authors is decidedly friendly. There is far more zest in finding a winner among the "slush" than in the latest offering from a known quantity.

As to why I reject stories, chiefly because the writer has sought inspiration from the printed page rather than from life itself. In other words he has given me the same old thing in subject matter. I do not mean to imply by this that I want tales founded on fact. I am as much opposed to these as is the average editor, but I am eager for unhackneyed themes and an infusion of the individual touch in their treatment.

MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,
Editor The Argosy.

The Atlantic Monthly

You have asked what the attitude of this magazine is toward manuscripts submitted by unknown authors, and my reply is that *The Atlantic* would rather have a striking piece from an unknown author than from Mr. Kipling. Nothing comes to this office without being adequately examined, and our files will bear me witness when I say that

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

every issue of the magazine includes a considerable — sometimes as many as eight — of contributions ons who theretofore were unknown to *The Atlantic.* d, in fairness, amplify this statement. Successful by new writers generally come to us as a result of s correspondence or of a suggestion made by this some young writer whom we have reason to sup- ossesses talent or has had interesting experiences. vitality of a magazine comes from the new life it from new writers. This, too, we try never to

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

Bankers' Monthly

ass publications the name of the author bears little as compared with the text matter, as the class jour- ally strives for technical editorial copy. It has been cy for thirty years to consider all manuscripts on erits regardless of the name signed thereto. Any article from an unknown writer is accepted if its

reasons why they are not acceptable; they may be lacking in originality, be poorly written, be inappropriate for the publication to which they have been offered; their subject may not be timely, or it may be objectionable from various standpoints; the manuscript may be too long, or not long enough.

The difficulty with nine-tenths of the contributions submitted to *The Bellman* is that they do not rise in character above mediocrity. Finally they may be returned simply because the editor is overstocked with manuscripts already purchased and does not need any more. This is usually the case in *The Bellman's* experience. With but a very limited space available for outside contributions, this publication must necessarily accept but comparatively few of the many contributions offered it each week.

The Bellman does its own manuscript reading and does not employ a professional reader. It invariably declines to criticise manuscripts submitted to it, or to advise what would be acceptable.

One suggestion I would venture to make to authors desirous of gaining favor for their proffered contributions; that is, not to address them personally to the editor, and not to accompany them with personal notes asking for special consideration. This method simply creates delay in delivery and attention, and gains no advantage whatever for the writer, since all manuscripts necessarily pass through the same process in being considered. It rather serves to create a prejudice against the contribution and its author.

WILLIAM C. EDGAR,
Editor The Bellman.

The Black Cat Magazine

In reply to your favor of the 12th inst., we are pleased to say that we welcome stories from new and unknown authors. *The Black Cat* has always encouraged new authors

ually "found" a great many and as a matter of fact, *ack Cat* has a reputation for publishing stories by n authors.

ply to your question "Why do editors reject manu-" Most of the manuscripts that we reject are ap- first efforts and it would be absolutely impossible hem. The writing of marketable short stories is a fficult task and requires a great deal of hard study. w authors would put their first efforts away and re- them three months later, studying in the meantime, them would never be sent out.

HERMAN E. CASSINO.

The Bookman

ing to your circular letter of June 12th, and speak- *The Bookman,* the only prejudice existing in e is entirely in favor of new authors.

impossible, of course, to give any general reason rejection of manuscripts. The two that would fig- t prominently in an analysis of the mass of rejec-

Browning's Magazine

I do not know that the Editor of *Browning's Magazine* has any special message for the beginners in authorship.

As to the Editor's attitude toward Mss., submitted by unknown authors, I may say that so far as my knowledge goes it is one of open-mindedness and hope.

As to why Editors reject Mss., the reasons are manifold: many more are submitted than any publication could print. Comparatively few Mss. have any distinction of style and still fewer betray any raison d'etre, being without form and lacking in interest of any sort. When a story of an unknown writer shows conspicuous merit in either composition or plot, the suspicion that it may have been cribbed from some obscure or forgotten source is hard to avoid.

Beginners usually start badly; as a rule they are wordy and affected. And in an overwhelming flood of mediocrity it is not surprising if the jaded editorial instinct sometimes misses the "well of English undefyled."

C. M. FAIRBANKS,
Editor, Browning's Magazine.

Cartoons Magazine

Your letter addressed to Mr. Windsor, publisher of *Cartoons Magazine* has been referred to me for attention. Perhaps the following paragraphs will give you the information you desire:

ONE: Every editor is, we think without exception, constantly looking for new writers. No manuscript, except in rare cases where an editor lets a "find" slip through his fingers, is intentially rejected because it is not written by a well-known writer.

TWO: Manuscripts by new writers are rejected for the reason that, among other things, they do not study carefully the medium through which they are trying to market

vares. In our own case, notwithstanding the fact that blish no fiction whatever, we are constantly receiving numbers of short stories. An equally important rea- that manuscripts from new writers lack ideas. In ases, a manuscript by a new writer is a weak imita- f O. Henry, Edith Wharton, or whoever it is that iter has used as a model. The result is, either a plot cated beyond bounds of comprehension by the reader, it falls flat.

I add in closing, that the new writer who will best l is the one who discovers that the most available are those that are closest at hand — usually a new esh reaction to a common and well-known object, er or situation, with a note of whimsicality, if e.

T. C. O'DONNELL,
Managing Editor.

opportunity with the well known. *The Century* does not buy names; it makes authors.

For all the above, we insist that it shall be written in a direct, lucid, and variable English.

We hope this will meet the purpose of your inquiry.

Believe me to be

THE EDITOR.

Current History Magazine

OF THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY

Referring to your inquiry, "What is a magazine editor's attitude toward manuscripts submitted by unknown authors?" we can only reply for ourselves by answering tersely, "one of lively interest."

In our publication, names are of very little value. It is the character, quality, authenticity, and inherent value of the facts covered that give the manuscript value.

To the question, "Why do editors reject manuscripts?" the obvious answer is (if the editor is qualified for his task and conscientious,—which we assume to be the case), "because it fails to meet the requirements of his publication, either as to quality or as to its availability."

EARL O. OAKES.

The Dial

The *Dial* does not publish fiction, and it is, consequently, impossible for me to give you any direct answers to the questions you ask. But there are certain general considerations which I think apply to almost all manuscripts, whether fiction or essay. In spite of the repeated warnings printed in various magazines and reproduced in practically all hand-books, and incredibly large proportion of authors still submit amateur manuscripts. By "ama-

mean simply that they violate some of these simple
ons: To be typewritten; to be written only on one
plain paper strong enough to carry the correction
needed for the printer; to be generously margined
aced; to be paragraphed, punctuated and spelt in ac-
e with the general style of the magazine to which
icle is submitted. It is astonishing how favorably
ed an editor can be towards a manuscript by these
es of what one may call merely external care and
ration.

HAROLD E. STEARNS,
Associate Editor.

Everybody's Magazine

ybody's Magazine has always made a point of
ng new writers to its pages, and has brought out
ber of people who afterward became well-known.
he system of reading worked out in the office, every
ript received has fair consideration. More than that,
lers are expected to read the unknown's manuscript

Forbes Magazine

Our own practice is to have every manuscript sent in examined first by a member of the editorial staff and then, if it is considered at all attractive, it is passed on for examination higher up.

While there is, of course, no discrimination against unknown writers, an editor learns from experience to expect good stuff from good writers, so that a well-known name immediately receives authoritative attention.

"Why do editors reject manuscripts?" Most frequently, for the reason that they receive ten or a hundred times more manuscripts than they possibly can use. Next, most of the stuff received is not worth using.

The best advice I can give beginners is to be extremely careful to have your manuscripts neatly typed, have the spelling throughout absolutely correct, pay scrupulous attention to punctuation and apostrophes, and leave as little work as possible to be done by the editor, who is usually a busy worker and doesn't relish doing things which ought to be done by others. Slipshod work repels.

B. C. FORBES.

Forum

In reply to your letter of June 12th addressed to the editor of the *Forum*, I beg to say in regard to the *Forum's* attitude toward articles submitted by unknown authors, that while we are always glad to see manuscripts from writers, whether they are in or out of colleges, we would suggest that it is necessary for a writer to familiarize himself with the present character of contents in the *Forum* magazine, and the nature of the articles therein, in order to be in a position to intelligently submit manuscripts with any hope of availability.

Every editor receives articles which have no bearing upon

licy and character of the magazine to which they them.

resent the *Forum's* pages are largely devoted to and poems that bear on war themes. And, while st of our articles are written by people of recognized ty and prominence in affairs, we are open to ar- which reflect the trend of the times upon significant al issues concerning the people nationally.

EDWIN WILDMAN.

Grit

letter of June 12 at hand. In it you ask suggestions wers to two questions: First, "What is the magazine attitude toward manuscripts by unknown authors?" "Why do editors reject manuscripts?" In reply :

— Editors are middle-men. They buy what they can ne editor can sell one kind of story; another, an- nd so according to clientele. They care not whether hor is known or unknown, so long as they can get

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

Here in two brief paragraphs are practical answers to your questions, made by one who has had more than 30 years' experience in buying and selling literary products of others, and who was obliged when fresh from college to learn the hard, cold fact that style and polish count for little if originality — the something new, the merit — is wanting in the production.

FREDERIC E. MANSON.

Harper's

I cannot speak for others, but I can confidently say contributions from hitherto unknown writers submitted to *Harper's Magazine* are as heartily welcomed and as carefully considered as those from the best known, and we are constantly rewarded for our attention.

H. M. ALDEN.

Home Life

THE EDITOR AND THE AMATEUR CONTRIBUTOR

When a magazine goes into a million homes, as *Home Life* has been doing for the past two years, the editor naturally is besieged with manuscripts from would-be writers all over the country. Not the least interesting of the editor's experience in her work is the reading of these manuscripts, and of the letters which accompany them. From the little girl of eleven who asks timidly if we think she can ever become a writer, and if her story is not worth at least fifty cents, and the man who has a mail order business and wants to exchange a story for advertising space, to the mother in her home who wishes to make some "pin money," and the college graduate who has not as yet found a paying position, and hopes to "eke out a living" in the meantime by selling a few manuscripts, do we develop a kind of personal interest, and somehow feel that we are de-

hopes and very nearly breaking hearts, when we
ck their precious efforts.
ever, magazines have only so much capacity, and edi-
mpathies cannot place all the good, and medium
uff, to say nothing of the vast amount of pure trash,
mes to the desk. This is the largest reason, no
that so many manuscripts are rejected.
of the questions coming most frequently to the edi-
ind, in returning manuscripts, is, perhaps, "Why
e people who want to be writers learn first to write?"
good story is spoiled in the telling. Life, common,
y life, is teeming with "material," but it takes, if
artist, a craftsman, at least, to handle it attractively.
did it; Hawthorne did it; O. Henry did it. That
they, and others like them, succeeded. Words are
es what paints are to pictures, or notes are to music,
writer must know as much about them as the artist
composer know about their media. Yet how many
e writers overlook this very obvious fact! Many of
em unacquainted with the spelling, to say nothing of
ledge of the fine distinctions in the words they use.
uld advise beginners not to "study the needs of a

The Humanitarian

"Why do Editors reject Manuscripts?" Unfortunately the public wants to read something written by headliners and Editors usually do not go over matters carefully submitted by unknowns. This was one of the purposes of *The Humanitarian Magazine;* to put before the public works by unknowns so as to make them known.

If you will send us your book, we shall be very happy indeed to review same, and if you know of any talented writers who desire an opportunity to have their writings brought before the public, send them to us. The more the merrier.

MISHA APPELBAUM.

The Illustrated Review

I have your letter of June 12th. The success of any periodical is dependent upon its appeal to the reading public. The editor of a periodical is quite as anxious, if not much more so, to bring out a new author who gives promise of a strong appeal to the reading public than the new author can possibly be to succeed in the sale and publication of his stories. The writing of successful stories, however, is just as much of a business requiring long and patient preparation in addition to a special gift as is required in any other business or profession for success.

The vast majority of manuscripts submitted to editors of periodicals by unknown authors are rejected because they are the crude work of amateurs who have given no care, thought or study or have had no training whatsoever that would fit them for the writing of a successful story. While occasionally some brilliant genius may flash across the editorial horizon in the shape of a new author who writes successful stories without training, such occasions are so rare as to form an infinitesimal amount of the mass of manuscripts submitted.

average amateur author undertakes to succeed along
s an author which under fundamental business prin-
would absolutely assure his failure if he undertook
eed in any other business in the same way. If the
ctive author attempted to make his appeal to the
as an actor he would go through many years of care-
fficult training before there was any possibility of
cess, granted that he had the ability to begin with,
he average amateur author takes his pen in hand and
ls to write a story without any effort at previous
g and thorough understanding of the fundamental
les of story writing.

ould therefore say as my judgment that one of the
al reasons why the vast majority of all manuscripts
ted by amateur authors are rejected is that the wri-
re totally lacking in the proper training and ground
n the fundamental principles of story writing, and
they had had this training and devoted the same ef-
d care to the instructions in this training that they
to instruction in any other profession or business,
hances of success would be immeasurably increased
e labors of the editor correspondingly decreased.

return of a manuscript. Many authors of note have found publications only after repeated experiments in various directions. And it sometimes happens that even after a story has gone the rounds of the magazines and is started on its travels a second time some editor who at first rejected it, for one or another reason, finds that he needs it. It seems to me that if young authors would bear in mind that timeliness, special need, and the special appeal that differing magazines have control the action of editors they would persevere in the face of repeated rejection. Another point young authors should note is this: that editors are initially impressed by the condition in which a manuscript comes to them. It should show no carelessness as to spelling, punctuation, or neatness, and although these details will not sell a manuscript which has no intrinsic merit, they greatly assist a manuscript that is worthy in other respects. As to the question "Why do editors reject manuscripts?" there is much to say. If editors accepted all the manuscripts they receive there would not be white paper enough in the world to print even a small percentage of them, and persons who get pleasure from reading would turn to some other device for entertainment.

J. A. WALDRON.

American Khakiland

Why the Attitude of an Editor Changes
Are Unknown Authors Mistreated?
By WILLIAM W. WOODBRIDGE,

Like most unsuccessful and unknown writers, I labored for years under the delusion that Editors as a whole were the natural enemies of young authors. When I became editor of *American Khakiland,* I was ambitious to make for myself a name as a tender-hearted editorial monster. I really expected that I could help the young writers, and I spent a great deal of time and yards upon yards of type-

ribbon, writing kind and encouraging letters to au-
ho submitted their material.
ave been averaging about thirty manuscripts a day.
first three months, it was my practice to read them
personally. Of course, fifty percent of the material
terly impossible, and such stuff I returned with a
slip. This impossible stuff would not take much
a paragraph or at least a page of it would convince
that there was no hope of acceptance there.
y day I would receive four or five manuscripts,
signs of genius in the rough. I would go over these
with some care, and write my reasons for returning
There would be perhaps three or four manuscripts
daily that I would have one of my associates read,
cuss with me. From these latter, we chose the ma-
or our magazine.
came evident that I was making a serious blunder.
ime an editor writes a letter to an author, he has a
correspondent on his hands. I had one author send
t manuscripts, asking that I go over them all and
m "what's wrong with them." Several rewrote their
along the lines I suggested and then insisted that

of the author, then glance over the first page and place the manuscripts in one of three piles, i. e. The utterly impossible pile, the known-writer pile and the pile that I hope will have someing worth while. This last bundle of manuscripts is turned over to my associate, who passes judgment, subject to my final approval. I will admit that if I recognize an author's name on a manuscript, I read it without delay and pass upon it.

Of course a known author gets preference! The reasons for this are obvious. But I am sure that no manuscript is received by any magazine that does not get all the consideration it deserves. Good stories are always in demand, and every magazine is as anxious to make friends with a new worth-while writer as a merchant would be to secure a new customer for his store.

But the unknown author is a sensitive creature, most frequently at a loss as to which magazine his story is the best suited for, and a half dozen rejection slips frequently will develop a bitterness of soul and a clamminess of ambition that causes him to right heartily curse the editor, who would really like to help him.

If a young writer has ability and imagination, my advice would be for him to place his material through a thoroughly reliable literary agent, one who will tell him frankly the truth about his work. This may mean some hard knocks and heart aches, but eventually will help him immensely — that is if he secures the right kind of an agency.

But after all, ability will tell. If a man wants to write, and has the spark of genius, the only thing necessary is stick-at-it-ivity, and he will win. Write, write and keep on writing, and in time success will come.

Here is a sample of letter we receive with MS. We have nearly twenty equal to it in quality and literary attainment.

American Khakiland. Seattle. Washington.

Dear sir

"I have saw your AD. in the Writer, that you wanted a Song for the SOLDIERS to sing and PLAY,

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

vant a PATRIOTIC SONG, here is a good one that
n myself and copyright it/the title is. O "WHY
U ASK OTHERS TO DO — WHAT YOU WILL
O?" AUTHOR—THIS IS A PATRIOTIC SONG
OLDIERS. IT SHOULD STIR ANY SOLDIER S
T FOR PATRIOTISM FOR HIS COUNTRY.
S SONG HAS QUITE A LARG CIRCULATION
EADY. AMOUNG THE MOST PROMINATE
E OF THE U. S. & WORLD."

Leslie's

eived your letter and this is my reply to your re-
hat I state briefly a few pointers which can serve
ide to the students of American colleges many of
re going to be the best magazine contributors of the
In saying this, I repeat what I have often said
ge students who have either written or applied to
onally for advice.
of all, before you submit a manuscript, or apply
osition with any publication, learn as much about it

And bear in mind, that the writer who can conjure up a new line of work, a field unique whether in the way of humor, of stories, of sketches, of fiction, or adventure, will always have the best chance for a hearing, for most writers travel the beaten track too much.

It has always been my rule to carefully consider the writings of unknown authors because in many instances the best talent has been uncovered in this way. I believe that in every well-regulated office, there is more and more of a disposition to treat contributions on their merit without regard to the names of the writers. And this should always be done.

JOHN A. SLEICHER,
Editor.

Life

THE EDITOR, THE WRITER AND THE PUBLIC.

It is a matter of great difficulty, leading almost invariably to embarrassment and misunderstanding, for an editor to explain his reasons for the rejection of any particular manuscript. This feeling is, I believe, practically universal among editors and it is the principal reason why so many inexperienced contributors are likely to misjudge the attitude of editors. It is in vain to tell the disappointed contributor that his manuscript has been carefully read, or that there are "many reasons" for rejection. His friends have told him that his story is good. He fully believes this himself. He sees other stories that he considers far inferior to his own. To enter into any detailed explanation takes up too much time, for there are a great many more manuscripts than there are editors and editors are busy, and from dire necessity are on the defensive. Furthermore, detailed explanations are usually unconvincing to the contributor.

Editing is both a business and a profession. As a business it is bound to be more or less commercial. It is the editor's business to get out the best periodical he can that

read by the greatest number of people. If he fails this he will either lose his job, or the periodical will This does not mean that editors are conscienceless who think of nothing but circulation and advertising. are two classes of readers. One is the small, critical, ed class, the really nice minds, who, over long periods tory, put the stamp of their approval on the world's terature. These are sadly in the minority. The other s the great majority, the constantly new, rising gen- n. The editor may belong to the first class himself e may wish above all things, to create only for that If he does, he will be wrong, even from the stand- of art. Aristophanes and Shakespeare, two of the s supreme literary artists, did not cater to the small lone. They played to the gallery. Above all things, tor must keep himself free from all narrowing in- es. He must himself live the broad life of his own nd understand and sympathize with all of the racial ces about him. Narrow sets here and there will point the finger of scorn, and tell him that he is commer- g his product, that he is "selling himself out" to the ty. The faddists are always with us.

first-class editor (and if he isn't he cannot survive in these days) subjects every manuscript. And that is the test of personality. The cleverness with which a manuscript is often written may be of no consequence. The care with which it is written may be of no consequence. But the real test is, What has the author put into his work of himself alone? In a world where so much writing is being turned out, it is comparatively easy to write well. I am often amazed at the remarkable cleverness of young writers. But the great fact is, that to write things that will get home to the great majority of readers, you must have lived through yourself, and have meditated upon, have thought out, from your own original standpoint, the common racial experiences of the great majority of human beings. This not only takes time and experience, but personal concern and suffering and the slow development of your own individual technique. And even this, without a natural talent — which comes to one as a gift from God knows where — is very hard and usually impossible. But do not be misled by the stories of those talented creatures who seemingly, without effort, have sprung at once into popular favor. Get close to them, study well their lives, and you will always discover that, somewhere along the line, they have served their apprenticeship. An intimate knowledge of the life of any great writer must convince you of this.

In a generation of Americans who wish to obtain the largest results in the shortest time, the fault is this: They want to take short cuts to greatness, to adapt the methods in use by others, to efficienize themselves, to do anything but be original, which means hard, painstaking thought. And when they fail, they blame the editors, and go to a vast amount of trouble explaining how deficient these overworked beings are, when the fault lies with themselves.

If an editor rejects your manuscript, do not assume: That he hasn't read it; that he is afraid to use it; that he doesn't appreciate its real merit. He may be wrong, but the chances are that he isn't. Believe that he has done you

service in returning it, unless he flatters you along
he return, and don't believe him. After this, forget
on't try to create sympathy for your afflicted condi-
nong your friends or your family, but look to your-
Keep living on some more, getting as much as you
t of your life; always be true to yourself, and work
e devil, and you will get there finally, if it's in you.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

Maclean's Magazine

n reference to the two questions that you have asked,
ny points arise that it is difficult to answer in a few
I shall endeavor to do so, however. Answering your
uestion "What is the magazine editor's attitude to-
manuscripts submitted by unknown authors?" I
that every editor or reader opens a manuscript with
ng of hope that no amount of disappointment can
y eliminate. The hope of discovering a new writer
the reader up through the monotony and drudgery

do not study their market. The kind of material that they submit shows conclusively that they have not given any thought whatever to the policy and requirements of the magazine to which it is sent. I do not doubt that many short stories are submitted in the course of a year to *The Literary Digest*. At least two-thirds of the manuscripts which come to this office are quite unsuitable entirely apart from the question of their merit or lack of merit. Writing a good story or article is only half the battle; marketing is at least half in itself.

T. B. COSTAIN,
Editor.

Metropolitan

In reply to your question "What is the magazine editor's attitude toward manuscripts submitted by unknown authors?" the answer is that nearly all magazine editors keep up a vigorous daily search for good work among the manuscripts submitted by unknown authors. In order to do this we pay high salaries to assistant editors. If it were not for going through the manuscripts submitted by unknown authors there would be no need whatever of having an expensive editorial staff. As all first-class magazines do this work the popular idea that editors are not interested in unknown authors is supremely ridiculous. Every issue of the *Metropolitan*, with scarcely an exception, contains a story by some author who has never been heard of before.

To the second question "Why do editors reject manuscripts?" the answer, of course, must be general. In the case of articles, manuscripts are usually rejected on grounds of policy, if for no other reason. Most articles in most magazines are arranged for in advance. The editor knows what he wants and engages some writer to do the work. Therefore the outsider has very little chance of having an article accepted unless he makes arrangements with the editor in advance. Fiction is another matter. There is a

of good fiction stories. By good we mean stories
hold the interest and which have sufficient dramatic
notional force to make an impression upon the reader's
Most of the manuscripts sent in to editors are feeble
of successful work. A few have the merit of orig-
but are so long drawn out and feeble in construc-
at they are of no use. No one would read them. To
l in short story writing the author must simply prac-
To have a story and to tell it effectively requires in
every case years of practice before success is at all
.

CARL HOVEY.

The Nation's Business

manuscripts submitted to *The Nation's Business*,
r from known or unknown authors receive the same
treatment as to reading.
te this essential difference between manuscripts sub-
by professional and amateur writers: the profes-
writer has studied the medium and what he submits
likely to fit into the magazine's program than the

As for unknown authors, I suppose every editor is hopeful and rather eager when he picks up a manuscript signed with a name he does not know. On the other hand, whenever there is a competition between mediocre articles — and it is obvious that this situation occurs now and then in every editorial office — I think the mediocre article with the famous name at the end of it has much the better chance.

"Why" you ask, "do editors reject manuscripts?" In very many cases, because the manuscript is neither sufficiently like or sufficiently unlike those which the editor is in the habit of publishing.

PHILIP LITTELL.

The Pagan

I believe a short story should, like other works of fiction, be primarily, convincing; i. e., plausible. It will hardly be the latter if it is not written with earnest simplicity and eagerness for truth. If it is written for the sake of "effect," it's apt to be melodramatic. It should sound as smooth and unartificial as if it were a simple recital of actual events. Such masters as Tchekhov, Tolstoy, Garshin, Hamsun — convince me that simplicity, truthfulness, and power are the ideals in short-story writing. The effects of such mannerism, trickery, shallowness, and artifice as distinguish O. Henry's work, for example, are baleful on all literary students who do not despise them.

Summing it all up, I would say to students,—Remember: Simplicity, condensation, simple-truthfulness, power—(if yon can achieve it). Study the Russian and Scandinavian masters.

(P. S. The humorous story, and the fantastic-symbolic, like Lord Dunsany's, are of a different genre, with other ideals, of course.)

JOSEPH KLING.

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

The Pathfinder

are doing a valuable work in collecting and publish-
e poems and stories written by students in colleges.
nably a great deal can be learned by studying such
ts and noting wherein they excel and wherein they
ort of the standards. Of course with the average
the name of the author counts materially. The
ow editors would never take anything from an un-
writer at all if they could get sufficient material
vell-known favorites. The result is that our periodi-
ten publish stories which have little merit beyond the
at they were the work of writers who had "arrived."
ers often pay big prices to famous writers for stories
uld command only a few dollars if they had to run
pply-and-demand gauntlet and be considered purely
r merits. Editors, however, for self-protection, get
e habit of giving scant consideration to the work of
who are admittedly beginners. They haven't time
vast numbers of stories in the hope that now and
e can be found which will answer the purpose, and
ngly they favor stories by writers who already have a

an Elman or a Kreisler. Masterly results from actual control, acquired by painstaking practice and care, superadded to natural talent. Young writers can rest assured that they will have little difficulty getting an audience provided they have something worth saying, but modesty suggests that they should really have something worth saying and be able to say it acceptably before expecting the audience to listen. In other words aspiring writers will do well to devote their main efforts to writing something that is worth while, and not make the mistake, as so many do, of aiming primarily to "break into print."

GEO. D. MITCHELL,
Managing Editor.

People's Favorite Magazine

Replying to your favor of the 12th inst., I would be inclined to answer your two questions as follows:

1. Won't you please tell me what is the magazine editor's attitude toward manuscripts submitted by unknown authors? Personally — and that is all I can answer for — they receive exactly the same attention and care that is bestowed on the work of older and regular authors. We are altogether too anxious to discover possibilities among authors who contribute new stuff to us to let anyone escape if there is the slightest merit in his or her work.

2. Why do editors reject manuscripts? Again speaking personally, the principal reason is that the story is not a good one. Next to that is the fact that, even if good, I may have sufficient supply of that class of material on hand at the time. Finally, the story, while good, may not be at all appropriate to my magazine. I think these three reasons cover ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of all rejections.

J. E. de RUYTER,
Editor.

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

The People's Popular Monthly

question asked in your letter of June 12th "Why do
reject manuscripts" is a very difficult one to answer.
me that there are about as many reasons as there
tors.

e are numerous reasons why we reject manuscripts
hink that the most important, as applied to authors
ite well and use good English, is the lack of heart
in the stories that they produce. In other words
them are written in a mechanical manner and not
because the author has something to say that he
keep from putting into words.

ar as we are concerned the manuscripts submitted
nown authors have the same consideration as those
ed by the writer of wide reputation. A real story
table to us no matter what name may be signed to it.

A. M. PIPER,
Editor.

Physical Culture

I thank you for your kind letter of the 12th in which you have asked for the editor's point of view in connection with the rejection of manuscripts and especially those from unknown writers.

While it is apparently true that the editors of possibly two or three magazines have adopted a definite policy of exploiting "big names," yet among editors as a class any noteworthy contribution by an unknown author is welcome. There is nothing that more delights the editor's heart than the discovery of something exceptional in the large stream of offerings by obscure writers. Some of the very best things that we have published have been unexpected and unsolicited offerings by the non-professional.

There are two chief reasons for the rejection of manuscripts.

In the first place a large number of offerings do not conform with the editor's policy. Now the editor may or may not know his business, but he usually has a very definite idea of the kind of a magazine that his readers would like to buy. The work of the editor is not merely a matter of selecting available material. The work is far more creative in nature than that. The editor builds, so to speak. He desires material that will help him to make the kind of a magazine that he believes he should produce from the standpoint of interest, helpfulness and inspiration. To build this type of magazine, often he finds it necessary to have contributions written to order by trained writers who can best produce the very thing that he wants. One may say that this is really the chief reason why the haphazard offering has such a small chance in most editorial offices. The rejection of a manuscript, therefore, is more likely than not to mean not that the manuscript is unworthy but that it is the wrong kind of an offering to send to that particular magazine.

The second reason why unknown writers find it hard to "break in" is based on the quality of work offered. The

names" are big because they represent superior ability. amateur may or may not have ability. One may say tly that the majority of manuscripts submitted are of ferior quality. Just as soon as you write something od as Jack London or Booth Tarkington may offer, vill land with both feet.

other factor is the tendency of the average writer to ice the average in the way of ideas. No editor wants ommonplace. It is only the new idea that is welcome, if the new idea consists merely of a new and unique nent of an old subject. So many amateurs make the ke of imagining that good writing consists in a pleas- hoice of words and the framing of smooth sentences. eas, the truth is that good writing consists in ninety- per cent thinking. The person who will learn to write, st in the field of special articles, is the person who can to think. The rejected amateur usually does not ac- this supreme factor. Just as Shakespeare said "The s the thing," so the editor may say, "The idea is the ."

the matter of offering special articles one may suggest probably the best plan is to submit subjects with very

amateur story is found, as in the case of the special article, in the lack of an idea. Once get a hold on a big enough idea and your story will practically write itself. In any case, the more simply it is done, the better.

Probably the biggest fault of the amateur is found in his effort to do "fine writing." It is only the amateur who tries to be "literary" when he writes a letter to his friends. He usually spoils his story or his special article the same way. If your friends know you as a good letter writer, then there is real hope for literary success in your case.

CARL EASTON WILLIAMS,
Editor.

Poetry

In answer to your inquiry of June 12th I can only say:

Poetry particularly delights in the discovery of fine poems by new names. In the course of five-and-a-half years we have introduced many absolutely unknown poets, and some of these are now famous.

The only thing we judge by is quality. We may make mistakes, of course, but we try to print the best we get.

HARRIET MONROE.

The Popular Magazine

In response to yours of the 12th, I would say that editors reject manuscripts simply because they regard them as unsuitable for the magazine. In a great majority of cases, I think the rejections imply that the manuscripts are not of sufficient value to publish, in the editor's judgment. As a rule, in fact, without exception to my knowledge, editors are continually looking for new writers, and if they see ability shown in a manuscript they are quick to encourage it even though the manuscript itself may be unavailable.

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

e best advice that we can give to the author is that he
the magazine that he is submitting his manuscript
th the idea of sending it something suitable. Anyone
can write a good story is sure of a hearing if he has
tle perseverance. In regard to the availability of
scripts submitted by unknown authors, I should say
one in a hundred was a high percentage in our ex-
nce. We are trying hard all the time, however, to dis-
new people. This answer goes for all the S. & S.
zines.

CHARLES AGNEW MacLEAN,
Managing Editor.

Popular Mechanics Magazine

have your favor of recent date inquiring as to the
or's attitude toward manuscripts submitted by un-
n authors.

hardly think your query fits a publication of our kind.
never publish fiction, but brief, illustrated accounts of
developments in the fields of science, mechanics, in-
on and discovery. We never reject any manuscript

through the agency of an editor, we may say quite conclusively that we are interested in unknown authors. We consider one of the primary functions of a magazine the development of new writers; the magazine that does not or cannot do this is without vitality, it seems to me. In this office every manuscript, whether the author is known or unknown, receives as honest and thorough consideration as we can give. The fact that we are buying stories from unknown authors constantly is proof of our attitude's practicability.

We reject manuscripts because they are uninteresting or because they are unpleasant. An interesting manuscript is to us a manuscript of a story which in its skeleton form still would be worth the telling, a story which, if thus fundamentally good, has not been ruined in the telling by lack of balance. By balance we mean sufficient characterization to make the people in it seem real, sufficient atmosphere to make the surroundings or scenes seem real, sufficient style to make the writer seem intelligent, and sufficient technique to make the story move with maximum effectiveness to its close. A pleasant story is to us a story that leaves the reader in a mood wherein he believes this world is worth while living in and its inhabitants worth while knowing. By this we do not mean to bar stories which depict the miserable aspects of life. We appreciate the value of such stories, but we want them to be based on a wholesome philosophy.

The main fault we find with unknown writers who have ability is that they are imitating writers who have succeeded. Learning from a successful writer and imitating that writer are entirely different things. Most young writers do not learn much from successful writers, but they imitate these too much for their own good. When we find a new writer who knows enough about style to avoid affectation, who knows enough about technique to be able to use it, who understands character enough to avoid elaborating on it and who appreciates that atmosphere is only

or in a story — not the story itself — we will leap
n with open arms, even if he hasn't the slightest
of what is known as genius.

RAY LONG.

The Saturday Evening Post

Lorimer regrets that he cannot take time to give
l the particulars you request; but, in a general way,
glad to assure young writers that their work always
ery careful consideration in this office and that a
nt and persistent effort is made to recruit the ranks
r contributors from among the younger men and
.

THE EDITORS.

Short Stories

reply to your favor of June 12th, let me refer you
o the literary section of the New York Sun of yes-

they went on to other fields — *The Saturday Evening Post* and other general magazines.

Every day we, in the magazine offices, read the manuscripts of writers who a year from now will be much better known, and we realize it and glory in the fact that the fiction magazines can give them their opportunity.

Another point is that in the all-fiction field the competition is very sharp, and we all have the greatest difficulty in getting the kind of material we want. Therefore, we cannot afford to ignore any MSS. of whatsoever nature. It is true that about 80% to 99% of submitted MSS. are returned, but nevertheless, all of them are carefully read and considered.

To the young college students who expect to write short stories in the future I would say, go ahead and write and above all read the magazines you expect to submit your material to. You probably cannot sell your first story nor your tenth. It is said that Booth Tarkington realized the greatest return from his first five years of writing of exactly $22.50. To write successfully you must practice, and there is no writer living today who has not practiced more than he has ever sold or attempted to sell.

H. E. MAULE.

The Smart Set

Many of the best stories we have printed in *The Smart Set* have been the work of so-called unknown authors. Both Mr Mencken and myself read eagerly all manuscripts that are submitted to us. We employ no readers and pass on everything personally. This system has given birth to excellent results. There is rarely a number of *The Smart Set* that does not contain a story by a writer who hitherto has not appeared in print.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

manuscripts received by *The Smart Set* are care-
examined, and, save when they are obviously idiotic,
ead by one of the two editors. There is absolutely
rejudice against a new and unknown author in this
; on the contrary, an effort is made to show newcomers
tmost hospitality. This has been the policy of the
zine since its establishment, and it has brought out
young authors than any other three American maga-
It is seldom that an issue fails to show at least one.
od many of them, of course, fail to establish them-
, but among the scores introduced during the past
ears are a number who are in very secure positions
.

H. L. MENCKEN.

The Stratford Journal

my judgment a story must be, first of all and last of
nteresting. All other matters, — style, technique, lan-
, purpose, and so on, — are secondary, and of worth
n so far as they increase or embellish interest. With-
hat interest style becomes sterile; technique is an

is the greatest of editors; with infallible choice and decisions beyond appeal it chooses the world's classics. By re-reading Time's choice we can see for ourselves that only those stories survive which interest us directly. A good deal of literary rubbish is embalmed between covers, but the tales that are constantly *read* answer the requirement above indicated.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

Sunset Magazine

You ask "Why do editors reject manuscripts?"

Very often, I believe, the editors do not know, themselves, beyond finding their personal interest or enjoyment not aroused by the manuscript and believing that their readers would feel the same about it.

One reason for rejection which the contributor often overlooks is that the editor cannot afford to buy everything that he might like to buy; he can consume only so much material and, governed by his needs and opportunities, he selects as wisely as he can, often making serious mistakes and missing a good thing.

Under these conditions the writer has to take his chances; if he has a work of merit, any editor whose policy it fits will want it if he can use it, and somewhere among the editors will be the one to whom the stuff comes at the right time.

As to unknown writers. The editor knows the advertising value of a well-known and popular name; the writer's following buys the magazine in which his work appears. But the cost may be more than the editor can afford to spend for that advertising and resultant sales. His magazine probably has its established circulation and the editor is also concerned with keeping his readers interested. He can do this very well if the stuff he prints is interesting, no matter by whom written. He can buy it more cheaply than he can the work of famous writers

il by introducing and keeping the writer before the lic he has, in time, built up another reputation for ch he can no longer afford to pay.

he problem of the editor is to combine the two elements prestige through well known names and satisfactory erial from unknowns at "reasonable rates." His solu- of this problem will depend upon the resources at his mand.

he attitude of the average editor toward the unknown er is, I believe, extremely sympathetic, if only because finds there an opportunity to get good material for e money. He probably reads the famous author's uscript first, wonders whether it has not already been ined elsewhere, inclines to the feeling that it is not up he author's standard, ponders whether the value is e for the price. Then he examines something by an nown, is surprised to find unexpected merit, believes an get it cheap because it means a lot to the aspirant et into good company, and he probably takes the un- wn's work and takes a chance of getting something bet- from the famous author.

his may not be the rule, but it is probably as near it as

articles written by authors who are quite unknown. Most of them are business men who have methods and plans to pass on to other executives.

In our departments, where we have many short items, we do have contributors who contribute material time after time. Of course there is a certain unescapable feeling connected with taking up a lot of manuscripts from a contributor whose work we know to be, as a rule, exceptionally good, but we do not hesitate to turn down his work if it does not fit in with our policies or our present needs, and we are always eager to get good material that does coincide with our needs and policies, even when it is submitted by authors of whom we have never heard before.

I think perhaps the most common reason for rejecting manuscripts in our office is that the authors have failed entirely to appreciate the point of view of our magazine. They send us material that might be available for magazines reaching an entirely different class of subscribers, but a hasty reading of our magazine would show that what they sent us could not possibly be available.

The style of a manuscript has little to do with our acceptance or non-acceptance of it. If it has the ideas we are willing, usually, to take it, even though it may cost us quite a bit of work in revising and editing it.

That, I think, indicates one fault with too many would-be contributors to our magazine. They endeavor to make a story without having the basis for it, or they haven't enough material. This is a much more common cause than that the material is not written up in an acceptable style.

NEIL M. CLARK,
Managing Editor.

Ten Story Book

Your circular letter of June 12th, 1918 asking about editors' attitudes towards MSS. submitted by "unknown authors" and why editors reject MSS. was handed me by

usiness office just today. So far as my own attitude an editor, concerned, I would say that I practically *ard* authors' fame or lack of fame, buying stories on their *real merits.* My experience as an *author,* er, convinces me that such is *not* altogether the fact most magazines however much they may profess it. *do not want* the best and "newest" fiction, but some- that fits an arbitrary "formula" of their own, the of which they cannot formulate, even to themselves. ostly they want strictly *hackneyed stuff* — something on't compel their readers to think or progress. Of there are notable exceptions to the rule, though— *a valuable "point"* MSS are *returned* by me *princi-* for lack of all-round merit; *specifically* for various omings; — such as lack of a general knowledge of cal short-story text book rules, lack of individual " lack of *plot,* lack of human interest, lack of lack of a fundamental absorption or up-to-date ic and current *best* fiction by the author, lack of , i. e: of anything to be read of power, observa- r human philosophy *between the lines,* lack of charm

The Times-Mirror Company

As a rule the fiction stories submitted to us for publication are:

Too long.

Too unreal.

As theatrical people say, the authors do not ring down the curtain when they get to the end of the play and they act to the end of the play; then they ramble alone for a while and I very seldom get a story that could not be condensed with advantage about fifty per cent.

Not one story in a hundred sounds real. The characters are not real people; they are merely puppets about which a usually tiresome old plot is draped.

H. C. CARR,
Editor Times Illustrated Magazine,
Los Angeles.

Today's Housewife

The Attitude of Editors Toward Unknown Writers.
By the Editor.

The attitude of the average editor toward the unknown author is a simple enough attitude. He wants good material for his magazine and he does not care particularly from whom he gets it unless the policy of his magazine demands valued names only.

Usually the editor wants articles and stories that are different — only when he finds them he is often diffident about using them merely because they are different. It is a question of courage with the editor—sometimes involving a stiff argument with the business management of the magazine that regards only the bookkeeping end of the business.

The editor must go over hundreds of manuscripts constantly, after his staff of readers have sifted out the en-

undesirables. And any story that comes to his has only one chance in a hundred. It must so make stand out in the mind of the editor by reason of its ness, its treatment of its subject and its general ap- ance, that he looks to it for a careful decision. The that seems so good to the writer — written so care- and with so many hopes, may be hopelessly mediocre e editor because of its comparison with hundreds of r ones on his desk.

new writer need expect to make a hit with the editor riting a long explanatory story with it. The story d stand for itself. You would not expect to sell article, poorly designed and badly made to a cus- merely because you made it or because you needed oney. The editor is not interested in your personal ns for writing — he wants the story.

metimes he returns your story because he has others e same line. Sometimes because it is not in line with olicy of his magazine. But he cannot be expected to a personal letter to each author setting forth his ns. Neither can he be expected to criticise your story. u desire expert criticism submit it to an expert critic

comparison with the work of the hundreds of other writers.

All editors are human. No exact rules can be laid down for any of them. The only secret of success I know of is this. Keep on working and keep on trying to sell your stuff. Some day, if you have the goods to deliver, you will land. And when the editors begin to ask for your stuff, you may be thankful to have ready for them the work done in the freshness of your inspiration — often it is far better than the work done under the spur of success.

The Touchstone

It is a little difficult to answer any general question to editors. I think the popular magazines naturally want popular names attached to their stories. A magazine like the one I edit, *The Touchstone,* prefers the very best fiction that can be written in this country or Europe without regard to the signature. Naturally if Kipling should send us a story that we like we would be very proud of the opportunity of publishing it, but if we did not like the story we would not use it on account of his name.

Our attitude toward the unknown author is one of the greatest respect and hope. We are always seeking the American writer who will have imagination, humaninty, sympathy and the great gift.

The second question in your letter is one that seems to me almost impossible to answer, namely, "Why do editors return manuscripts." In the main they reject them because they are so hopelessly bad in plot, purpose and technique. They may, however, have all these qualifications and be rejected because they are not suited to the purpose of the magazine to which they are sent. They may be manuscripts that should be published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and yet are sent to *The Cosmopolitan,* and vice versa. I frequently get charming manuscripts that belong

int Nicholas, and the reason that I reject them is be-
they belong to *Saint Nicholas.*

w is it possible to set down a few sentences as to the
bility or unavailability of manuscripts submitted by
own authors? They may be the best or the worst in
orld.

ave but one criticism to make of the ordinary editor's
and that is that the first reading of the manuscripts
e by the second and third assistants instead of by
litor-in-chief. The person in control of the maga-
should sort manuscripts, however difficult and tire-
it is. Only that one person can tell what manuscript
l be accepted and what one rejected.

MARY FANTON ROBERTS.

Boston Evening Transcript

the Magazine Editor of The Boston Transcript.

my estimation it is that thing which is worse than a
it is a blunder, an absurdity, for an editor to ad-
he young writer in this day. As I see it, the only

of the greater, and those who have created the larger successes hesitate to quarrel with their established prosperity. They dread to experiment. Inevitably they tend to repeat what has prospered before. The outcome is a perpetual slant toward the safe and — the same. Where mediocrity pays and originality frightens, the choice between them is a foregone conclusion. Much is said of the warm welcome always ready for the new writer, but in reality I think it is more for the new writer who can manage to pour a little fresh life into the old established forms.

The hole range of editorial choice is thus under a curse of timidity. But it is a timidity of such curious insolence! I suppose it is natural for the editor of a magazine with a circulation of a million or two to feel sure that he is printing no more than what Our Readers want. I don't believe it. I believe that such magazines are not successes of editing but successes of salesmanship. They are the most read because they are the most boomed. People buy and read them because, in the hurry of individual life, they buy what is most determinedly shoved under their noses. They buy what they are loudly informed contains the best writing the country affords. They buy what so many others buy. So they swell the large circulation still larger, and authorize the editor to go his settled course, in the conviction that he is accurately gauging a national taste. Yet meanwhile, I wonder if sometimes the readers of magazines do not puzzle why it is we have no new Stevensons and Kiplings.

That the potential great figures of tomorrow's literature in America are with us, ready only for just encouragement, I firmly believe. It is my privilege to read a great mass of manuscript fiction, most of it excellent, and most of it tattered and soiled. At a glance I can read its forlorn history. To my shame I must send most of it back. After all the *Transcript* publishes a news magazine, with little enough space for flights of fancy. Yet from this

of floating and homeless copy I have gained several onvictions. One of them is that there is a world of in the country which should be cordially exploited. v from the evidence of my own eyes that the mails gging about excellent efforts of art, hopelessly knock- unfriendly doors. By persistence or compromise reators may some day make themselves known. But ve they will soon be assisted to a hearing. The read- ublic is far more intelligent and exacting than the ne editor is willing to allow. Before long it will be d by three of four million of its best minds, re- from the sternest experience of many an age. Hav- oked the realities of life and death in the eye, these aders, I can't help thinking, will want something of ne fearless candor from the printed page. Editorial will soon have to be trimmed to this new taste. s why I say the new day belongs to the new writer. the talent. I have seen it. His audience is waiting. othing can prevent their meeting. I believe we are edge of a new day in American writing.

sired, but that is more or less an item for the editorial pen provided the story with sufficient color is supplied by the author.

KATHARINE N. BIRDSALL.

World Outlook

In answer to your letter of June 12, concerning our attitude toward manuscripts submitted by unknown authors, let us say that we are always glad to see such manuscripts. Names have no effect at all upon us.

EDITORS OF WORLD OUTLOOK.

The World's Work

The World's Work does not publish fiction but only articles recording significant, contemporaneous achievement. Obviously, therefore, it is necessary for us to know something of the qualifications of an author for handling the subject before we feel safe in accepting his article. For a man might send us a very interesting and seemingly significant article which would be entirely misleading, either intentionally or from lack of judgment on the part of the author. To fiction magazines this difficulty does not apply, and so far as I know every fiction editor in the business is extremely glad to get good material from new authors and is on the constant lookout for it.

ARTHUR W. PAGE.

The Writer's Monthly

In my experience, the editorial attitude toward the work of new writers varies with the conservative or the popular character of the magazine. The high-class, conservative

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

ine is less open to new writers than the more popu-
riodical, for the reason that its patrons demand the
ably written material, and the editor has learned by
ence, as he knows by common sense, that training in
ship is necessary for the production of good work.
e same time, such magazines do find gems among
cripts offered by absolutely new writers, and in
nstances I firmly believe that the editor joyfully
nes the new contributor.

more popular magazine is naturally much more hos-
e to new names, though all editors realize the value
opular name in the table of contents. Other things
equal, an editor would prefer to present a list of
r writers every month, rather than a list of new
, yet he also knows that popular writers are ex-
e. Further, he knows that new writers must be
ped by him, or else popularity will drift away from
gazine. For these reasons, there is not the slight-
ubt but that editors positively welcome a new writer
ity.

reason for so many young writers' concluding that

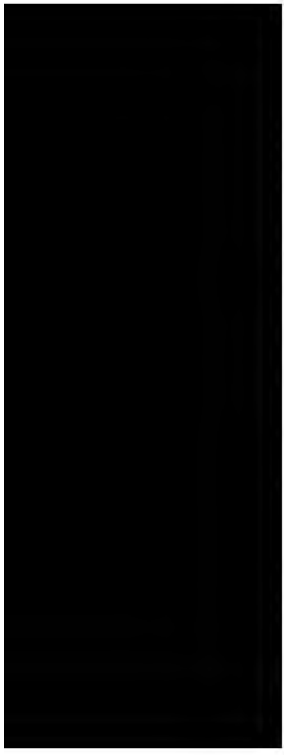
badly edited, and that it is literally no reflection upon the literary quality of a production to be rejected by magazines as they go nowadays.

J. BERG ESENWEIN.

The Youth's Companion

The attitude of *The Companion* toward the work of new writers is entirely hospitable. We are always glad to have the opportunity of examining stories and we give every manuscript careful consideration. At present we are so well supplied with fiction that we are adding to our stock only stories that seem to us exceptionally striking and well suited to our purposes, but we find that we are almost as likely to get such stories from new writers as from those with established reputations.

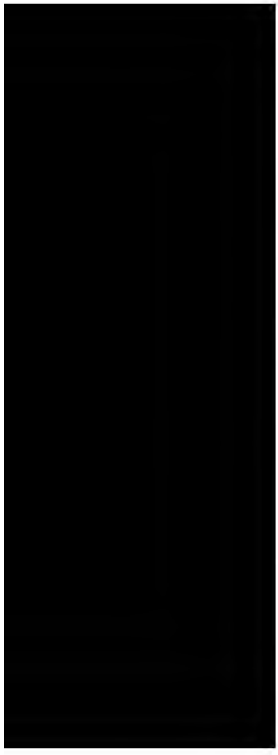
THE EDITORS.



Part IV

How I Have Attained Literary Success

A Symposium by Some of the Leading Short Story Writers in the United States



How I Have Attained Literary Success

Captain Achmed Abdullah

It took me six months before I sold my first three stories, one going to *Collier's,* the second to *Smart Set,* and the third to *Pacific Monthly.* Before this, I had two or three manuscripts rejected, by practically all the American magazines, but I sold them later on after my name became a little better known. The first story I ever sent to a magazine—sold years, four years later—I submitted to the *Century,* and I received in reply a very cordial letter from the editor. The second went to *Everybody's,* and I received another very nice reply from Mr. O'Hara Cosgrave, at that time the editor. I have always found editors helpful and encouraging in every way—with some notable and haughty exceptions—but I believe that a personal note, accompanying the script, is only worthwhile after your name is fairly well established and you really have something to say in your note. I have found the services of my literary agent. Miss Jean Wick, Aeolian Hall, New York, invaluable. On the other hand, though I have read, I believe, most of the Short Story text books, I have never found a line in any of them which I can honestly say that it helped me in any way. The best method is to follow the magazines, their policies, and changes of policies, but—in spite of it—to write according to your own experience, good sense, and artistry. If, given all this, you have the luck to meet Mr. R. H. Davis of *Munsey's,* you are all right.

W. N. Stearns (John Amid)

Replying to your circular under date of July 18th: I am rather afraid that my position is still too close to the line where "success" in literature begins, to warrant detailing

early magazine experiences—although I appreciate your ing my name on your list. A very large proportion ny work still comes back to me with almost humorous larity from the editorial offices of the country — nor I comforted by the reflection that the material most y to return classifies with what I am compelled to ve is the best I can turn out. Perhaps, at some later , I may be in a position to speak with greater au- ity on the subject.

Edwina Stanton Babcock

reply to your letter asking me to outline some of the culties and triumphs of my first publishing days, I will briefly that they were hardly significant. I had con- ted the magazines and newspapers without pay for a while, writing short verse and practical, unsigned les for household magazines until I wrote my first *orous* story. This was accepted by a prominent maga- with payment so generous that I began to believe in ability to do better writing. The same magazine asked

accept it. I did so and they then rejected the story! I have a story that I have submitted to every good magazine in the country and still hope to place. Later a magazine of perhaps the highest intellectual standing in America invited me by special editorial letter (because of alleged admiration for work I had already published in that magazine) to write a paper on contemporary American Manners. I was delighted with the honor, worked very hard on this article and it was scheduled for appearance in a group with two other articles by women writers then and now very highly rated in America. When the time came for the appearance of my article (the other two having appeared) it was not forthcoming as listed in the yearly schedule. I had been paid for it on acceptance and wrote asking for an explanation of its non-appearance. The editorial reply was that "there were things that necessarily compelled changes in magazine policy"—etc., that "the article would probably be published some time, but it was impossible to say when." This, in view of the article having been asked for, accepted and paid for and editorially approved and scheduled, seemed to me unfair. It took me a long time to get over it. As I had been specifically invited to write it and had been registered with the other two writers, women much more prominent than I, I was not content to appear as a mere "filler." I wrote and requested to buy the article back. The alacrity with which my request was responded to was flattering neither to my work nor to magazine dignity as I conceive such things. I was minus a hundred dollars and my belief in one particular editor, but plus a lot of humor and a new conception of the way magazines are run. This was the greatest disappointment of my publishing experience.

The kind of writing I have always been most strongly impelled to do — i. e., articles that convey the beauty of the physical world and the necessity for greater fidelity to American morals and standards, has never been popular with editors; as a story writer I have had much success.

inclined to believe that a writer must pour his wine "standardized" containers, or else be willing to travel g road of work and silence.

Josephine Daskam Bacon

answer to your letter requesting information on my successes in my profession, I can only repeat what ve stated so often that I begin to think I ought to have rm letter arranged for it. I don't believe and never believed that there is any necessity for explaining further to literary aspirants the various simple steps producing and marketing their wares. It certainly be perfectly obvious to anybody of any experience ither life or letters that any one so weak-minded as e discouraged by the rejection of his early work is in the nature of things, of sufficient literary value or ity to make it of much importance, whether he writes ot. Any one with a reasonable degree of native talent self-expression is pretty well aware of the instincts of

have the same reception given to my own in just the exact proportion as it approaches my particular degree of talent.

I never could understand why an unsuccessful author had any more rights to coddling or assistance or instruction than an unsuccessful plumber. I don't believe that a paragraph of good work has ever failed of recognition, and if anyone's work is constantly rejected today, it is quite clear to me that such rejection is due to one of two reasons; either the work is not good or it is not fitted to the publication to which it has been sent. Obviously the only remedies for this are either to make the work better or to send it to a different publication. There is no fairer field today than the immense field offered by the steadily growing list of publications of all sorts, and personally I can't help feeling that any undertaking along the lines of your present one is as superfluous as it is illogical. If any would-be writer can't trust his judgment, there are endless agencies and bureaus who will undertake to assist him for a very reasonable fee. If he does not care to pay this fee, that is to say if he does not care to avail himself to expert suggestion, he is perfectly at liberty to find out by experiment without any fee at all. If he wishes models for his work every library is full of them. If he can invent a new style for which there are no models, the success of "The Spoon River Anthology" ought to encourage him. If he wants to take lessons in his art, there are plenty of teachers and plenty of schools. If he thinks he can dispense with this, he certainly has a very famous precedence. I know of no profession so well paid for so little training, which allows such a measure of personal liberty, as the profession of writing and a person who cannot succeed in it today without some such scheme as you propose, had better not be encouraged in my opinion.

Donn Byrne

My story-telling career has thus far been fairly smooth and uneventful. I sold my first attempt to Mr. Willard

tington Wright, then editor of the *Smart Set*. Since the stories have sold fairly steadily. As a prepara- and a background I had a university training at home abroad, a couple of languages and their respective atures at command, a short newspaper apprenticeship, me spent in the editing of various dictionaries and a p eye for the vagaries of human nature and life in ral.

Vith these to my credit I plunged holus bolus into the t story game and plugged away at it ever since. As y, I've had luck. I've met with a great deal of cour- on the part of editors and have found them contrary eneral belief an approachable people.

is to the man in the street that a writer must appeal. l stand for none but good stuff. If you once get his editors are your friends for life.

ou ask me if literary agents help. They certainly do, they know the game and how to bring a man into it. first step over it is up to the writer himself. There few who wake in the morning to find themselves ous. I've been content with my share a steady and

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

I believe that all manuscripts are sympathetically considered by editors if they possess the slightest possibility or contain even the germ.

I do not know how many manuscripts I had rejected by various editors before the magazines began to take my work. Looking back upon it, however, I do not believe that any were refused which ought to have been accepted. At the present time I continue to write stories that are rejected and should be rejected. I believe this to be the experience of all writers. No man can turn out a masterpiece every twenty minutes.

I do not believe that a personal note to the editor accompanying a manuscript has any effect in bringing about a sympathetic reading. I believe a good story written by John Smith of Hoboken would sell just as surely as a good story written by De Maupassant. It would not sell as quickly because a manuscript reaching an editorial office with the name of a man who is known as a rule to write good stories will probably reach the editor himself before the other.

As you know the mass of unsolicited manuscripts going into any editorial office is generally sifted first by several professional readers outside of the office. And only those that contain the possibility of a good story are submitted to the editor in chief.

I have found American editors keenly alert in detecting in badly constructed manuscripts a writer whom encouragement might develop into a good craftsman. The editor rather plumes himself upon what he calls a "Find." I personally know of many such instances.

I have sent to me during the course of a year quite a number of stories from amateur writers in the South who complain that they cannot get recognition.

They ask me to read their manuscripts and suggest what is wrong. They complain, many of them, that the writing game is a close corporation, and that those who are inside try to keep out the others. Of course they do

know. I have read great numbers of these manu-
pts, taking considerable time to do it, and have never
found one that I should have bought for the patent
ide of a newspaper.
n one instance the young man seemed to possess a cer-
degree of originality, and I had quite a correspondence
n him. Since that time he writes me that he is selling
work occasionally to the very best magazines.
ersonally I believe that most professional writers are
glad indeed to help any youngster that seems to have
writing talent.

Fleta Campbell (Springer)

attribute the success of my first story to my complete
orance of "the business of selling." If I had known
e about it, or anything about it, I should very likely
e sent the manuscript to some local publication in the
st. Instead I sent it to *Harper's Monthly,* for the
usinesslike reason that I liked *Harper's* myself. And

Editors I have found to be much like writers, which is natural enough since most of them, much as they dislike being classed with us, are writers themselves. They may keep it under cover, but they understand us much better than they pretend.

Personally, I don't know what I should have done without editors. They have scolded me and praised me and given me good advice and bad advice; the superior ones have made me feel inferior, and the inferior ones have made me feel wise; they have rejected the things I thought were my best, and accepted the things I thought were worst, and sometimes they have been right, and sometimes I have; and altogether they've added greatly to the complications of a poor writer's life. But they *have* paid, and they have published, and it hasn't been half so hard to please them as it has been to please myself.

To one or two editors I owe more, in courage, in faith in myself when I could not have kept it alone,—than I shall ever be able to repay. For after all, one chooses one's editors as one chooses one's friends,—for their congeniality of purpose and ideals.

You ask about a personal note to the editor, accompanying the manuscript. I believe unless one knows the editor personally, or has something of importance to say, the letter is best unsent. The impression upon the editor is much better made by the manuscript than by a conventional pointless note.

Beulah Marie Dix (Flebbe)

In answer to your queries of the 18th inst., I feel that conditions in the magazine world have so completely changed since I entered into it, some twenty years ago, that my early experience can be of little practical value to the modern tyro. As nearly as I can remember I placed the first story that I sent out—one of my Sophomore themes—

the fifth magazine to which I sent it: *Lippincott's.* ink I received ten dollars for it. So long ago this was it was a MS. written in long hand—and folded! But tied with a ribbon. I sold all my Senior themes to nagazine called *Short Stories* which paid me about en dollars a piece for them. In the next ten years, at e intervals, I sold stories to *Lippincott's, Harper's nazine, Youth's Companion,* and *St. Nicholas.* I never osed a personal letter, I never employed an agent, and— pt in the case of Mr. Alden of *Harper's,* who wrote gesting (that is, demanding) some changes in a story— ver had a personal word from an editor.

y first book I wrote under contract with the Macmillan npany, an arrangement brought about by the kindness one of the professors at Radcliffe, with whom I had e a good deal of work in history during my college rs.

y first plays I put on at college, then I had a couple hem put on by the Sargent School in New York, and first professional plays were done in collaboration with old dramatist, Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, and won a ready ptance on the stage.

year and, while I did not sell it, every editor who looked over the manuscript sent me a personal letter and I at once got in touch with the heads of several firms. This meant that I had achieved the next best thing to acceptance. My advice to beginners is to market their own stuff and learn every branch of the trade. Literary brokers do not give you any inkling as to who were interested and you miss a good bit of stimulus in this way. I wrote ten years before achieving publication. But in those years I gave only scant leisure to actual writing and my first efforts were along sustained lines which took a long time. I should say that I have unsold one complete novel (my first effort) and about six short stories. As to what a personal letter does, I cannot say. My note is purely a formal matter, even now that I have become more or less acquainted with the autocrats of the magazine world. I fancy that this formality makes little difference. Obviously a good letter cannot possibly sell a poor story. Beginners must do a little bit better than those who have arrived because they must run the gauntlet of all the reading force before getting the ear of those in ultimate power. But this is as it should be, and everyone who works hard finally has the satisfaction of reaching the position where the struggle is not so heartbreaking. Writers who complain that they are unappreciated have only themselves to thank. There are two ways to achieve success—to write *down* to the public or to stand by your convictions and write the thing you want to write and you know to be the truth. It is up to every young writer to decide at once which of these courses to acceptance he cares to pursue. There is no question possible to the man who wishes to be an artist. And in the long run I am convinced that the box office receipts will also testify to the wisdom of the proper choice.

Cornelia Throop Geer

I fear I have nothing of interest to contribute to the volume you are publishing containing outlines of the steps

hich authors have obtained recognition. I am a young
or, myself, out of college only a year. I understand
problems of the profession better than I understand
solutions! In trying to place my stories, I followed
policy of simply sending them in with return postage
no comment. Now that I have begun to publish,
ways include a letter directing attention to other maga-
s which contain my work. In some happy future per-
even this will not be necessary.

y experience has taught me to respect the judgment
ditors. We have all had our mead of rejections, and
im no exemption from this hardship. But in honesty I
t say that I have never had a story in whose merits
mpletely believed which I have not been able to sell
y and quickly; and I have never had a story con-
ntly rejected without eventually being glad that it had
with that fate. But perhaps that is because I have
ten very little that I completely believe in.

Susan Glaspell

usual magazine wants, or else simply because I myself failed to treat them in the way to make them successful stories. I think occasionally when stories have not "gone" the fault has been with the editor; and I think frequently it has been with me.

I have found editors hospitable and friendly—that is, in the main. Of course in all professions there are a few unsatisfactory persons. I do not think it is true that they will not give the new writer a chance. Far from it. I think they want new writers. The second story I sent out was accepted by *Harper's*. Certainly I had no "name" then. A few magazines seem to have their own group of writers, and so the new person may have a hard time there, but many others want a good new writer more than they want anything else.

Harold E. Porter (Holworthy Hall)

Replying to your letter of July 18, recently forwarded to me, I can only say that inasmuch as I have never been a professional writer, my own experiences can have little value to your symposium. I suppose, however, that I wrote 30 or 40 short stories before accomplishing a sale. The first story I ever sold was to the *Baseball Magazine*, the next dozen went to one of the Munsey publications or to one of the variegated magazines in Chicago—the dozen and the first to the *Post*, and from that time on I had no trouble in keeping sold a year ahead.

From many years' experience as a magazine publisher myself, I can say that no right-minded editor cares whether a personal letter accompanies a manuscript or not. Magazines buy stories, and not letters.

Kennett Harris

I very much regret that I am unable, at the present time to give you what you ask, as I have an unusual press of work that I cannot very well postpone. I am of the

ion, moreover, that the relation of my personal ex-
nces would be of no particular benefit to the rising
ration of writers. I may say, however, that I believe
azine editors are generally receptive in their attitude
rd new authors—but not sympathetic. I think that
manuscript showing originality as well as the ordinary
rements of good writing is certain of the editorial
me—provided that the editor has sufficient intelli-
e to recognize its merit. I have little faith in the
cy of a personal note to the editor. In literature, as
y other profession, the personal equation counts, but
where there is ability to back personality. In no event
a real editor decline a manuscript that he thinks is
for the mere reason that the author is unknown. The
ary is true. Unusual merit at a moderate price is
the editor is looking for, and the known author's price
t always moderate; nor is his work invariably meritori-
In the long run, the work and nothing but the work
s.

of age when my first story was accepted. My people were all out-of-doors folk, sportsmen. My story was a simple description of a camping hunt, and I called it "Far from the Mad Throng." It was sent to the old *Forest & Stream,* and with a great gush of generosity they sent me ten copies of the paper. It made me very proud. I did them another story or two and sometimes they sent me as many as six copies of the paper. When as a young lawyer I went out to New Mexico to practice law in 1881, I had not much money. That was the day of free railway passes. Another sporting paper, *The American Field,* offered me a railroad pass out to New Mexico if I would do some stories for them—they having seen these other stories of mine in their competitor, *Forest & Stream.* I gave them about a dozen stories called "Southwestern Sketches." I presume this was the first rung of the ladder for me. When I came to Chicago in 1889, I did my first serial for *The Current* magazine. I got all of fifty dollars for it. I gave them a great deal of poetry for which they paid nothing at all. Meantime, in 1886, I had done some quasi-editorial work on *The American Field.* All of this was ill paid. I began to do humorous stories for the old McClure-Phillips syndicate—I think all these humorous things were accepted, pay about five dollars a column. I also did some straight sporting writing for the *Globe-Democrat* in St. Louis, pay six dollars a column. I don't remember that any of this stuff ever was refused.

For almost fifteen years I worked on the *Forest & Stream* as their western manager, beginning 1889. In that time I wrote three books, including my first novel, "The Mississippi Bubble." By this time, there was a wide literary market, and fiction really paid when successful. I did not do many short stories for the magazines until after a natural demand came to me subsequent to the publication "The Mississippi Bubble"—most of my earlier writing, some of which was as good as I ever did, and done at the best period of my life, was offered only to the uncritical editors

ne sporting press, who would print anything and pay ing.

hen I send a manuscript to an editor, I usually send is known as a letter of transmission. I have learned it is not good policy to explain a story or to say much t it. That is not really considered ethical. I have an editor tell me he did not want to hear about my , but wanted to read it with an absolutely free mind, ng his impression exactly as the reader of his magazine d. So I think that about all the accompanying letter s to be is a record for the author's files telling what when sent out.

course, an established author has a better look-in than w man, but a new man has a chance if his stuff is new good. I don't know of any royal road. I don't know anyone can help anyone else to learn how to write or lling what one has written. No one in the world ever ed me one iota.

Rupert Hughes

regret that I am too pressed with work to answer

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

At about fourteen years of age I began my stubborn bombardment of the editorial fort.

For four years the procession of my rejections came marching back often without even the questionable solace of a printed slip.

During four years of college I submitted thirty-six manuscripts to one national weekly alone. These stories were subsequently published in the college paper, but only after I had become one of the editors.

However, as soon as my work began to take on a semblance of maturity and fulfilment, editors were almost uniformally quick to see possibilities, and during the year, previous to my first acceptance, not a manuscript was returned to me without a personal letter of editorial encouragement.

"We are watching you," finally wrote the aforementioned national weekly, "and each story brings you closer to the ideals of this office."

"You are going to land big some day, Miss Hurst," wrote another, "that is why I return each story you are kind enough to submit, with as much anticipation as regret."

These and a score of similar ones from editors whom I had approached merely through the impersonal channels of the mails.

Up to the time of selling my first story, I had never met an editor, a publisher, a journalist or an author.

Probably one hundred short stories were rejected by almost every fiction magazine in America before I met with my first acceptance.

My reply to your last question is imbedded in a previous reply. Writing is the most legitimate of the professions. While a personal letter to an editor may expediate matters (in time only), I can see little help and some hindrance to the letter of introduction kind of approach.

Whole staffs of readers are employed by eager editors to oust budding genius from obscurity.

Burges Johnson Interviews Himself

"You are a writer?" began Mr. B. Johnson briskly, ving up a chair and preparing to get through the leasant business of interviewing himself as quickly as ible.

" think not," said Burges Johnson hesitatingly. "I,— act, I do not know."

"What do you mean, you don't know?" said Mr. B. nson sharply. "Explain yourself."

"Why, something like this," was the answer. "'Writer' ds like a business or a profession. My business is thing else. I don't write very much, and I write be- e I like to."

"You sell what you write, or try to sell it, don't you? make money by it?"

"Yes, I sell it, and have come to be somewhat dependent he returns, and yet I can't think of it as a thing that for a living."

"What do you do for a living? Explain yourself. And se loosen up a little; don't make me do all the work

"I suppose I am a college professor. I like the work of the classroom best of all."

"Then though you do not call yourself a writer by profession, you are trying to train professional writers?"

"No!" It was evident that this question aroused a little more interest in the interviewee. "Maybe I am wrong, but I think writing should be a by-product,—an avocation, not a vocation. Perhaps the fact that I myself do not make a living by writing *proves* that I am wrong in this view, but it is a point of view I urge on my students. Have another business in life, a chief business, and let it feed your literary undertakings. If you take this attitude, you can always write because you love to write, and there is less danger that your ideas will play out and your product become a perfunctory imitation of contemporary manner and matter in the field of writing."

"That view doesn't help a beginner, does it?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer in a wearied tone. "If I knew just the recipe for a beginner to follow, I would begin all over again and be a writer, I suppose. All that I can say to a beginner is, 'Write, and keep writing, and try to sell what you write and keep trying to sell it, for two reasons: first, because it is good for you to see your own stuff in print. It gives you a detached point of view, and makes it possible for you to become your own most useful critic. Without some artificial detachment your own criticism of your own work isn't good for much. And the second reason for trying to sell is that you secure in that way for your writing the disinterested judgment of certain men and women whose business it is to criticize while at the same time they are always seeking for new writers.'"

"But an editor is limited in his judgment by what he wants for his magazine," interrupted the interviewer, "and that is determined by all sorts of debasing commercial considerations,—isn't that so?"

"I have heard that remark so often that it bores me.

course it is partly true, but the very fact that you
t study and take into consideration certain market
tations, if I may so style them, is an added training
your pen. Accept the editor as one of your problems.
public is another of your problems. All sorts of limita-
s that belong to different forms of literary effort,—
e are other problems. Problems are good for you.
ou write for the love of it, you are sure to write now
then with an utter disregard for any and all of these
blems, but your training comes from the effort to regard
all."

Well," said the interviewer, putting his pencil in his
et, "I don't know that I understand your point of
. It sounded at one time idealistic, and now you talk
a time server who says 'Write to sell.' I don't think
much of this as a coherent interview."

Well," said the college professor, rising and stretching,
on't think much of you as an interviewer, so let's call
its."

ing I count as indispensable to a young writer is the sort that makes him genuinely familiar with the great Biographies, Autobiographies, Letters, and Diaries of literature. And that because it forms a super course in Human Nature, which is the proper study for a young writer. Next to that comes poetry.

Still since I *am* writing, I will answer your definite questions.

First—You ask how long it was before I got my first story. This is difficult to answer, because in early youth I wrote only for amateur and college publications of various kinds, which apparently never rejected anything. This produced an illusion of success, and detained me in an unremunerative, though not unprofitable field of authorship, since it was probably owing to the experience gained by this pleasant apprenticeship that *Atlantic, Harper's Magazine,* and *Century,* accepted the first stories which I sent to them.

Second—I think being a new author is an asset instead of a handicap.

Third—Personally I should think personal letters to editors objectionable. A good manuscript will insure sympathetic reading.

Elizabeth Jordan

My first story was accepted by *The Evening Wisconsin,* of Milwaukee—my home city—when I was thirteen years old. The editor sent me two dollars for it. He also addressed me as "Dear Madam," which enchanted me—for it proved that he thought I was grown up and had been deceived by the maturity of my style! Since then I have frequently received five hundred dollars for a short story, but no other check ever brought the thrill of that first one. The story had an unhappy sequel, however, which twenty-

years later I published as a short story in *Harper's hly*. It was called "Olive's First Story."
w as to your practical questions. I edited *Harper's r* for thirteen years, and I never accepted any story se the letter accompanying it was appealing. I don't it makes any difference whether one writes a note e editor or not. Personally, I always send two or lines, as a formal business courtesy.
press upon your young writers that there is no iron around the periodicals. All editors are looking for new work, and are honestly delighted when they it.

Reginald Wright Kauffman

erewith I enclose my answers to the questions asked in letter of the 18th ult.
e first manuscript that I submitted to a magazine was written at a very tender age—a story very sweet and which was as sweetly and sadly declined by the editor hom I sent it; I still have his letter. Having known

Lawrence Perry

Replying to your letter of Sept. 9, I beg to say that in my own case I had primarily a deep ambition to write fiction. I believe that a true ambition postulates the ability to develop along lines thereof. Providence, or nature, as you please, does not fire blank cartridges. A desire, therefore, would seem to me to indicate possession of the wherewithal to accomplish that desire. It means work, hard work, long work, the ability to withstand disappointment, the willingness to keep plugging in the face of discouragement. Few authors spring like Minerva from the head of Jove, fully armed.

As to the process of development there are two essentials: Write, write, write and as a supplement read carefully and studiously the work of the best short story writers in magazines which have a standing for literary merit.

Mary Brecht Pulver

I was very much interested in your request for some details concerning my literary beginnings and I shall be very happy to accede to it.

Perhaps I can better reply to your questions by stating a few facts about myself and work which will cover them all, which will account for some apparently undue smoothness in my path. First of all—which explains a great deal of my light share of hardship in getting a place—I have always written stories. Since my eighth year, when I could put a few sentences together, I have been steadily at it. For love. Even as a child I firmly intended to "be an author"—a scheme that no amount of parental discouragement, and there was much, could dissuade me from. By an author I meant chiefly somebody who composed stories, not necessarily marketed them. The market end didn't bother me at all. The thought of being published was all delightful but vague, hazy, undeveloped, a sort of pleasant

tle in Spain, whose failure to materialize, however, could ke no difference in the eternal spinning of tales in my nd. I suppose I felt that I would be published some e, but the point is that I was not deeply interested. vas preoccupied with making the tales themselves, and I think more than anything else was the ultimate key such success as I have had. I loved the thing for its n sake, as I do now. Very often I regret that authors paid. It seems to me it all spoils the fine creative om. In short it almost seems to me that writing should a high grade sport and pursued for its own fine sake. can fancy the scornful chorus of dissent from other ters, and my material self-protests as well). You see egard it as an art rather than a craft.

To continue: I wrote stories. I told stories. Some usands I suppose. During my school days I was always ouraged to keep at it by interested instructors and finally ler the impetus supplied by a most inspiring teacher, Benjamin Heydrick, turned my thoughts with some nition to a writing career. I actually sent a story away. frightful thing it was. It went to *The Black Cat* and urned plus the printed slip. And I sent no more, al-

with the *American*. Then I sat down and averaged my earnings for the weeks consumed and computing my yearly income, decided that I was making a pretty good living. Then I wrote some more stories and these were rejected and I decided that it wasn't quite as easy as it seemed. However, I sold all of the rejected stories eventually—that first year and practically everything I wrote the next year. But sometimes—frequently—only when a manuscript had made five or six trips. My chief trouble after I began to market was to know when I had written a short story and not a sketch. Also to learn the peculiar needs of the magazines I wanted to please—the market in short. If I were advising young writers out of my experience I would say: Study form; study the market. Don't be easily discouraged. Send the personal letter. . . . I have always done so, and it seems to me it lifts the relation to a different plane. (I have had very few printed slips—almost always a kindly interested refusal, I have always found editors very human and actually charming). And above all else love the thing you are doing. If you like it so well that you would do it, even if there were no remuneration; if it is in a sense avocation, as well as work, I think inevitably you must succeed.

Edwin L. Sabin

Replying to your inquiries of July 18, regarding the symposium to your prospective volume of short stories by American college students.

1. What experience did I have in placing my early manuscripts?

Wholly business. Newspaper training effectually blunted a desire, not uncommon among amateurs, to see my name in print. I entered the magazine field as relief from the daily grind of newspaper work, and as another avenue to a livelihood. This question will be more fully answered under succeeding topics.

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

Were my early manuscripts sympathetically con-
ed by editors?

t in the slightest. Manuscripts were formally accepted
clined, as the case might be. It is my recollection that
pported myself by magazine writing for the first two
ree years, perhaps more, without any personal cor-
ndence resulting. I might say that, as a rule, in my
zine work, the system continues today. It is simply
position of supplying editors with the goods that they
at the precise instant when they want them. Occa-
lly an editor will say what he thinks he's going to
—but that is no warrant that he'll take it when it
s. This is perfectly understood by me; and, I believe,
ther professional writers. Such an understanding is
medicine for disappointment.

How long did it take before my first manuscript was
ted?

first manuscripts designed for general circulation
contributed by me as special correspondent of the
ican Press Association, for patent insides. Subjects:
us incidents of a deep-sea dredging and exploring ex-
ion. My next signed manuscript, being the initial

enjoyed the variety. The golf furor opened a new field, in fiction; and I was fortunate enough to start from scratch, in that race. When a writer sets out to work entirely alone, the interest of variety, and a nose for news are, as seems to me, essentials. A declined manuscript is then nothing, for he will recoup on others.

4. How many manuscripts of mine, approximately, were rejected, and by how many magazines, before my first one was accepted?

Answered above. But in those earlier days I frequently had as many as a dozen declinations in one mail—all of which had to be reassorted and distributed again. It was a game of guess. Jack London, in his " Martin Eden," aptly describes the contest. Were I at top quantity production now, I should expect the same give-and-take.

5. Does a personal note to the editor accompanying a manuscript aid in bringing about a sympathetic reading?

I don't know, because I never tried it, and my acquaintance with magazine editors is only a long-distance one. Evidently editing a magazine is a business, subject to local business rules. I doubt if a personal appeal would get an unavailable manuscript past the first reader. "She" would dispose of it without bothering the editor. As said, the college professor who voluntarily sought to introduce me to his friend, the editor, brought no result, and I never have tried to take advantage of anything of the kind, since. On rare occasion I have had an editor good-naturedly refer me to a more likely desk—and unusually it turned out that the manuscript had been there already. Nevertheless, I have read of writers who, through mutual acquaintances, or psychic gift, have been granted the privilege of closer communion with magazine editors than I have. To me, there would be corresponding disadvantage in that.

Hetty Hemenway Richard

I wrote "Four Days" and "Adolescence" during one week when I was ill. I send them to an author friend of mine

advised me to try and place them with a magazine. d not think they would be accepted, so I sent them nother well-known author and she placed "Four Days" the *Atlantic Monthly* and advised me to send olescence" to the *Century*. They kindly accepted it. erwards they asked me to write a story for them, and rote "Their War." They wished me to make some tic changes, so I sent it to *The Atlantic*. They let ublish it as it was written.

Four Days" was the second story I ever tried to write. first one I wrote I did not attempt to place. I have written anything since "Their War."

sent some little sketches or themes I had written once *Harper's* magazine, but they returned them without a .

Elsie Singmaster (Lewars)

he annals for which you ask are short and simple. desire to become a writer goes back to my childhood.

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

Ambitious young people need to be warned in my opinion not to neglect "general information" courses for English courses during their college training. They cannot possibly gain too much knowledge of the world, and every dull hour spent in studying scientific or historical subjects, or languages which may seem to them dead, will afterwards yield not only general cultivation of mind, but actual grist for their literary mill.

Robert W. Sneddon

Biographical Note

Robert W. Sneddon, born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1880. Read voraciously (and indiscriminately) from the age of eight, and was divided between being a writer or an engineer. Chief hobby as a boy—Toy theatres. Father having decided ideas as to the professions, was ultimately compressed into a law office. Simultaneously studied Arts and Law at Glasgow University, and gained no glory thereby. Lived in Edinburgh, London and Paris before coming to New York in 1909, where he first began to write. First contribution appeared in *Judge* and for three years wrote humor entirely, while doing back work on dictionaries, encyclopedias, etc. First short story, "Little Golden Shoes," printed in the *Forum* in August, 1912, and republished in *Forum* stories—a selection of the seventeen best *Forum* stories. In 1913, *Snappy Stories* published his second short story, "The Red Diary," the first of many tales and sketches of French life which have appeared in such varied publications, as *The Saturday Evening Post, Scribner's, Harper's Weekly, Smart Set, Ainslie's, Snappy Stories, Romance, Live Stories, Parisienne, Saucey Stories, Young's*, etc., including *The Bellman*, one of the first to offer encouragement. Has also written stories of Scottish and New York life, editorials, war and propaganda articles, book reviews, and a number of short plays, many of which have been published. The stage pro-

ion of the fantasy, "The Might-Have-Been" (1915), ed critical comparisons with Barrie. Lists of stories lished will be found in part in Edward J. O'Brien's r Book of the American Short Story 1915, 1916, 1917. oes not write so much as he might, in view of the de- d for his work, but writes directly and spontaneously out corrections. Not strong on plots, but relies chiefly he clearness and strength of his characterizations, and simplicity of his style, of a natural development and udied.

ad a hard struggle at first to place his stories, and until ly did not sell until the tenth sending out. With one wo exceptions has disposed of his early stories.

I find I cannot write convincingly unless I have a very r idea of my character, and I must confess that when gin to write a story I often have no definite plot, but e that to the character. As a rule this is the case, gh of course there are times when a story presents lf complete in every detail. A character and a theme— n as sacrifice, and when I have written the opening ds, the story begins to grow. I am afraid this is not ery encouraging formula for the production of a short

don't despair. The best-known authors have met the same reception. Read your story again, and if you feel sure in your heart that you have put your very best into it, some time or other you will land it. I have tried the same magazine three times with the same story and sold on the third time out.

I am told on good authority that of a hundred stories received by editors, only ten answer all requirements of the short story. So be sure that what you send is a short story. All stories are read in editorial offices, but not all by the editor in person. And no one who has had much to do with editorial offices will claim that the assistant readers are entirely qualified for their duties. In many cases they are not. But if you can reach the editor you are pretty sure of a careful examination.

The beginner, unless of dazzling brilliancy, is handicapped, but once over the barrier, he has a fighting chance, and that is all we ask of an editor.

A letter does no good, I understand, but your personality may interest an editor sufficiently to persuade him to give personal attention to your work. A call may work the trick. On the other hand, there are successful authors who have never been near the editor who buys their work, so no rule can be stated."

Edgar Wallace

As you will note my home is in England. I am a journalist and I started my "literary career" as correspondent to a newspaper. I drifted into writing stories and have written very few that have not been ordered by the editor who printed them. The relation of my experience with English editors would, therefore, be of very little service to the young writer. But this I can say of the American editor, that I have invariably received the most courteous treatment and I have never had to deal with the editor of an American magazine who has not been helpful and sympathetic.

THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR

ou must remember that I was quite unknown in the ed States, whatever limited reputation I may have olished in Europe and therefore I regard my case as cal of the unknown amateur who offers his manuscript n editor who is equally unknown—to him.

do not think that a personal note to the editor except conventional note which one writes to "cover the manu-pts" is of very much service. The American editor ould say is absolutely uninfluenced by anything but value of the manuscript. I have frequently had my es turned down, but as frequently have received an anation from the editor as to why the story was not ptable and I have never had to disagree with any ment even the most adverse which has been formed n American editor on my work.

should say that the American editor is the very best d that a young author can have, providing the author not too great an opinion of his own judgment and ot easily depressed. The idea which is prevalent ngst a certain type of writer that manuscripts are not or that genius is maliciously suppressed is of course nonsense. There is no market like the American

pathetic but willing to donate time that must have been precious, to showing me where my more glaring faults lay and giving me encouragement. The first one who really "took me up" was Charles Agnew MacLean, editor of the *Popular* magazine. I feel I owe a great measure of my success to Mr. MacLean's encouragement and tutelage. I find hundreds of writers who can say the same thing. I will always have a warm spot in my heart for the *Popular* and know it to be one of the best markets, if not the best, for the "comer." I've published about forty-five short stories in three years in that publication. Next along the line comes the *American*. A. A. Boyden (now in France) and later John M. Siddall, one of the finest fellows that ever accepted a manuscript, did much to persuade me that writing was my vocation. They were always ready with advice, encouragement and every assistance within their editorial power. I've published about a dozen yarns in the *American* and write for them now pretty regularly. In other words, they take a story of mine whenever it's good and when it isn't they throw it down as hard as the offering of the veriest novice. An autobiography of mine will appear shortly in that magazine. I've also written for *The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, McClure's, All Story,* etc. Went to France for *Collier's* last year and the stuff I ran there, "Baseball to Boches," will be out in book form, August 3.

2. My first manuscript was accepted the third time out and a month after I had written it. I have sold stories that were rejected as many as twenty and one thirty-six times. Now they usually sell the first trip. The first year I was writing (1915) I thought a half dozen rejections was simply great.

3. To date I have disposed of everything I've written, but this.

4. My plan has always been after writing a story, unless it has been especially contracted for, to mail it to the biggest magazine on the market first, forget it and start

ther yarn. If it comes back I get it right off to the
t best with a prayer (inward) and return stamps (en-
ed). I keep this up until it sells somewhere, going
t on down the line. Meanwhile, I'm writing other stuff
don't get time to worry about the fate of the last.
ink this as good a plan as any.

. Personal notes to the editor, unless you are per-
lly acquainted, are very bad. You are not selling him
note, you are selling the story and he is not interested
ou in any manner, shape or form, until he reads your
ring. If it's good, he won't be able to find out enough
ut you and he'll want to know himself, i.e., he'll write
for the information. If it's bad, that ends you with
for the time being. I would suggest this form of note
company a manuscript:

itor ..... Magazine.

r Sir:

nclosed find "....." a short story (novel,
), which is submitted for publication at your usual
s. If not available, kindly return as per accompanying
"



